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It is therefore easy to imagine the fill the ranks of the Regu- changes and reforms had for me, and he take only steady men, which I contributed soon after the Afghan but steady men will not *Century*,¹ dealing with these Army reformthe ranks of an army egotism, but in order that those who read this with our soldiers; stand that any suggestions which I may offer of them enlisted, result of a careful study of our recruiting difficultfor pensions; and

Let me, then, set down a few examples of the War Office have occurred to me over thirty years ago for improvold soldiers posts of the service for the men. artments. The

The cruel injustice of altering, with retrospeposts, of which conditions of a man's service after he had on's and sailors. pointed out, and a plea made 'that soldiers shothirty years is understand exactly the terms under which they enter year, there they have accepted those terms, no change should,umbers of lads them without their consent.' Army.

The 'ten-per-cent. rule,' to which I have just refer years show trates this point. I saw it stated in a reliable little p from the deals entirely with soldiers and their affairs, that artilleryman had in his possession the recruitrade and the ex-induced him to enlist. One of these conten factors adverse to ment that if he gave satisfaction as a se recent amelioration of *option given him of serving on for a peat* improvement in health forward, after nine years of good sed, the attraction of knowing to re-engage, he was refused under young fellows for comrades

If the War Office are pressed attractions ought to have in defence of their action Section They have failed to do so which runs as follows :

Re-engagement and

84. (1) Subject to any general adults, because the State refuses helping ex-soldiers to positions in made by a Secretary of State, a e colours, no matter how faithfully service, and after the expiration e country and their King. term of enlistment, may, on officer, and with the approval od which I have to suggest for filling re-engaged for such further perimy. It has been tried before, and not continuous period of twenty-onis universal training of all able-bodied date of his attestation, and i or home defence. the reserve.

r we had been at war with the French

The War Office is ld three years after the battle of Trafal- reserved to himself the r supremacy beyond all challenge, Lord good soldier to re-engage, passing the Local Militia Act. In- how could the young recr and posted in various parts of the coun-

¹ 'The Present State of th who were found fit were subjected to Roberts, November 1882, and stitutes were allowed. Sir Frederick S. Roberts, June ere more men enlisted for the Regular

honest, soldierly way—the proper way—is to have a clear regulation that every—
In this case, either the man should be a good soldier, to re-engage to serve on for a year, and be told on enlistment that he has no option to leave, and that the Secretary of State can, at the end of the soldier's term of enlistment, drive the latter out or not, just as it happens to suit the Treasury of

that 'as a first step towards social reform, all the ranks must be cleared out of the ranks,' and I added, 'I hope to get good ones in, for the class of recruits will improve as the body they join rises in quality.' It is much care has been exercised in examining into the character of men offering to enlist, and the result has been that the Chief Constable of Cambridgeshire was able to say that not one single complaint of misbehaviour had been made against a man out of the 45,000 soldiers who had been in his district for the army manoeuvres.

'the amount which the soldier is to receive must be settled,' and showed the necessity of a system of promising a man a shilling a day in expence from that shilling for 'extra messing.' 'He would not be sufficiently fed. I am sure he receives his clear shilling a day for extra messing.'

of the system of 'deferred pay,' a day was placed to a man's credit for every day he performed, and handed to him on discharge at the end of seven years. They were often unable to resist the temptation of hard cash; that they would use the money for the sole purpose of spending it in a bout of dissipation, and were thus left themselves stranded without any means of support. 'Deferred pay' was accord-

ly a thing of the past; un-
away with; as the char-
has been found possible to
for liberty, and, in fact, in
has been made so attractive
that it in the little pamphlet
recruiting campaign.

Why is it, then, that we still fail to fill the ranks of the Regular Army? The reason is obvious: We take only steady men, men who can produce good characters; but steady men will not come forward in sufficient numbers to fill the ranks of an army which offers no career. We have broken faith with our soldiers; we have altered the terms under which many of them enlisted, by refusing to let them re-engage and serve on for pensions; and both parties when they have been in power at the War Office have refused to take adequate steps to reserve for old soldiers posts which are in the gift of the Government Departments. The latest figures show that there are 76,000 such posts, of which little more than one-fourth are held by ex-soldiers and sailors.

The net result of all our action during the last thirty years is that we are very short of recruits, and that, year after year, there is not only a large but a steady diminution in the numbers of lads who offer themselves for enlistment in the Regular Army.

And I regret to say that the figures for the last five years show an appreciable increase in the numbers who desert from the colours.

I am quite aware of the fact that the good trade and the excessive emigration of recent years have been factors adverse to recruiting, but I feel certain that the recent amelioration of army life, the increase of pay, the great improvement in health conditions, the greater liberty allowed, the attraction of knowing that one would have only decent young fellows for comrades in the ranks, all these increased attractions ought to have balanced the adverse factors. They have failed to do so because the War Office is held to have broken faith by the introduction of the ten-per-cent. rule, because the army still remains a blind-alley occupation for adults, because the State refuses to make itself responsible for helping ex-soldiers to positions in civil life after they leave the colours, no matter how faithfully they may have served their country and their King.

There is one other method which I have to suggest for filling the ranks of our Regular Army. It has been tried before, and not found wanting; and that is universal training of all able-bodied youths near their homes for home defence.

In the year 1808, after we had been at war with the French for some fifteen years, and three years after the battle of Trafalgar had placed our naval supremacy beyond all challenge, Lord Castlereagh succeeded in passing the Local Militia Act. Instructors were appointed and posted in various parts of the country, and all young men who were found fit were subjected to military training; no substitutes were allowed.

After this date there were more men enlisted for the Regular

Army by volunteers from the compulsorily trained Militia than from all other sources, and the Militia recruits were better than the others, because they were already trained. The ranks of the Regular Army were thus kept full to the end of the war, and I am confident that if the proposals of the National Service League for universal training for and in the Territorial Force were adopted, we should have much less difficulty than we now have in recruiting for the Regular Army.

For the proposals practically urge that the Special Reserve Training should be given to every able-bodied young Briton, if possible during his nineteenth year. And the War Office, in a pamphlet recently issued for the express purpose of stimulating recruiting, states that 'The large number of men who enter the Regular Army in this way (*i.e.* through the Special Reserve) proves that a first-hand acquaintance with the conditions of a soldier's life does not act as a deterrent to enlistment.'

It was the same with the old Militia, which was for many years the best recruiting ground the Regular Army had, and I repeat that, in my opinion, compulsory training as advocated by the National Service League, far from interfering with, would materially assist the solution of the recruiting problem.

Writing thirty years ago in *The Nineteenth Century*, I said, with reference to the short service system then recently adopted, 'The fact is, we have borrowed the German Reserve system in shadow, not in substance, and we can never possibly obtain, on the lines which we have adopted, a reserve of men of serviceable ages large enough to be really valuable.'

These words, written in 1882, were borne out by my experience some eighteen years later, for though the Cardwell system gave us many very good reservists, yet we had not a reserve of trained men sufficient even for a struggle against a population of Dutch farmers who never were able to put into the field more than 100,000 males of all ages.

I came to the conclusion thirty years ago that 'England, with her voluntary enlistment, must depend upon her Militia and Volunteers for the necessary material' for the expansion of her Regular Forces, and that statement, *mutatis mutandis*, I repeat to-day. It is on the Territorial Force that we must depend for the reserve of men of suitable ages which shall be large enough to see us through our next great struggle. And when that Force is based on Universal Training for Home Defence, all our recruiting problems will be solved. Problems of organisation and training offer few difficulties when once you get the men and have the power of ordering them to carry out their training.

In conclusion, I will quote two valuable lessons deduced by

Mr. Fortescue, the historian *par excellence* of the British Army, from the study of our recruiting difficulties during the Napoleonic Wars. These lessons were :

1. That the ultimate end for which all our military organisation must exist is the maintenance of the Regular Army, our only offensive land force.
2. The true basis of such an organisation is National Training

ROBERTS, F.M.



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THE IRISH DANGER

(I)

THE RESPONSIBILITY

Jacta est alea. The Conference which met for the purpose of averting Civil War—or rather rebellion which will probably develop into Civil War—has met and failed. All honour to the King, who brought the opposing leaders together in the hope that they might arrange a settlement, and shame to those who misrepresented his motives and denounced his patriotic action. All fair-minded men appreciate the fact that his Majesty's one and only idea was to save the Empire of which he is the ruler from disaster.

I propose in this article to examine—of necessity very cursorily—the probable results of Civil War, and to discuss the degree of responsibility which attaches to the leaders of all parties for the dire calamity—a bolt from the blue—with which England is threatened during a period of unprecedented prosperity and general tranquillity.

Rebellion in Ulster will not only destroy the industries and prosperity of Belfast but will make bloodshed certain, the destruction of the Army probable, and the disruption of the Empire more than possible. Is this an exaggerated view to take? The Ulster Covenanters intend to establish and proclaim a Provisional Government when the Home Rule Bill receives Royal assent, and long before it comes into force. Is it possible that any Government, however weak, could tolerate, or would be allowed by the country to tolerate, an outbreak of rebellion and anarchy so unjustified as to be absolutely unprecedented in the history of the civilised world? It must meet force with force, and, consequently, there must be bloodshed, and the Army must be employed. We know all too well that there are many officers in the Army who will refuse to act against Ulster, even if her attitude be unjustifiable and provocative and she fires the first shot. Sir Edward Carson has told us that 'some of the greatest Generals' have promised assistance—and in some cases they will be followed by their men. But a large proportion of the

Army consists of Irish Roman Catholics, and in these regiments at least there will be created a gulf between officers and men. Worse than this, the democracy of England—to whom militarism is a long inherited bugbear, hence the annual Army Act—will rise in their wrath and destroy the Army with a view to its eventual democratisation. It is only necessary to reject the Army Bill and the Army dissolves. Few people appreciate the fact that one fateful vote in a moment of midsummer madness would suffice to cause this catastrophe. Then indeed our Empire will sink to the level of a second-class Power.

Rebellion in Ulster will soon develop into a religious war throughout Ireland, and its flames will probably extend to other parts of the Empire—for instance, Canada. Again, we are threatened with a colossal strike at the end of the year; and is it not too much to hope that the strikers will fail to take advantage of the confusion and impotence in which the Government of the country will be plunged, and to give effect to the doctrine of the right of an aggrieved minority to take up arms which has been recently preached by the Opposition leaders? There is every danger that a Civil War in Ireland will become a war of the classes throughout Great Britain. Our rule in India will be shaken to its foundations, and who can gauge the effect of the conflict—even if it be confined to Ireland—on our relations with foreign Powers? The influence of England will be lost—that influence which always makes for peace—and probably a European war will quickly follow her impotence in the Council Chamber of Europe. Again, let us picture to ourselves the disgust and contempt of the self-governing Dominions at the humiliating condition to which Great Britain will have degraded herself, and the probability that under these conditions they will regard separation as a happy release from a decadent mother-country.

Critics may deny that these results are probable, but can they assert that they are not possible, and should not every nerve be strained, and every possible sacrifice made, to make them not only improbable but impossible?

On whom does the responsibility lie for this crisis? In my opinion, the persons responsible are the Government, the leaders of the Opposition, Sir Edward Carson and his supporters, and the Press.

The Government made an unpardonable mistake in not foreseeing the danger of including Ulster when it framed its Home Rule Bill. They received warnings from those who knew the country—as I personally can testify—but they turned a deaf ear to what they considered to be timid counsels, and listened to optimist and doctrinaire Chief Secretaries who, profoundly ignorant of Ireland, believed everything that was told them, not

understanding the amiable tendency of Irishmen—including officials—to say what will please their hearer. However this may be, it is beyond doubt that the Government did not realise the danger which they were courting, and the responsibility for their ignorance must rest upon their Irish advisers. This was the initial mistake made by the Government, but instead of acting boldly when they realised their blunder, and taking immediate steps to justify the reasonable demands of Ulster, they continued to flounder in the bog into which they had strayed, and refused to make—until the eleventh hour—the concessions which justice as well as expediency demanded. I have repeatedly pointed out elsewhere that the opposition of Ulster could not be condemned as unreasonable and unjustifiable. As I wrote in *The Times* :

‘Those who, like myself, took part in the administration of Ireland during the stormy years of Mr. Balfour’s Chief Secretaryship vividly remember how, when the rest of Ireland was in a condition of scarcely veiled rebellion, Ulster stood by us, and we cannot forget that to the sympathy and loyalty of Ulster we were greatly indebted for our success in enforcing law and order. Although we now fully realise that the Nationalist leaders—as in the case of most Irishmen when angry—said many wild things which, like Sir Edward Carson and his friends, they did not really mean, nevertheless we should remember how these words exasperated the native hostility of the Ulster Protestants and left angry and suspicious impressions which can only be removed by the effacing finger of time. Therefore we feel that it is vain to ask them to submit to the rule of the men whom they mistrust so greatly, until Mr. Redmond and his colleagues have won them over by showing that they can and will rule Ireland efficiently and impartially.

Therefore, in the first instance, Ulster had right on her side, and was fully justified in protesting against being placed under the rule of Nationalist leaders sitting in an Irish Parliament. Had she contented herself, at any rate in the first instance, with constitutional agitation, her position would have been impregnable. Unfortunately, before she had used this weapon and found it fail, her leaders plunged into warlike preparations and indulged in threats of rebellion at the instigation and under the leadership of Sir Edward Carson, who was convinced that the English people would only yield to force or the danger of force, and not to reason. Such is the high opinion which Sir Edward Carson and his colleagues hold of the electorate of Great Britain to whom they are so anxious to appeal! I need not describe the warlike preparations which have been made, sometimes overstepping the narrow line which separates the sublime from the ridiculous; they have been loudly and widely proclaimed, for advertisement was a necessary counter in the game of intimidation which Ulster was playing. History will indeed find it difficult to accept—and much more to condone—the quiescence of the Government and its policy

of unmasterly inactivity in respect of these potential rebels. I cannot believe—indeed I am convinced to the contrary—that the law is so defective that prosecutions could not successfully have been instituted; but at least the Government could have shown its displeasure by dealing drastically with Privy Councillors who preached sedition, and a General—who has not the excuse of being an Irishman—who organised rebellion and usurped powers and military titles which can only be granted by the Crown. The Government looked on with folded hands; they did not lift up a finger to check the movement in its infancy, and, consequently, it has now grown to very formidable dimensions, and has even empoisoned in some quarters the loyalty and discipline of the Army.

In these respects—namely, failure to realise the inevitable results of ignoring the just claim of Ulster, undue delay in making the necessary concessions, and inexcusable neglect to deal firmly and drastically with the rebellion in its early stage of preparation—the Government have failed to discharge their primary duties as rulers and statesmen.

But the blunders of the Government fade into insignificance when compared with the sins of the Opposition leaders, who, in the frenzy of party passion, have preached poisonous doctrines, and in most cases have not hesitated to gamble with Civil War—or rather the threat of Civil War—as a counter in their party game. Yet they must realise, and have realised throughout, the dangers of the situation, and had they been patriots and statesmen, not intoxicated with party passion, they would have seen the necessity, in the interests of the nation, of sacrificing their partisan prejudices and ambitions to the salvation of their country. Certainly this has not been their attitude. Some of them—more honest, but Rip van Winkles who still sleep and dream of Ireland as she was thirty years ago—continue to regard Home Rule as a calamity which must be averted at any cost, and they have seen in this threat of Civil War a weapon for destroying root and branch the entire Home Rule policy of the Government. Not a few so bitterly hate the Government and all its works that, in order to compass its downfall, they are ready to risk even the perdition of their country. But these monomaniacs are chiefly to be found among those wild men of the Unionist Party who by their disorderly conduct, their abusive language, and their defiance of the Speaker, have done so much to dishonour the high traditions of the Conservative Party and to degrade the House of Commons in the eyes of the world. Others have merely taken into account the party advantages of the crisis. In the same way as Ulster has intended that the danger of Civil War should frighten the British electorate, these Unionist leaders have hoped that the same danger may disgust the electorate with the Government and therefore

they have regarded benevolently—when they have not actively incited—the growth of rebellion, and have made use of it in order to obtain a General Election before the Plural Voting Bill can become law.

The Opposition are never tired of taunting the Government with subservience to Mr. Redmond, but are not they themselves much more dominated by Sir Edward Carson and Ulster? Throughout this discussion have the Unionist leaders ever suggested a compromise or formulated a settlement? Have they not always contented themselves with saying 'Satisfy Ulster and then we shall be satisfied'? They have never ventured to criticise the demands of Ulster or to suggest a reasonable compromise. They propose nothing, but hand over their consciences and responsibilities to the dangerous keeping of Sir Edward Carson. They never tire of saying 'What Sir Edward Carson accepts in the name of Ulster we will accept; what he refuses we must refuse.' And then they wait and see. Surely statesmen in the position of the Unionist leaders ought to decide for themselves what reasonable concessions ought to be made to Ulster, and then inform Sir Edward Carson that this is the settlement which he must accept or leave. The Government were much condemned for the inadequacy of the concessions offered in their Amending Bill, but as the Unionist leaders had refused or neglected to state the terms on which the question might be settled, the Government had no alternative but to introduce a Bill formulating the concessions which they believed to be sufficient, at the same time announcing that they were prepared to consider, and, if possible, to accept any additional safeguards which the Unionist leaders might suggest. How was it possible for the Government to adopt and insert in their Bill proposals which had not yet been made on behalf of Ulster? There is no doubt that they acted wisely in introducing the Amending Bill in the House of Lords instead of the House of Commons. How different would have been its reception in the House of Commons! Instead of the dignity and comparative moderation of tone which characterised the debates in the House of Lords, the voice of patriotism would have been silenced in the noise of party passion in the House of Commons. Of course the Bill—which Lord Curzon has not inaptly called 'a peace preservation Bill'—assumed a shape in the House of Lords which could not be accepted by the Government, but it offered a basis for negotiation, or rather it would have offered such a basis had not the Unionist leaders bound themselves hand and foot to the chariot of Sir Edward Carson; for there is no doubt that—as in the Conference, so in the House of Commons—they have refused to yield an inch, and have declared the daily increasing demands of Sir Edward Carson to be the minimum which

could be accepted. Throughout they have called upon the Government—the master of a powerful majority in the House of Commons if not in the country—to make an abject surrender, while they themselves have obstinately refused to make any concession in the interests of peace.

When Mr. Asquith on the 9th of March made his most important concession of the exemption of the four counties, how was it received? By a vote of censure. And if it be true that at the recent Conference the Government offered to forgo the time limit—a most superfluous attempt to bind future Parliaments—and to exempt certain districts of the counties Tyrone and Fermanagh where Protestants predominate, the refusal of the Unionist leaders to agree to a settlement on these terms was nothing less than criminal. If rebellion follows, they must be held responsible, whatever their reason, whether it be the iron sway of Sir Edward Carson's strong character over feebler natures, or whether it be reluctance to forgo possible party advantages for the sake of their country.

Of Sir Edward Carson I wish to speak with all respect. No man can gainsay his courage and his honesty, but his political judgment throughout his career has been continually at fault. Sir Edward Carson is a Dublin Castle lawyer who, under more liberal conditions in England, has developed great qualities as a lawyer and a Parliamentarian. But he is not a statesman, and the inherited instincts of Protestant ascendancy and Castle domination still lurk in his blood. His is—and always has been—a deep-rooted hostility to Home Rule and jealousy for Protestant ascendancy, and at a moment such as this those prejudices—indeed passions—obscure, if they do not destroy, the qualities of impartiality and moderation which he has acquired during his brilliant career. Consequently, in this unfortunate business he has lost all sense of proportion. He has recently informed us that he is not 'out for settlement,' and this is but too true. He can only see red. His ambitions have been excited, his indiscretions of speech have entangled him, and the loyalty to the men whom he has led astray have involved him to such an extent that he cannot, if he would, retreat from an untenable position. At times his tone is moderate, but this is quickly followed by bitter and warlike ebullitions. For instance, when Mr. Asquith proposed the exemption of the four counties with a time limit, Sir Edward Carson declared in the House of Commons that if the Prime Minister would forgo the time limit he would place the proposed compromise before his Council—in other words, he considered it a reasonable basis of agreement. But this pacific mood soon passed away. During the debate on the vote of censure Mr. Bonar Law proposed a Referendum, but before that

proposal was declined, and while it was being discussed in a temperate manner, Sir Edward Carson made his melodramatic exit from the House, with the war cry of 'My place is in Ulster,' amid the enthusiastic cheers of the Unionist Party. He followed up this act of defiance by a letter in which he declared that the time had come for a forward movement, and that the climax would arrive within a year. It is only fair to state that after this ebullition the influence which he exercised seems for a time to have been pacific, but it is a matter for conjecture whether this was due to his own better judgment on reflection, or to the pressure of the merchants of Belfast who supply the sinews of war, and who—although no doubt ready to fight for their liberties—cannot be prepared to wreck for ever the famous industries of the city which they have created, in order to dictate the policy to be adopted outside their province. The Government, however, were certainly justified in expecting an outbreak—indeed, it was confidently asserted by some Unionist newspapers that there would be an explosion within a few days—and consequently in taking steps to save certain depots from seizure by the Volunteers, or by reckless men acting in their name. I think that most men who read all that happened in a judicial spirit will agree that this only was the intention of the Cabinet, and that the alleged 'plot' was a figment of suspicious imaginations or a deliberate invention of poisoned minds. Repeatedly Sir Edward Carson has accused the Government of hypocrisy, but was there no hypocrisy in posing as 'injured innocence' and pretending that there could be no reason except that of provocation for the movement of the Fleet in the direction of Lamlash, when the very men who protested so loudly knew that the *Fanny* with her illicit cargo of guns was already on her way to the coasts of Ireland and might be intercepted? Daily Sir Edward Carson's speeches become more bellicose and his terms more exacting. As the *Daily Mail*—which may be accepted as the organ in London of Ulster—has recently boasted, 'a higher price will have to be paid than would have satisfied Ulster two years ago.' Why? The Sibyl was not in it with Sir Edward Carson! And recently he chose a moment when the prospects of a peaceful solution were bright to make a hostile demonstration in Belfast, and for the first time to march his volunteers in arms through the streets in defiance of the law. What could his object be except that of provocation? How else can this defiant action be interpreted?

If the danger which threatens us be realised, will the Press be free from blame? The Liberal Press—at any rate, the daily papers with the exception, perhaps, of the *Westminster Gazette*—have strongly opposed any reasonable concessions to Ulster,

even when such concessions have been proved to be just and right. They have thought more of their obligations to the Nationalist party than of justice to Ulster. They have declared every adequate concession to be impossible, and encouraged the Government in their unfortunate attitude of obdurate resistance. But if the attitude of most Liberal papers has been blameworthy, the conduct of the Unionist Press—with one or two honourable exceptions, among which may be included *The Times*, although that powerful organ might have done much more for peace than it has done—has been nothing less than criminal. They have gloated, and still gloat, over the possibility of Civil War. They have denounced any concessions by the Government as a sign of weakness, as a humiliation, and thus made it more difficult for the Liberal Party to propose a compromise. They joyfully prophesied and now exult over the failure of the Conference. I have carefully studied their utterances, and I can truthfully say that, if there be Civil War, the chief responsibility will rest upon the Unionist Press.

There are others—well-meaning men of great ability and unimpeachable character—who in their endeavours to attain impossible perfection have hindered rather than helped the settlement of the vital question—how Civil War is to be avoided. This is the urgent question which brooks no delay. If the Archbishop of York, Lord Dunraven, and others would suspend counsels of perfection, which unhappily cannot be adopted at this moment, they would find that the only practical solution of the problem—unsatisfactory as it is—is the exemption of Protestant Ulster. Eventually I have no doubt—when angry passion has subsided, when Lord Carson of Belfast has taken his seat on the Wool-sack, when the new Irish Parliament has won a reputation for efficient and impartial government and loyalty to the Empire—Ulster and the rest of Ireland will unite in one indivisible whole; but it is a mistake, by raising at the present moment an academic discussion, to confuse and obscure the urgent and vital issue—how is Civil War to be averted?

Dean Henson, as the result of four days' visit to Ulster, informed us, through the columns of *The Times*, that he was convinced that 'Protestant Ulster is absolutely united in its resolve to resist, even to death, the [*sic*] attempt to break its connexion with Great Britain and to subject it to a Roman Catholic majority in an Irish Parliament.' Undoubtedly this conclusion—although drawn, as I think, from an inaccurate premiss—is correct, and Ulster would fight if coerced into union with Home Rule Ireland. I do not wish to cross swords with so brilliant a controversialist as the Dean, but may I suggest that he is unreasonable in insisting that the rest of Ireland—

where he did *not* spend four days—should be refused the self-government for which it has so long struggled? It is a pity that Dean Henson did not extend his travels and also enlarge his circle of informants, for a man of his catholic views, who is so inexorable a logician, so stern a critic of mere sentiment, and so merciless a foe of religious intolerance, would certainly have been convinced that even in Ireland there are two sides to a question; and I am sure that the bigotry—so foreign to his nature—with which he has been inoculated during his four days in Ulster would have lost the virus of its poison when he found that the Roman Catholic of the South is really an amiable character, far more tolerant than the stern Protestant of Ulster. Still more so when he also realised that the great danger of the new Ireland is not Papacy but Agnosticism. But even in the society of Covenanters the Dean has learnt wisdom, for he admits that there are 'terrible risks' in refusing Home Rule to the rest of Ireland; but how these terrible risks are to be averted by the withdrawal of the Home Rule Bill and by the consequent policy of coercion he does not—and I venture to think he cannot—tell us.

Such is the parlous situation which has been created by the incapacity of the Parliamentary leaders. The prospects of peace are poorer than ever. What is to be done to save the Empire? There are only two important issues to be settled. First, the duration of exemption, and, secondly, the area to be exempted. The Government can scarcely insist on binding, even by implication, future Parliaments, and if the Nationalists were wise in their generation they would agree to the exclusion of the whole rather than part of Ulster, on the understanding that North-East Ulster will abide by the result of a plebiscite taken in five or six years. There is little doubt—if the Home Rule Government is loyal and efficient—that a majority of the entire Province would then elect for union with the rest of Ireland. Even now the majority against inclusion would not be large. But if the Nationalist leaders will not or cannot adopt this statesmanlike policy, it ought to be possible for the Government to effect a compromise with the Opposition by adding to their proposed area of exemption parts of counties where the Protestants are predominant. Any such concession by the Government may involve their subsequent defeat in the House of Commons through the alliance of the Nationalists with Unionists on some other question, but in that case they will die with honour, probably to rise again. They will go to the country with a clear conscience, having passed a Home Rule Bill which does not involve Civil War.

If report be true these concessions, namely, as regards the duration of exemption and the extension of the area of exclusion,

were offered by the Government at the recent Conference, and refused by the Unionist leaders at the dictation of Sir Edward Carson; consequently, the prospects of peace are indeed poor, if not hopeless, unless the rank and file put pressure on their leaders.

The Government can make no further concessions, and, as the *Westminster Gazette* observed a few days ago, 'The Liberal Party will rally to the Government without hesitation against all browbeating and bullying.' If there is to be peace, the rank and file of the Unionist Party must intervene. Let them take warning while there is time. The blunders of their leaders have led them into many a bog, but now they are being dragged into utter destruction. Let them remember the ineptitude of these leaders since Lord Salisbury's death. These leaders are responsible for the Parliament Bill, for they encouraged the House of Lords to abuse their privileges and powers by refusing a second reading to important Liberal legislation which had been passed by the Commons by huge majorities, and, finally, they instigated them to lay hands on the ark of finance, which caused them to perish. Now they are prepared to throw the House of Lords to the wolves by surrendering in its entirety the hereditary system which is the keystone of our Monarchy. The younger Unionists should pause and ponder, when they remember that this catastrophe might have been avoided, had their leaders been endowed with sufficient prescience and courage to reform the House of Lords, on liberal but judicious lines, when they were in power with the command of overwhelming majorities in both houses. But as regards Ireland in particular, the policy of the Unionist leaders has been characterised by a lamentable lack of prescience and sagacity. They had the chance of shelving Home Rule for at least a generation when Devolution was proposed eight years ago, but at the dictation of the Ulster members, whose votes were then essential, Mr. George Wyndham was repudiated and driven out of office, and those of us who advocated Devolution were taunted and vilified. Let Unionists read the debates of that time and they will realise what they will have to endure when the Ulster members are again their taskmasters.

It is unfortunate that at this crisis there should be an exceptional dearth of statesmen on the Unionist front bench. Now that Mr. Balfour—a giant among his contemporaries—has disappeared, there only remain Mr. Austen Chamberlain and one or two others who can claim that proud title. Certainly the present leader, Mr. Bonar Law, cannot be included in the category. Not a spark of statesmanship has illumined his noisy leadership. But he has done his duty. Mr. Balfour was not sufficiently vituperative and vindictive, so he was discarded and Mr. Law

was selected to succeed him because he could scold. He has scolded *ad nauseam*. He who is said to be one of the most amiable of men in private life has introduced into Parliament a more vindictive and vituperative tone than has prevailed for generations. He has not even hesitated to impute deliberate falsehood to Mr. Asquith—whose brilliant qualities, high character and honourable nature have earned for him the respect of all men—in words more familiar to angry schoolboys than to Parliamentary leaders. Mr. Law can wield the bludgeon of vituperation but he cannot handle the polished rapier of satire, and his crude language and clumsy methods should make Disraeli turn in his grave.

As I have already said, if there is to be peace, the rank and file of the Unionist Party must put pressure upon their leaders and insist on their arranging a reasonable compromise with the Government, and then both sides must impose their joint decision upon their Irish allies.

I am not madly in love with the present Government—who is? Although they have achieved triumphs—notably the settlement of South Africa—they have, apart from Mr. Lloyd George's administrative and oratorical excesses, perpetrated blunders which have alienated the sympathies of many moderate men. They have enjoyed a long spell of office, and now they are tired men ruling a tired country. I for one would not regret a change of Government, even if it involved temporary reaction. Tariff Reform is dead and buried, and its pale and evasive ghost—which fitfully stalks Unionist platforms—need frighten no man of ordinary nerve. But it would be indeed difficult—and in my case impossible—to assist, by voting or even by abstention from voting, the advent to power of the Unionist Party so long as it adheres to its mischievous policy with regard to Ireland. This policy begins and ends in coercion. Bloodshed in the South of Ireland would follow, and our self-governing Colonies would contemplate the clumsy blunders of the Mother Country with disgust and contempt.

To recapitulate, the present position is this. It may be confidently hoped that the Government will include in the Amending Bill further concessions as regards the time limit and area of exemption, but even if no further concessions are made North-East Ulster will be exempted from Home Rule and will remain as it is, with the same representation in the House of Commons as it at present enjoys. Other counties in which there is a minority of Ulster Protestants will be in no immediate danger, for no step can be taken to put the Bill into operation until after a General Election. Accordingly, if the General Election—as all Unionists confidently expect—results in the defeat of the Government, the new Unionist Government can—if they are mad—

repeal the Bill or—if they are sane—merely legislate for the additional safeguards which Ulster requires. Surely in these circumstances the obvious duty of Protestant Ulster is to 'Wait and see'? But, according to the programme which they have announced, it is the intention of the Ulster leaders, immediately the Home Rule Bill has received Royal assent—though at least a year must elapse before it comes into operation—to declare a Provisional Government and forcibly to snatch the reins of government from the hands, not of the Irish Nationalists but of the Imperial Government; and also to invade the other counties which have not been exempted, long before any attempt can be made to coerce them. The excuse which is offered for this precipitate action is that the situation has become intolerable for the Volunteers of Ulster—the suspense is too trying and the expenditure too great—and on this feeble pretext it is proposed to rush into Civil War with its inevitable bloodshed and disasters. Because the Covenanters find the frying pan too hot they propose to jump into the fire! Did a people ever embark on rebellion under so flimsy an excuse, on so fatuous a pretext?

The cry of 'Wolf! Wolf!' has been raised so often that the nation does not believe in the imminence of the danger; but, when it realises that Ulster has wantonly rushed into rebellion for reasons so trivial, it will mete out stern justice to the reckless men whose rash folly and misguided ambitions have plunged into the melting pot our most cherished institutions, and indeed the whole Empire, and it will force the Government to take drastic measures—*coûte que coûte*—for quelling a rebellion so wicked because so unjustifiable and unnecessary.

WEST RIDGEWAY.

July 25, 1914.

THE IRISH DANGER

(II)

A VISION OF CIVIL WAR

Regular troops alone are equal to the exigencies of modern war, as well for defence as offence, and when a substitute is attempted it must prove illusory and ruinous.

No Militia will ever acquire the habits necessary to resist a regular force. The firmness requisite for the real business of fighting is only to be attained by constant course of discipline and service. I have never yet been a witness to a single instance that can justify a different opinion.

WASHINGTON.

THE following sketches have been written with the object of bringing vividly before the public the awful reality of partisan warfare and the immeasurable responsibility of those who have brought the country to the present state of disruption. The author is no imaginative pedant. He has probably seen more of war in all its horrid phases than any living man of his own age, and certainly more than any other Englishman. First in the service of a great news agency and then as special correspondent of *The Times*, he has participated in every war, great or small, far or near, that has been waged during the past twenty years, with the solitary exception of the Spanish-American struggle. He has been impelled to write these sketches in the hope that they may help those who glibly talk of civil war, at the eleventh hour, to realise something of the horrors which follow upon the trail of 'the dogs of war.' Once blood is allowed to flow, none may say where the vicious circle of partisan strife may be completed. Twenty years of close association with men engaged in war has confirmed the writer in the view that there is nothing in the making of war that is not sordid, bestial, and disastrous to those who become the savage tools of political endeavour. If his knowledge of war is of any account, he would use it to save his countrymen from the unutterable disaster now in contemplation.

THE GUNS OF SUMTER

Boom, Boom, Boom!

It was easily audible in the streets. Men left their offices and shops and hastened to homes and rendezvous. That is to

say, those who had to answer Ulster's call. The others poured breathlessly into the street to mingle with the excited women and children, or to clamber to roofs and scaffoldings in the hope of seeing something of what was happening away and beyond.

Boom, Boom, Boom!

The dull reverberation of distant artillery fire rolled down the breeze with the jarring monotony of punctuated thunder. The sounds were not unexpected. The story of the raid upon Omagh had been on every lip since early morning. The detail had been told in a hundred different forms, but the foundation was incontrovertible fact. The Ulster Volunteers had effected a *coup de main* and had possessed themselves of a battery of field artillery. The detail did not matter. The guns were now firing. The fight for freedom had begun.

The local battalion of volunteers had received the summons to mobilise, and at the moment when the first sounds of distant firing hit the tense-strained ears of the township were already forming up in the back street which was their local rendezvous. Men, women, and a large concourse of children ran hither and thither to snatch such meed of information as the indefinite stock of actual knowledge in the town contained. All that was certain, however, was that the 'boys are moving,' and that the wearying uncertainty of months of waiting was broken. A general consensus of excited opinion allowed that the boys were marching to teach a lesson to those damned Papists. Old men and maidens, matrons and children, little recking what the cost of this punishment might mean unto themselves, were aflame with excitement as the sound of drum and fife broke through the cheering of the multitude. The head of a marching column turned into the main highway. To all intents and purposes it seemed to be a trained military unit. It was headed by half a dozen cyclists, who, correctly dressed in military khaki, wheeled their machines in serried rank before the band, which was shrilling lustily that intoxicating lilt 'The British Grenadiers.' Behind the band rode the commanding officer and his adjutant: the former without doubt a soldier who had served his country well, since the tags of distinction decorated the lapel of his tunic; the latter a mere boy, whose easy seat and blood horse read 'local quality' into the military picture.

Then came the battalion. Middle-aged men down to boys, all dressed in uniform accoutrements, which in the case of the majority had been buckled over a civilian kit. Medals again disclosed the fact that a certain small percentage had been soldiers. They strode past, platoon by platoon, with a confident step and the easy swing of men whose knowledge of war is commensurate with their peace-bred enthusiasm. An experienced soldier of

detached political feelings, who stood upon the kerb amid a bevy of working girls shouting delight as they recognised their men-folk in martial panoply, gravely scanned the passing ranks. The picture filled him with a great sadness. He looked at the joyous, laughing women round him, at the dour and eager faces that alternated in the ranks, and all he remembered was the haunting look he had read in the battalion commander's face. He himself knew what that commanding officer knew and what perhaps a dozen of the more dour men in the ranks knew. A knowledge that was totally foreign to the rest. He knew and they knew that these men were setting the measure of their tread not to the inspiring cadence of a joyous music, but to the deadly path of a trade they did not understand—a trade that has little mercy for the skilled and none for the amateur.

These gloomy forebodings were entirely absent in the case of the fair women who waved affectionately to fathers, sons, brothers, and maybe lovers. In their joy that their men-folk should be playing a man's part they had no thought of counting the cost beyond the pretty affectation of rolling bandages and playing with packets of lint and gauze. Experience alone is knowledge. If but one of these women had held the swollen limb of a wounded man, and had watched the sweat pour from his brow as his manly strength battled to resist the punishment of the merciless probe, where would have been this delirium of acclaim as their loved ones marched to the syren-song of the relentless drum?

As the tail of the column became obliterated in the host of bare-footed urchins that pressed upon its ranks the first intimation of the awful things to come was forced upon the crowd. Out of a side street hurtled a motor-cycle. In a cloud of dust and amid hysterical hooting, it tore a passage through the crowd, then side-slipped on the cobbles. The rider, a volunteer in uniform, was thrown heavily against a wall. He tried to struggle up, but rose no further than his knees, to sink back, vomiting blood. In their first horror at the sight the townsfolk in the vicinity shrank back. Then someone shouted in a high treble 'He's been shot.' In a second the acclamations were stilled. The women who a moment before were shouting their wild plaudits now stood white, silent, and trembling, while the wounded scout pumped out his life on the pavement. War had come to Ireland! *Boom, Boom, Boom!*

THE OUTPOST

The wind had set in steadily from the north-west and had rolled up from the Atlantic great banks of rain-cloud, which, driving across the Irish mountains, had been expending them-

selves without intermission for the last three days. There are few things quite so miserable as a penetrating rain driven hard with the chill strength of a stiff north-wester. It is miserable enough when there is a roof to cover the head and a fire to warm the body. When, however, the exigencies of active service give men the alternative of facing the biting sleet on the summit of a wind-swept crest on picket, or lying day and night, sodden to the skin, amid the slimy compost of a farm byre, and when, added to this, commissariat has broken down, the limits of human endurance are soon reached. Only those who have experienced the dismal miseries of such surroundings can realise how shadowy will be the enthusiasm for the cause however just, how fleeting the martial optimism that deludes the unwary into the brutal paths of war.

A sergeant and six men were established as an outlying picket on the bleak shoulder of a hill. They had been there for twenty-eight hours. Relief should have reached them at sundown, but for some reason, at the time inexplicable, no relief had come, and it was now nearly midnight. From the moment they had unstrapped their waterproof sheets twenty-eight hours before, the wind had been driving the bitter sleet through them, so that they were chilled to the marrow. Save for the sentry, who crouched behind the gnarled trunk of a tree a little apart, the five men and the non-commissioned officer sat huddled beneath the pretended shelter of a rough stone wall. During those weary hours food and drink had reached them once. It had been a tepid measure of sugar and water that passed for tea and two loaves of bread that the rain had beaten into a sloppy pulp. There was no thought of sleep that night. The men in their misery just herded together to form with their backs an imaginary break-water to the driving rain. Hunger, cold, and dejection had long since reduced them to silence. If occasionally an expression of their feelings was wrung from them it took the form of objurgation against the weather, against war in general, and the cause they had supported so light-heartedly a few weeks before.

Suddenly the sentry straightened himself, and, still being an embryo soldier, made considerable disturbance as with freezing hands he brought his rifle into position. 'Halt! Who goes there?' A quavering voice almost shrieked 'Friend; for love of God, don't shoot.'

'Advance one and give the countersign,' answered the sentry, while the sergeant and his companions, welcoming anything as a break to the miserable monotony of their sufferings, seized their rifles and stumbled on to the alignment.

'Don't shoot, for God's sake; I don't know any countersign. I belong to the Dungiven troop. We've been scuppered, and I'm wounded.'

A miserable object dragged itself up to them and then subsided at their feet. The sergeant, who was possessed of a nearly exhausted electric torch, flashed its dim disc of light into the newcomer's face. Rarely had men seen such a picture of misery and despair. There are few things so paralysing in this world as a man that has had the manhood scared out of him. Pain and terror gave this poor wretch the haunted look of a maniac. With his left hand he clutched his right wrist tightly. The faint light of the torch was sufficient to show the blood ooze from between his fingers as the pitiless rain washed it into thin pink streaks. A few terse questions satisfied the sergeant that the man was a friend. His wound and his agony of mind were eloquent testimony of the story he had to tell.

He had formed one of a small patrol that had been sent out on some specific duty. After a long day, when they were returning with their information, they, being amateurs, had thought more of their creature comforts than their personal safety. Tired, wet and hungry, they had sought the hospitality of a wayside cabin. The unhappy narrator had been holding the four horses while his comrades were within, when, springing as from nowhere, a score of men had lined ditch and fence. All he had heard had been the shout 'These are the damned heretics, shoot them!' All that he remembered was a medley of firing, four plunging horses, three of which broke loose from his grasp. He clung to the reins of one scared animal, and half running and half being dragged, had been taken over a wall by the terrified beast. On the far side he had picked himself up and run, and it was only when he found that he was not pursued that he realised that a bullet had broken his forearm.

'And did they not give you the offer to surrender?'

'Devil a chance—they was out for blood.'

AUT VI : AUT FRAUDE

A businesslike enthusiast in his profession, the young cavalry subaltern trotted his men clear of the town before he took them into his confidence with regard to his mission. He waited till he was through the last of the suburbs before he halted them. Finding a convenient lane, he dismounted the party and then proceeded to explain. It is always an enticing situation when one is privileged to hear a youthful British subaltern addressing his men. Nature—or shall it be said the traditions of the military colleges?—has equipped him with self-assurance. This leads him to exercise a patriarchal attitude of condescension towards men who may be years older than himself. The subaltern in question unburdened himself in the following language :

'Now I want you men to understand that we are not yet concerned in this fighting in which these Irishmen are engaged. Our mission on this occasion is simply protective. That is, I am being sent to Kilrea to see that neither party attempts to interfere with the public communications. As far as we are concerned, therefore, there are no sides in this Irish question. We are simply policemen over Government or public property. We must, nevertheless, proceed with a certain amount of military precaution, so I shall send a point out in advance and drop one file in rear. If we meet any considerable bodies of these Irishmen we will have to stop and parley with them. Now you clearly understand, men, we have no enemies in this country, but we must move with a certain amount of precaution. Get mounted, men, and Sergeant Harris, tell off two men to go in advance, and drop a file to follow on behind.'

Alternately trotting and walking, the troop covered a dozen miles. Except for a stray cyclist or two, who looked at them askance, they saw no signs of either Ulster or Nationalist Volunteers. As they passed through hamlets women and children and old men eyed them curiously, but all attempts that the subaltern made in his best manner to elicit information were met with those charming banalities with which the Irish are adept when they wish to refuse you a service without being unnecessarily rough with your feelings. After the north-wester there had been a temporary return to summer, and the air hung heavy with a humid heat. About mid-day the troop reached a delightful little stream that wound its way through a leaf-shaded spinney. The bottom of the ford was good. It was an ideal place in which to water. The subaltern ordered the halt. The men loosened their girths, took out the horses' bits, and filed down to the brook. The officer had handed his horse over to a man, and when the *dénouement* occurred was actually eating a sandwich out of the packet he had taken from his holster.

A shot rang out, and the boy fell flat on his face. Almost before the startled horses had raised their heads from the water, shot after shot came from the spinney. In a moment all was confusion. Men and horses dropped to right and left. Those animals that escaped the fusillade, seized with panic, tore away from the grasp of the men, who were too surprised to draw their rifles from the buckets. Of the twenty horses, fifteen at least plunged riderless on to the high road and galloped away, a frenzied bunch of panic-stricken beasts. Their officer down, lying motionless with his face in the sand, their sergeant writhing in agony at the water's brink, their rifles carried away by their stampeded mounts, utterly dazed by the suddenness of this unprovoked and wanton attack, the troopers raised their hands above their

heads in the recognised signal of surrender. Then, as the firing did not cease, the survivors realised that surrender was not a recognised part in this drama. They broke and fled in the same direction in which their horses had gone. Some eight or ten in this manner made good their escape. The rest lay stretched in varying attitudes beside the fallen officer. When it was clear that there was no further possibility of resistance, a round dozen of mean-visaged men, girded about with cartridge-belts and armed with still smoking rifles, stepped cautiously out of the spinney. The man who led them was even an exaggeration of that low type which is Ireland's worst exhibit. He was almost a deformity, and his red staring beard and degenerate forehead suggested that his authority was due to the cunning of the beast rather than to any commanding attribute of man. At the head of his villainous party this bandit walked over to where the officer-boy lay. He pushed his head and shoulder over with his boot, remarking callously, in tones in which an American twang divided honours with the natural brogue, 'He's mutton, anyhow.' Then, turning to a very young trooper who was nursing a wounded shoulder and whimpering under the pain and terror bred of the situation, he remarked: 'This hoodoo will do; you're not hurt badly at all, sonny. Now you just hike back to where ye've come from, and tell your friends that this comes of making an interference with the Ulster Volunteers without the permission of our Mr. Carson, and while ye're getting away we will just be putting your friends here out of their troubles, and if it is that ye're not believing it, why just wait and see. Here, boys, just put away any that has got any life in them!'

As the terrified envoy made good as rapid an escape as his wounded shoulder would allow, the bandit turned to his gang, and with a cunning leer said brutally 'That's one on the Ulster Volunteers, anyhow.'

FROM THE TREASURY BENCH

(Extract from a speech delivered by the Prime Minister to Parliament in extraordinary session, as reported in the newspapers.)

'It would be criminal on the part of the Government to attempt to minimise at this period the extreme gravity of the situation in Ireland. The reports to which honourable members made reference at question time are, to the best of our belief, unfortunately true. It can be said with every truth that no one on this side of the House, and among the members of the Opposition themselves, could have believed that in any civilised country such dastardly and wanton attacks could have been made upon

the Regular Forces of the Crown, who, be it remembered, had received the strictest injunctions not to interfere in any way in the passionate outburst which is now tearing Northern Ireland. That this murderous attack should have been made by the Ulster Volunteers themselves—(uproar; when the Speaker was again able to restore order, the Prime Minister was understood to say, speaking with great emotion)—the evidence of the survivors has been taken, and, I say it with every endeavour to suppress my anger at the statement, we are in possession of facts that prove without doubt that this murderous outrage was devised and carried out, if not under the direction of honourable gentlemen opposite, at least by the armed citizens they have countenanced and encouraged in rebellion—(uproar—shouts of 'Liar!'). When again a hearing was possible, the Prime Minister, livid with suppressed anger, though speaking his words with deliberate coldness, said :) We on our part will not countenance a repetition of this outrage. The responsibility is not ours, it rests with honourable gentlemen opposite. Immediately on receipt of the proofs of complicity which we required, the Cabinet came to a unanimous decision, and we issued orders, without a moment's delay, empowering the forces of the Crown to move at once to put an end to a situation that has become intolerable.' (At this announcement the House broke up in disorder.)

BLOOD-LUST

Fifteen haggard-looking Ulster Volunteers were holding a position of a farmyard against a superior force. The Ulstermen were not trained soldiers, but the instinct of self-preservation added to a lucky chance had found them a *pied-de-terre* that was at least defensible against rifle-fire. They had been escorting a jaunting-car with eight boxes of small-arm ammunition when they had suddenly been forced into resistance by a superior mob of armed Nationalists. The sergeant in command of the party had hurriedly withdrawn behind the walls of a neighbouring farmhouse enclosure, and had then chanced upon this byre, which offered quite respectable resources for defence. The men had carried the ammunition into the cow-house, and had blocked the two open windows with it, thereby fashioning rough but not inefficient loopholes. The enclosing wall, mainly through its dilapidation, furnished quite a passable head cover. The farm well and drinking-trough, luckily, were within this wall, and as the Nationalists showed no extraordinary vigour in pressing in to the assault, it looked as if the Ulstermen could hold out until some other of their own forces swept their predatory opponents out of their path.

The Ulstermen had been driven into their present place of security late in the afternoon. Although the stone buildings had been bespattered with lead and occasional bullets had flicked through the loopholes, none of the defenders had been touched. During the night the Nationalists had made one effort to rush the yard and man the windows from the outside. This had been frustrated, certainly with loss to the attack, and with a prodigious expenditure of ammunition on the part of the defence. There was no necessity for the Ulstermen to husband their rounds, since they had so much of their convoy ammunition with them. The sergeant pulled down a box and unsealed the tin lining. Then, to his discomfiture, he found that it was of a different bore from that of the rifles which his men carried. A hurried scrutiny showed that all the boxes were of the same make and that he had barely forty rounds remaining of the original pouch ammunition for his fifteen rifles.

Fortunately the Nationalists made no further movement during the night, but with the coming of daybreak they pressed for some tactical advantage that would bring the defenders of the open piece of wall under enfilade. The frustrating of this endeavour exhausted the remaining forty rounds, and the Ulstermen, tired with their all-night vigil, had perforce to discuss the advisability of surrender. The final decision was taken for them in an unexpected manner. A prodigious crackling developed above their heads, and they realised, to their dismay, that the thatch of the byre was in flames. A stiff wind encouraged the fire. One glance in the loft showed that it would be impossible to fight this new danger. The sergeant took his decision instantly. He tied a white handkerchief on his cleaning-rod and marched out at the head of his men. The Nationalists, who were at least four or five to one, closed round the surrendered men and took their rifles from them. Then a serious incident changed the temper of the proceedings. There came tumbling down the ladder of the loft from amid the now furiously burning roof an altogether astonishing figure. It fell in a heap on the byre floor, and then rushed shrieking into the middle of the crowd of armed men. By its habiliments it should have been a priest: by its bearing and articulation it was a maniac. Face and head were plastered with grime and blood, while ooze was still fresh in the seam a bullet had cut along the scalp. It was evident that the man, half-blinded with blood, was demented with pain and terror.

'Don't spare them at all at all. Shoot them, every mother's son. They have not spared me, the dirty heretic blackguards. See my poor head; they shot me, the blackguards, and shoved me up in the loft and won't have left me there to burn.'

There is nothing in this world so terribly vindictive as a thoroughly frightened man. Fear will lead men to commit atrocities which in normal circumstances would have filled their whole being with horror and disgust. The little priest was not responsible for his actions. It does not, however, take much to arouse savagery among the lower class of Irishman when once the blood lust has seized his brain. The incitation by the priest was sufficient in this case. Twenty pairs of brutal hands were ready to drive the unfortunate Ulstermen back into the cattle pen and thirty rifles readily did the priest's bidding.

'Sure what else could blasted heretics expect?' was the sole comment by the executioners.

SHRAPNEL

For the twentieth time that morning Theodore Oates asked himself why he had been such a thrice sanguinary fool as to mix himself up in this business. He was a fitter by trade. He had been earning good money, as he was sub-foreman of his particular shop. He had a comfortable home, a pleasant little wife, and three small children. He was not sure that he was an Irishman at all. The only thing that he was positively sure about was that no imaginary grievance was worth the purgatory he and his comrades had passed through during the last few weeks. He had been marched off his legs backwards and forwards, up hill and down dale, along scorching high roads, through sodden bogs, all to the one purpose that if he could not shoot someone, somebody should have the opportunity of shooting him. Come rain, come sunshine, there had been no rest. Food had been found spasmodically. Dysentery had racked his frame. Unbroken sleep and rest had become a forgotten state. At the present moment he did not know against what enemy his energies were being prostituted. Some said they were fighting Nationalists; others that the King's troops were clearing out Ulstermen and Nationalists alike. The only information that was vouchsafed to him was that his enemy were giving no quarter and that the homes of the Ulstermen were being destroyed. At the time when he was making these satisfying reflections he had been lying, along with his company, for three hours on the crest of a hillock. His company officer, a nervous little man whom he had known in Belfast as a dentist, had been anxiously scanning a copse-covered hill that rose out of the valley some two thousand yards in front of them. This officer had no clear information or knowledge of the situation, but he kept repeating with parrot-like monotony his belief that the wooded hill was in occupation of the enemy. The only other semblance of information that had

reached them that morning came when a consequential little ass, ill at ease with the dual complication of a gigantic rifle and a horse, rode up to the line and squeaked forth : ' Men of Ulster, your country expects much of you to-day.' The men turned on their backs and regarded the orator with expressionless disinterest. They were men in whom the divine fire of a cause had long since burned low. They were aching for peace and their homesides. As the orator turned away to ride down the line some weary wag shouted after him ' We don't expect much of our country to-day, not even a piece of bread.' The words were scarcely said when, without warning, the air above their heads seemed to burst like a thunder-cloud. Simultaneously a dozen vicious reports crashed out, and the whole hillside was swept with whistling bullets.

Theodore Oates was petrified with terror. He looked to his right. The next file to him was holding the back of his head with both hands ; his face was buried in the dirt, and his feet were working in spasmodic convulsion. Oates looked to the left. The little dentist-officer was doubled up in a hideous posture. Although his fingers were working, Oates could see that his eyes were already glazing. Before Oates had even taken in the realism of this awful picture the deafening crack of the shrapnel was in repetition. The strike of the bullets threw the mud in his face. The men down the line were rising. The base of a shell decapitated the man nearest to him. Oates saw the headless trunk spouting blood over the ashen features of the dead dentist. That is about all that his mind could take in. He rose to his feet and, forgetful of all else but a mad desire to get away from the hill-top, rushed down the slope. He was aware that he was not alone : that the whole of his battalion, like a pack of beaten hounds, were racing to the rear in a wild search for safety. Theirs was not the terror that shouts and gesticulates : it was the terror that rushes swiftly and silently from the field of fear ; that overrides and tramples under foot all that may essay to bar its path. It was the panic of the amateur soldier, than which there is nothing more terrible for men to see. Theodore Oates has but the faintest recollection of what happened on that hideous journey. He remembers a jumble of straining men in a gateway : a few smothered curses as one or another became jammed against the posts. He remembers the ever-terrifying bark of the shrapnel overhead. Then there was a long passage where a narrow lane was choked with men, when suddenly a wailing cry went up, ' The cavalry ! the cavalry ! Save yourselves ! ' Memory gives him a vision of a fearful disorder in the struggling mass : of fierce, relentless faces, and of a medley of flashing steel and striking hoofs. Then he was borne under, trampled and

ridden into the morass of the ditch until he was unconscious. . . . When consciousness returned Theodore Oates found that he was jammed between two motionless bodies. It was already dark. He could feel the tail of a horse, and as he put his other hand out it rested upon the clammy features of a corpse. With an effort Oates forced himself clear, and then found that, beyond a certain dizziness, he was not seriously hurt. For a few minutes he stood trying to realise what had happened and whether he was alive or dead. Then the horror of it all came back to him, and he stumbled out into the darkness, determined that what else befell it should not deter him from tramping straight back to his home. Though he did not then know it, there were nearly twenty thousand of his comrades who, as the result of that one awful lesson, likewise had struck for home.

THE HOME-COMING

'This 'll do,' said the officer as he halted his troop in front of a pretty little house standing back from the road, 'it looks as if we'll find plenty of stuff in here.' He dismounted his party, opened the gate, and the men, leading their horses, filed in after him and without ceremony grouped themselves on the lawn. The officer, who was a rough-looking representative of the moderately well-to-do farmer type found in the West of Ireland, sauntered up to the creeper-covered front door. At the top of the steps he turned and surveyed the little domain with a shrewd intaking *coup d'œil*. He came to some decision, for he shouted down to his men: 'Moriarty, there's a long bit of open road leading down past the corner there. You had better put a man in the laurels to watch that bit of road.' He then turned and gave a tug at the bell-pull, a tug that lacked nothing on the score of authoritative assertion.

The officer little realised the consternation the advent of his party had caused in this unpretentious household. Half-an-hour before he had arrived the widowed lady of the house and her two daughters had received the first letter from her only son, telling them that owing to the intervention of the King's troops the Ulster cause was in a parlous state; that his particular unit, after a heavy mauling, had broken up; and that, as all enthusiasm was dead and large numbers of the volunteers were returning to their homes, he proposed to do likewise. The joy of receiving this definite information of the safety of the youth after the terrible suspense of the past weeks was discounted by the fact that the letter, which had been long delayed, stated that he should reach his home that very morning. While they were expecting him a troop of Nationalists had taken possession of the house. Their

hearts had been torn with the fearful stories of recriminations which had reached them. By these it was understood that neither of the original belligerents in Ulster now took prisoners, but shot their opponents on sight.

At the ringing of the bell the lady of the house herself went down to answer the summons. The Nationalist officer, as soon as he saw her, whipped off his hat with that mock civility that is one of the low Irish traits which American men have so generally assimilated. He was full of apologies which did not disguise his authoritative intention of making free with whatsoever he required from the household. The lady of the house, who was an Englishwoman, protested that although she would be always ready to let his horses have water and his men such provisions as she had at her command, yet she must combat his contention that he had any right to make demands upon her. The Irishman was all agreement, and promised to give her a piece of paper to recover from Mr. Redmond if that was her way.

Although the lady would have wished to slam the door in his leering face, yet after recent events this was not the time in Ireland to treat a troop of armed men with the scant courtesy they deserved. She felt that it would be policy to humour these men, since at any moment her son might arrive and perchance be recognised. She temporised, therefore, with the suave bully at the door, and agreed, if he would keep his men out of the house, to bring out bread, cheese, and beer for them. Horse fodder she had none, as her means did not permit her to keep a carriage.

In a quarter of an hour the fare was prepared, and the lady of the house and her two daughters carried the baskets and mugs down to the lawn. As the elder of the two graceful girls proffered refreshment to the officer, he started and looked at her earnestly.

'You made me jump, miss! As we were coming here we caught a young Ulster volunteer. When I saw you it reminded me of his white face. Steady, miss, or you'll drop the plate.'

LIONEL JAMES.

THE MURDERED ARCHDUKE

It is with good reason that Austria-Hungary is sorrowing for her murdered Archduke ; with good reason, too, that every nation in Europe, whose heart is set on peace, is sorrowing with her. For, with all his faults, all his limitations, he was a strong man ; and if disaster is to be averted, a strong man will be sorely needed at the Hofburg in the days that cannot now be far off. Had he lived, there would have been no fear that the death of the old Emperor-King would be the signal for the dissolution of his Empire ; no fear that the long-propheisied general scramble would then begin. He could have held together the diverse races over whom he would have ruled, and have kept rival States at bay. It is not without significance that the mourning for him, among Pan-Germans and Pan-Slavs alike, is of the mitigated affliction order. They evidently are quite alive to the fact that, had he become Emperor-King, they would have had to put a rein on their ambitions.

Then, an expert in the art of ruling will also be sorely needed at the Hofburg, in those troublous days that are coming ; and that, too, the Archduke was. For twenty-five years of his life he was in regular training for the great work which, as it seemed, lay before him. From the day he became heir to the throne to the day of his death, he strove with might and main to fit himself for the duties that would have fallen to his lot as sovereign. No man ever grappled harder with the problems with which Austria is face to face ; no man ever strove more whole-heartedly to find for them solutions. And he grappled successfully ; for, before he died, he had already found what he sought : so at least many of those who knew him believed, and still believe. At the very time when he started off for Serajevo, carrying, as he knew, his life in his hand, he was hard at work devising plans for trying experiments which would have resulted, he was firmly convinced, in making the Austrian Empire united and strong, by putting an end to the strife between class and class, in its midst, as well as between race and race. This is what renders his death the saddest of all the sad tragedies that have marked the history of the Hapsburgs, in these latter days.

Only a few months ago the Archduke Franz Ferdinand was

here in England, in the prime of his life and vigour, aglow with the consciousness of his strength, aglow, too, perhaps, with something subtly akin to triumph. For his troubles—and he had had many troubles—were at an end, as it seemed. He had had much hard fighting to do; and of a sort that rarely falls to the lot of an heir to a throne, fighting against his own kith and kin, his own countrymen, his country's allies, nay, even against himself, against every instinct of his nature, every prejudice, all the traditions by which he was bound. And he had done his fighting so well that he had put to rout the daughters of Zeruiah as well as the sons; and had won for himself the right to save his country in his own way, to work with a free hand for its regeneration; the right, too, at length, to face the world with his much-loved wife by his side.

Austrians and Hungarians alike have realised of late that the Archduke was a man of great ability, clear-headed, far-sighted, strong-willed; the very man, in fact, to lead them, if they are to pass securely through the storms which they will have to face, as they all know, when their old Emperor shall no longer be among them. There was a time, however, when it was far otherwise. For years Franz Ferdinand was the most unpopular man in the Dual Monarchy: in Hungary he was hated; no one there had a good word to say for him; and even in Austria they who trusted him were few. Anxious glances were always exchanged if his name was mentioned; for both Austrians and Hungarians looked on him as a reactionary, a weakling, too, a mere tool in the hands of unscrupulous priests; and they dreaded the day when he would be installed as their Emperor. They even went so far as to accuse him, him with whom love of his country was a passion, of being a traitor. They were never weary of declaring that he thought more of the interests of Rome than of the interests of Austria-Hungary. Had anyone ventured then to prophesy that the day would come when the announcement of his death would spread, as it has spread, consternation among them as well as grief, the very man in the street would have scoffed. Had he been murdered then, one might almost have felt that it was a time for such a deed; there would have been some meaning in it then. But for him to be murdered, as he was, just when all was going well with him, when the mistrust and ill-will with which he had so long been regarded had passed away; and the different races over whom, but for this crime, he would have ruled, had learnt to know him, and be proud of him; that indeed was hard. It was the time of his death as well as its manner that gave to it its special pathos.

The feeling of mistrustful dislike with which the Archduke was regarded, both by Austrians and Hungarians, when, twenty-

five years ago now, he first took his place among them as their future sovereign, was due not so much to any wrongdoing on his part, as to the fact that he was the son of the Archduke Karl Ludwig, and the brother of the Archduke Otto. For Karl Ludwig, who was being passed over in the order of succession because of his openly proclaimed hatred of constitutionalism, was a Clerical of the most reactionary type; while Otto's name was synonymous with everything on which respectable folk look askance—never was there a man who figured in quite so many scandals. And both Austrians and Hungarians took it for granted that Franz Ferdinand shared the antiquated notions of the one and the vices of the other. For this they had some excuse, it must be admitted; for he was practically a stranger among them. Very few of them had ever seen him; fewer still had ever spoken with him; and all that they knew of him, with any certainty, beyond his being an ardent sportsman, was that, in spite of the remonstrances of their Emperor, he had been brought up by his father on what they called antediluvian lines; and had always been the close companion of his brother. It was pain and grief to them, therefore, to see him in the place of the Crown Prince Rudolf, whom they had idolised, and on whom they had fixed all their hopes. It almost seemed, indeed, as if they resented his being there, even though it was through no fault of his that he was there. As a point of fact, he would very much rather have been elsewhere; for he had in those days no taste at all for the seats of the mighty, and stood in much greater fear of State ceremonies than of lions and tigers.

His early days had been spent under conditions that might have been framed for the express purpose of unfitting him for his work as his uncle's heir. For his father retired to Graz when the Liberalism of Vienna became so marked as to shock his sense of the seemly; and there he brought up his sons in strict retirement, so as to secure them against all risk of imbibing those latter-day social and political ideas of which he had so great a dread. The atmosphere of his palace was semi-monastic, medieval to boot: it was always thronged with priests, and the laymen who were admitted were more in sympathy with the thirteenth century than the nineteenth. There the young Archduke was as completely out of touch with modern Austria as if he had been in the Catacombs. He was deliberately taught to look with scorn on the men who were governing his country; and to hold in horror the very things the majority of his educated countrymen held in reverence. All the disasters that had befallen Austria were due to her impious hankering after the new-fangled, he was given to understand, after parliamentarianism, religious toleration, freedom of the Press, freedom of every sort, indeed;

and her one hope of escaping worse disaster still lay in forsaking these her false gods, and rendering again their dues to the Church and to the Crown. Had he not been a man of most unusual force of character, never would he have been able to shake off, as he did, the shackles laid on him by the early education he received.

Curious stories were bandied about from time to time, in Vienna and Budapest, concerning the way in which the Archduke Karl Ludwig was bringing up his sons; and still more curious stories later, when these sons were freed from their father's control, concerning the way in which they were demeaning themselves, the wild rioting in which they were indulging. It was always 'they,' although it ought in fairness to have been 'he'; for Otto was the only real offender, Franz Ferdinand being barred by his delicate health from rioting. So long as the Crown Prince was alive, no one cared a whit whether these stories were true or false. When Franz Ferdinand became heir to the throne, however, it was otherwise. Then they were at once the subject of much anxious thought, and moderate men of all parties waxed apprehensive. Fortunately both the Emperor and Count Taaffe, his Prime Minister, seem to have been alive to the fact that the Archduke found no favour in the eyes of his future subjects; and that he never would find favour there unless the work done at Graz could be undone. For they set to work at once to try to undo it, to try to sweep away his cobwebs in fact, and fit him, so far as in him lay, to be the constitutional ruler of a modern progressive State. Their task as teachers was a hard one, no doubt; but his, as learner, was much harder; for he was already twenty-six at the time, at an age, therefore, when it is not easy to make one's self over again, even if one has the wish; and it is not probable that he had. Be this as it may, he certainly had the wish to learn his calling, the wish to become a statesman and know how to rule; and, under the skilful guidance of his uncle and Count Taaffe, he made such rapid progress that, at the end of three years, his education was complete, so far as theory went. At his own express desire, he was then sent on a journey round the world, that he might see how ruling was done in other lands.

Before this time he had paid a visit to St. Petersburg, where he had made a very favourable impression on all whom he met; a visit also to Berlin, where, however, the impression was different. He sorely ruffled the feelings of the Prussians by the marked coldness with which he received the kindly attentions the Emperor William lavished on him, and by his lack of enthusiasm for things German.

When he started off on his long journey, he was still just as unpopular among his own people as he ever had been; that was

easy to see. He did not appeal to them; for he was by nature grave and silent, and their ideal of what a prince should be was Rudolf. His very shyness, and he was terribly shy, was a bar between them and him. Besides, they had a sore grievance against him; for, in spite of all that could be done to induce him to marry, he would not; and it was a matter of vital importance to the whole State that marry he should.

On his return home, however, they became a little more friendly towards him; for they noticed that he was changed, that he was not quite so silent as he had been, not quite so prone to stand aloof from his fellows. When called upon to represent the Emperor he did so, if not gladly, at any rate without visible signs of reluctance; and he threw himself quite eagerly into his work as a soldier. Sojourning in democratic lands where, Hapsburg though he were, he had had to go share and share alike with other men sometimes, had knocked his corners off, they decided. His sympathies had undoubtedly been widened by what he had seen, especially in Australia, where, as he tells us in his Diary, he had been thrown with all sorts and conditions, even with Radical politicians, and had made good friends among them. Of all the men whom he came across while on his travels, the two who seem to have impressed him most were, oddly enough, that staunch old democrat, Sir George Dibbs, and Lord Lansdowne; while of the countries he visited, Japan excited his keenest interest, and Australia appealed to him most. The Australians were of all people his '*Lieblinge*,' he used to say.

Just as the Viennese were beginning to think that he might prove a fairly good Emperor after all, they learnt that his chance of ever being Emperor was almost nil; for it was stated semi-officially, when his father died in 1896, that his lungs were seriously affected. He was sent to the South in all haste, and so little hope was entertained that he would ever return, that his brother Otto stepped quietly into his place. Then the whole Empire became more despondent than ever, for there could be no delusions as to the sort of Emperor Otto would prove.

Fortunately Franz Ferdinand did return, returned too stronger and better than he had ever been in his life before, more alive to what was going on around him. 'This is the Archduchess Maria Theresa's work,' the Austrians at once exclaimed, when they heard that he had requested to be reinstated in his position, as his uncle's official representative; and that it was her work they were more convinced than ever, when they noticed the keen interest he began to show in public affairs, and especially in social questions.

No doubt the Archduchess, who was his step-mother, and had always been his best friend, did bring her influence to bear on

him during the long months when she was nursing him back to health and strength; for she is a brilliantly clever woman, a keen politician too; and she was bent on his playing a great rôle in the world, when the time came for him to rule; was bent, too, perhaps, on playing a rôle herself as his Egeria. Be this as it may, she certainly succeeded in rousing him out of the state of don't-care-what-does-it-matter indifference into which he had fallen, owing to his ill-health; in bringing home to him the fact that work worth doing lay before him, work that it behoved him to do well. Of this, the keenness with which he at the very first chance took up his work as Inspector-General of the Army is a proof; the keenness, too, with which he began to watch the trend of public affairs. Still, it must not be forgotten that, when in India, years before, he had impressed Lord Lansdowne as being not only very able but as being very much interested in both military affairs and in politics.

For some time after his recovery all went smoothly with the Archduke; and for a few weeks in 1899 he became almost popular, although only through a blunder. A report was current that year, even in Court circles, that he had at length yielded to the pressure brought to bear on him, and chosen for himself a bride. From day to day the announcement of his betrothal to a daughter of the Archduke Frederick was expected; for day after day he betook himself to the Archducal Palace, with all the alacrity of a lover, as the Viennese noted with delight. And a lover he was; he soon proclaimed the fact quite openly; but it was not the young Archduchess with whom he was in love, but her mother's maid of honour, Countess Sophie Chotek. When this was known he at once became more unpopular than ever with the classes, as apart from the masses. Society railed against him as if he had fallen in love with the Countess instead of the Archduchess for the express purpose of causing trouble.

There was a battle royal in Vienna, as to whether the Archduke should, or should not, be allowed to marry the woman he had chosen. On the one side was the Emperor Franz Josef, together with all the Archdukes and Archduchesses, barring perhaps three, and every statesman of importance in the empire; together also with the great mass not only of the aristocracy, but of the middle classes, of every class, in fact, that wields influence. On the other side was Franz Ferdinand, with a few personal friends, a certain number of priests, and that section of the populace to which a love affair always appeals. The result was regarded at first as being beyond doubt; the marriage was out of the question; it would be sheer madness to allow it to take place. This was known to be the opinion of the Emperor and his Ministers, and that they were right practically all the world

agreed; it would be sheer madness. For in Austria the marriage must, by the Hapsburg family law, be morganatic; whereas in Hungary it could not, as morganatic marriages are not allowed there. Thus, were it to take place, there would be confusion all round, it was agreed, even in the matter of the succession. It took place none the less; for Franz Ferdinand began his fighting there and then, and he fought for his bride with a vigour that swept all before it; he fought as the veriest Viking might have fought; as no one had ever dreamed that he could fight; and—what proves that he could think and plan as well as strike—he induced the Vatican to fight for him. That was the touch that told. Had it not been for clerical influence, it is not probable that the Emperor would have yielded. As it was, when it became known that he had yielded, one of his most distinguished and loyal subjects exclaimed, 'His Majesty must have been out of his mind when he gave his consent to this marriage.'

The wedding, which was on the 1st of July 1900, was preceded by a State ceremony at which the Archduke solemnly renounced any claims his wife, or any children she bore him, might have to rank as members of the Imperial family; and swore that he would regard his marriage as morganatic. The Countess swore the same oath, and renounced for herself any claims she might have. Then, the Emperor having conferred on her the title of Princess Hohenberg, she, being a wise woman, promptly retired from the scene and tried to make the world forget that she existed. When in Vienna she shut herself up in the Palais Belvedere, and was neither seen nor heard of. And the world might actually have forgotten that she existed, had not certain of his august relatives, together with certain court officials, in anger against the Archduke because of his stout refusal to resign his claim on the throne before his marriage, set to work to try to make the world also forget that he existed.

His Imperial Highness found himself completely ignored at Court, thrust aside, forced whether he wished it or not to keep in the background. He was never allowed to see the Emperor alone; and what, for a man of his temperament was peculiarly trying, he must stand with folded hands while blunders were being made, and the prestige of his country was being lowered. He was treated as if public affairs were no longer any concern of his, as if, in fact, politically he had ceased to exist. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why he went out of his way, in the startling fashion that he did, to draw attention to the fact that he not only existed but was very much alive. For, in defiance of the long recognised convention under which Archdukes are required to stand aloof from politics, he accepted the protectorate of the Catholic School Union, an association that was not only political

but violently propagandist. Its leaders were Clericals, strongly tinged with Christian Socialism, which then spelt Anti-Semitism, wagers of war against Protestants, as well as against Jews, and above all against capitalists. What was more serious still, they were staunch opponents of Dualism—that is to say, of Hungary—staunch opponents, too, of the Triple Alliance; men who held that Austria, by joining hands with Protestant Germany and sacrilegious Italy, was paving the way for her own destruction. For the heir to the throne to become the patron of such an association was a formal declaration that he disapproved fundamentally of the policy the Government were pursuing; and that he did not care a whit for the feelings either of the richest section of his own future subjects or of his own future allies!

Little wonder there was consternation throughout the Empire. The Archduke was attacked as no Archduke had ever been attacked since the stormy days of '48, journals of the most diverse politics denouncing him with unparalleled severity. In the Reichsrath he was sharply called to account, Ministers listening in silence the while, not knowing what to say. The Clericals rallied around him with enthusiasm, it is true, hailing him as the champion of the Church, who would rout for her her foes; but they only added to the strife. Fierce as the storm was in Austria, it was as nothing to the storm in Hungary, where the Magyars quite lost their heads in their fiery indignation. In Germany and Italy, too, the Archduke was bitterly attacked, especially in Berlin, where the feeling against him was the stronger owing to the fact that, at the very time he joined the anti-German association, the German Crown Prince was a guest at the Hofburg. Meanwhile there were rumours of stormy scenes between the Emperor Franz Josef and his heir.

For some time the Archduke was the subject of much brain-cudgelling in Vienna; for it was difficult to understand why he should have joined the School Union, knowing, as he must have known, that by joining it he would incur the wrath not only of the Emperor, but of the most influential section of the nation. Most folk were inclined to think that he had joined it in sheer wanton folly, because he was an 'idiot Archduke.' The few who knew him, however, scoffed at the idea of his being an idiot, or of his doing anything without a motive; and, before long, such of 'most folk' as were intelligent began to suspect that the few were right. For it became known that Pope Leo XIII., one of the cleverest and most wary statesmen in Europe, had sent him hearty thanks and warm commendation for what he had done. Evidently, therefore, what he had done had secured for him high favour at the Vatican; and had probably been done for the purpose of securing it. The only point in dispute then was why

he had wished to secure it. He had secured it for his wife as well as for himself, it seemed; for there were reports that the Golden Rose was to be given to her, and the Belvedere soon became a general rendezvous for distinguished ecclesiastics.

The Archduke continued in 1902 the course he had begun in 1901, with the result that in Hungary he became more than ever an Ishmael; and, in Austria, a cause of greater anxiety. When he was going to Russia on a State mission, he invited Count Johann Zichy to accompany him; and this, as the Magyar Government declared, was an insult to them, as the Count was a Christian Socialist and the leader of the Opposition. A little later he raised another storm; for, when coming to the Coronation of King Edward, he announced his intention of bringing with him official representatives of Bohemia and Poland, as well as of Austria and Hungary, as if the four States were equal, thus proving, the Magyars maintained, that he was a Federalist; and to them federalism is the veriest anathema. Then, when the time was drawing near for the renewal of the Triple Alliance, rumour persisted in maintaining, although without vouchsafing proof, that he was opposed to its being renewed, or rather that he bitterly deplored the necessity for its being renewed, holding that it was an alliance in which there was neither profit nor honour for Austria. 'How much longer are we to remain the vassals of Germany?' he was said to have exclaimed; and this brought all the German-Austrians into the field against him. And to make matters worse, the very thing that the whole Imperial family had hoped never would happen did actually happen that year; for Princess Hohenberg, who had already borne him a daughter, bore him a son, a son who might claim the Hungarian crown, although he could never claim that of Austria.

On the birth of this son, all those who, from the time of his marriage, had been intriguing against the Archduke in the Hofburg became more active than ever, so active, indeed, as to cause much worry and anxiety to the Imperial Ministers, if not to the Emperor himself. Before long the wildest reports were afloat in Vienna and Budapest concerning the efforts the Archduchesses' Camarilla, as it was called, was making to force Franz Ferdinand to renounce his claim on the throne in favour of the Archduke Karl. One of the Emperor's daughters was known to be working night and day to induce her father to insist on his renouncing it; and it was whispered that she had the active support of the German Emperor in what she was doing. At one time it seemed as if she would have her way; for the Emperor Franz Josef, who had never had much liking for his nephew, became alarmed by the exaggerated tales of his anti-German, anti-Magyar leanings, which the Camarilla took good care that he should hear. For-

tunately, however, the Vatican was on the watch; and although the Archduchesses had great influence over his Majesty, his confessor had still greater, as they found when the time came for deeds instead of words. Besides, as they found also, Franz Ferdinand was not of the sort to renounce his rights at anyone's bidding; and he had by then—a fact that surprised them hugely when brought home to them—many adherents, if not many personal friends.

Those doings of his, which had been dubbed idiotic, were proving, as his friends had always maintained that they would prove, to have been good policy. For by throwing in his lot with the Clericals he had undoubtedly woefully offended the Protestants, the Jews, and the Progressives of all sorts, especially the Magyars; but, on the other hand, he had mightily pleased the whole Clerical-cum-Christian Socialist tribe, which in Austria far outnumbers all other tribes. And by showing sympathy with federalism, although he had excited the wrath of the Dual Monarchists, the Magyars and German Austrians, he had won the devout gratitude of the Czechs and Poles, as of all the Slavs in the Empire. By this time it was clear that, although the middle classes, the capitalist and professional classes, with most of the Intelligentsia, looked on him askance, the great nobles, who are as a rule both Clerical and Federalist, were beginning to hold him in high esteem; and so were also many of the working classes, who had been touched by the manifest interest he and his wife took in them and their concerns. Had he stood alone in these days he might have found it harder than he did to worst those who were intriguing against him.

Meanwhile Princess Hohenberg was gently and discreetly making her influence felt on the Archduke's behalf, as well as on him personally. She was a charming woman, and she was as clever as she was charming; that all who ever met her agree in maintaining. Although not beautiful, she was extremely attractive, owing to her graceful figure, her sweet voice, and her manner, which was singularly sympathetic, simple, and natural as a child's, yet regal in its gracious dignity. Then she was a woman of marked intelligence and sound judgment; she could look ahead, weigh pros and cons, and balance chances. She had great determination in her quiet deprecatory way, and much shrewd common-sense. Above all, she was, as the Emperor said of her when she was dead, a noble-hearted woman. She was kindly, too, always on the alert to make those around her happy; and she was tactful to a marked degree: she seemed to know instinctively what to say and what to do on all occasions. Had it been otherwise, never would she have been able to hold her own, as she did, against the many Archduchesses and Court officials,

who for years tried hard to make her life a burden to her, whenever she appeared at Court. Nor would she have been able to win the friendship of the German Empress, the very first time she met her; the friendship of Carmen Sylva, too, the Roumanian Queen. Even when the feeling against her at the Hofburg was strongest, there were many there who admitted that she was an ideal wife and mother; and that, had she been Royal or Imperial by birth, instead of being one of the seven daughters of a poor noble, she would have made an ideal Empress-Queen. They admitted, too, that she used the great influence she wielded over the Archduke very wisely; and that she had done more than all the world put together to humanise him and bring him into touch with his fellows.

It was thanks in a measure, perhaps, to the Princess's influence, although in a greater measure still to his having done what he had set himself to do, that, after 1902, the Archduke stood aloof from politics of all sorts for a time, and devoted himself to studying social questions, and bringing about reforms in the Army. It was not until 1905, when, having secured the appointment of Baron Conrad as Chief of the Staff, his mind was at rest with regard to things military, that he began again to show openly his interest in things political. He became a regular attendant at State Councils, and got into touch with the various Ministers. This would not have been possible for him, however, had not the Emperor been forced, by the state of his health, to hand over to him much of his work. For the members of the Camarilla were still as alert as ever, as bent on thwarting him, and keeping power out of his hands. Still in spite of all they could do, he succeeded before long in making his influence felt in every department of the State; and then it soon became evident that, while bringing about military reforms, he had been laying plans for bringing about social reforms also, especially the reform of the franchise. In 1906 he induced the Emperor to appoint as Premier his old tutor, Baron Beck, whom he set to work at once to frame a Universal Suffrage Law. This done, he started off on his famous journey to Trebinje, which resulted in the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Up to the time of the Algeciras Conference he seems to have made no attempt to change the foreign policy of the Empire. He was popularly supposed, and not without reason, to be both anti-Italian and anti-German. For when in Rome he had always paid frequent visits to the Vatican, while refusing to cross the threshold of the Quirinal; and, as all the world knew, he had persistently met the friendly advances of the German Emperor with cold reserve. Moreover, he had gone out of his way markedly to avoid meeting the German Crown Prince, who, it appears, had

offended him, when dining with him and Princess Hohenberg, by ignoring the fact that, although she was only his morganatic wife, the Archduke chose that in his house she should be treated as his Royal and Imperial Consort. Still he was much too sound a statesman not to realise that foreign policy cannot be determined by personal feeling; and, although the German party in the Reichsrath had often accused him of being opposed to the Triple Alliance, it is not probable that he had any thought of actually opposing it, until the Emperor William sent his telegram thanking Count Goluchowsky for playing the brilliant second to him at Algeciras. This telegram he undoubtedly resented as an insult to Austria; and, unless some of his friends were woefully led astray, he determined there and then that for the future, if a second rôle had to be played in the Triple Alliance, it was not she who should play it. Even before he went to Herzegovina he had made up his mind that Count Goluchowsky, whose subserviency to Germany he had never approved of, must leave the Foreign Office; and while there he decided that the change must be made at once. For he saw that all was not well there, that there were wrongs that needed righting, ambitions that needed curbing; saw, too, that neighbouring States were on the alert to turn to their own advantage this condition of affairs. Moreover, his imagination was fired, his patriotism, too, by the thought of the great things Austria might do for civilisation and religion, as well as for her own honour and glory, if only Bosnia and Herzegovina were really hers, an integral part of her Empire. The result was he decided that they should be hers, let the cost be what it might; nay, that they must be hers with the least possible delay, as otherwise they would be lost to her for ever. But Goluchowsky barred the way, for he would never do anything that could annoy the German Emperor; and a speedy annexation might annoy his Majesty sorely. He was forced to retire, therefore, on the Archduke's return to Vienna, his place being taken by Baron Aehrenthal, who was pro-Russian, and could be trusted to do what he was told to do. Then preparations for the annexation of the two provinces were at once quietly started, although nothing was done openly in the matter for more than a year. For Baron Beck's Universal Suffrage Law was on the point of coming into force; and Franz Ferdinand wished, no doubt, to see the result of his first venture before embarking on a second.

The first elections held under Universal Suffrage were a triumph for him, as the Clericals were the dominant party in the new Reichsrath, where the Christian Socialists, his own special protégés, held ninety-six seats. Thus, so far as the Austrian

Parliament was concerned, he was free to work his will. The Emperor Franz Josef had to be won over to the project, however; and, what was harder, had to be kept from talking of the matter to his German ally. It was not until 1908, therefore, that any real advance could be made.

1908 was a notable year for the Archduke in many ways, but especially in that it was the year of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the coup that marked a significant change in the position of Austria by proving to the world at large that she was no longer the mere vassal of Germany, but once again a Great Power, able to work out her own salvation. And the coup was his coup; that it was his has now been acknowledged in Berlin, as well as Vienna; and it was proclaimed aloud as his from the very best in Budapest. He planned it down to the minutest detail, and he had trained an army for it before ever he took to planning. And he rejoiced in it openly, rejoiced even in the clamour it raised. 'Thank God there are again people who are angry with us,' he exclaimed, when the storm was at its height. And he would have rejoiced, of that we may be sure, even had he known that the result of it would be the end of all things, so far as he was concerned. Many of those who were still going about, at the beginning of the year, speaking of him as an idiot Archduke, were hanging their heads before the end of it came; for they could not shut their eyes to the fact that, whether they liked him or not, he had made his mark as an organiser as well as a statesman.

The first step towards the annexation was the announcement that the Novi Bazar Railway was to be made, and this set the world awondering anxiously. Then followed the publication of a curious pamphlet, written by a Christian Socialist, who was evidently in close touch with the frequenters of the Belvedere, if not with its master. It was a sort of Archducal manifesto; and its significance lay in the fact that, unauthorised though it were, it showed the lines on which the Archduke, his friends were then convinced, would act when Emperor, the trend of his sympathies, so far as they knew them, the aims of his ambitions. And in this it was asserted roundly that the federation of the Empire and the installing of Austria as the dominant Power in the Balkans were two projects which he had very near at heart, which he regarded as necessary for the welfare of the Empire, in fact. He held that the Slavs must be placed on an equality with the Magyars so as to secure them against Magyar oppression, we are assured in this pamphlet; and although he had no wish to annex the Balkan States, he was fired with the ambition to spread among them religion and culture. Meanwhile he would remain a member of the Triple Alliance, it was implied, even though his

sympathies were not with the Teutons; but his being a member would not prevent him from directing the policy of the Empire with regard solely to its own special interests.

That his sympathies at that time were not with the Teutons was evident; for he had become more reserved than ever in his attitude towards the German Emperor; and when the chance came for showing friendliness towards France he promptly seized it. When he was invited to go to the German manoeuvres in Alsace-Lorraine, he straightway began to make excuses, not wishing, as he allowed it to be known, to be the guest of Germany on what had been French soil. He ended by going, it is true, but not until both France and Germany were well aware that he was going only because he must. And while in camp his demeanour towards his host was courteous rather than kindly. Still, before he left he invited him quite pressinglly to pay him a visit, the first week in November, at a shooting-box he had at Eckartsau. This he did the last week in September. On the 8th of October Bosnia and Herzegovina were annexed; and until the decree annexing them was already signed the German Emperor did not know that they were going to be annexed! Such at least is the firm belief of many Austrians who ought to know, and probably do know. The Archduke had omitted to mention the fact to him, it seems; had chosen to ignore him from first to last in making his plans for his coup.

There was indignation, of course, in Berlin, amazement too; for Germany was not accustomed to being set at naught by her old ally. Had things gone agley, Franz Ferdinand would no doubt have had to pay heavily for his audacity. But he had taken good care that they should not go agley. The annexation was effected without a hitch; while as for the mobilisation by which it was followed, that was a really fine bit of work, even the Germans admitted. They then suddenly woke up to the fact that there was someone in Vienna with whom they would have to reckon, someone with whom they might have to come to terms; for that they must, for their own sakes, stand by their ally was evident. Within a month of the annexation, therefore, the Emperor William went to Eckartsau, where, for the first time, he and Franz Ferdinand met as something like equals. They were only a few days together, so they must have turned them to good account; for before they parted they were already, as the most casual observer could see, much more friendly than they had ever been before. Evidently they had come to terms.

What the terms were is unknown, of course; for Franz Ferdinand never spoke when he could be silent, and the Emperor William can be silent when it serves his purpose. Besides he had just learnt by sad experience that talking may entail penalties.

All that is known is that the Archduke forthwith began to advocate the building of Dreadnoughts, while the Emperor waxed demonstrative in his admiration of Princess Hohenberg, even going so far, it was rumoured, as to point out to the Austrian Emperor what an admirable Empress she would make. The Archduke risked offending all his anti-Semite friends by paying Baron Rothschild a visit, to show his gratitude to him for advancing money for building warships; and the Emperor William did actually offend, and very bitterly, his old friends, the Archduchesses, by inviting the Princess to Berlin, and joining with the Empress in lavishing on her kindnesses. While staying at the Hofburg both he and the Empress are known to have taken up cudgels in her behalf; and it is popularly believed that it was owing to their influence that she was made a Duchess. Meanwhile it was evident that an end had been put to the high-handed fashion in which Germany had been wont sometimes to treat Austria: the whole world was warned that whoever attacked Austria would have Germany to deal with.

From the time of the Eckartsau meeting the German Emperor and the Archduke remained the closest of allies, and apparently the warmest of friends. Never a year passed without their having meetings, not only in Berlin and Vienna, but in rural retreats, as at Konopischt, where they had their last meeting of all, one at which, significantly enough, Admiral von Tirpitz was present. Thus they had chances and to spare of talking things over quietly and settling amicably any points of dispute that arose. And that such points must have arisen, between men who differed so fundamentally as they did, is certain. The Emperor must have found it hard to forgive the Archduke for refusing to pay that visit to the Italian Court on which so much depended; and the Archduke, on his side, probably never did forgive the Emperor for allowing his Chancellor to make his famous declaration with regard to mobilisation rumours. Still, when once the give-and-take principle is established the settling of disputes is an easy matter, especially when the disputants are alive to the fact that they must settle them speedily. And any doubt Franz Ferdinand may have had on this point was given its death-blow, in 1909, by the meeting of the Tzar and the Italian King at Raccogni. Up to that time he did, perhaps, cling to his old belief that Russia, not Germany, was Austria's natural ally; but then it was brought home to him that any such alliance was out of the question, as it would entail with it the renunciation of all his hopes of extending the influence of Austria in the Balkans. He realised then, if not before, that Austria must, as a matter of good policy, stand by Germany; just as the German Emperor had realised, the previous year, that Germany must stand by Austria; and he realised it

more clearly still when the Balkan War came, bringing with it many troubles for him, many disappointments. And not only did he realise it himself, but he made the whole Clerical party realise it too. For years the late Dr. Lueger, the leader of the Clericals, attacked Germany upon all occasions; and his lieutenant went so far, when President of the Reichsrath, as to refuse a decoration the German Emperor conferred on him. All this was changed, however, by the Archduke before he died; and the Clericals as a party are now staunch supporters of the German Alliance, even though some of them do cavil at the expenditure on the navy it entails.

Had Franz Ferdinand lived to become Emperor-King, Austria-Hungary would have remained in the Triple Alliance. This is a point on which there can now be no doubt. For, in the latter days of his life, he never disguised the fact that he held this alliance to be the surest and best foundation on which her foreign policy could be based. She would have remained in it, however, as the equal of Germany, not her second; there would have been no sacrificing then of her interests, or her prestige, to the interests or prestige of Germany. For every good turn she did to her ally, her ally would have had to do a good turn to her. Her Emperor would have seen to that; and, by seeing to it, would have rendered good service to Europe as well as to her. There would have been no question then of a German hegemony. And so far as had depended on him it would have been with Italy as with Germany. Twelve years ago it was almost taken for granted, even in Vienna, that when Emperor he would turn against Italy for the sake of pleasing the Vatican, a proof that even his own people did not then understand him one whit. For, devout Catholic though he was, his country always stood first with him, before even his Church; and never did the Ballplatz strive more earnestly, than when under his influence, to act in friendly co-operation with Italy. Ever after 1901 he was sure of the support of the Vatican, it must be remembered; he had secured it at a fairly high price, although not at a price that entailed any sacrifice on Austria-Hungary. And had he been a staunch Evangelical, instead of a fervent Catholic, he might fairly have maintained that, by securing it, he had done good service to his country. For the Vatican could do much for Austria, could further her interests in all parts of the world, and remove obstacles from her path; besides doing much for him and his wife and his son.

As a point of fact the Archduke was much too cool-headed as well as too patriotic ever to have allowed his feelings as a man to influence his policy as a sovereign. Had it been otherwise the alliance he would have sought was that of France. For, curiously

enough, considering who he was, and the sort of man he was, the nation with which he was personally most in sympathy, the nation which appealed to him most, with which he felt most in touch, was, as his Diary proves, the French. And he was certainly more in sympathy with both Russia and England than with Germany. No people jarred on him, indeed, so much as the Germans—excepting, perhaps, the Americans—a fact, however, that did not prevent him from throwing in his lot with them, heart and soul, when once he was sure that an alliance with them was of greater value to his country than an alliance with any other people; and that it was one that could be had without any loss of dignity on the part of his country, any loss of freedom.

He was often accused of allowing his great love of his wife and children to lead his judgment astray, when they were in question; and the fear was openly expressed lest, in his eagerness to do his best for them, he might do what was not the best for Austria. Had there been any ground for this fear, however, he would assuredly not have adopted the attitude he did towards Hungary. For he went out of his way again and again to show the Magyars how strongly he disapproved of them and their ways; he took them to task in the most uncompromising fashion for what he held to be their disloyalty; and when the Emperor Franz Josef would have made concessions to them, he barred the way determinedly. Yet the Magyars were the only people in the Empire who had hailed his wife as Queen, the only people who would have accepted, and gladly, his son as their future King. That he was eager, passionately eager, to do his best for his wife and children was true, no doubt; but he might quite fairly have argued that, in doing his best for them, he was doing his best also for the Empire. After all, he was right, surely, in holding, as he did, that it was more important that Austria and Hungary should have an Empress-Queen who was kindly and clever, a Crown Prince, sound in body and mind, one of whom they could be proud, than that an old Hapsburg tradition should be maintained.

Franz Ferdinand was an ambitious man, that his best friend could not deny; but he was ambitious for his country, not for himself, not even for those whom he loved. He had a great desire that Austria-Hungary should be powerful; and a still greater, that she should use her power well, that she should be a spreader of light. He had set his heart on bringing about the federation of the Empire when he was Emperor-King; because he held that, until the Empire was federated, and Slavs had taken their place side by side with Austrians and Hungarians on terms of equality, there could be no justice there, and therefore no peace. He had set his heart, too, on bringing about great social reforms, on

bettering the lot of the poor. This is a point on which he was quite determined, not only because he had a keen sense of the duty the lucky in this world's goods owe to the luckless, but because he knew that, so long as the masses live in misery, there can be no real patriotism among them. And he was painfully alive to the fact that, if the Austrian Empire were to wax, not to wane, every section of its people must become patriotic.

EDITH SELLERS.

GERMANY, RUSSIA, AND AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

THE few among us—and it is a pity that the number is so few—who not only take an intelligent interest in the trend of foreign affairs, but feed that interest by glancing at Reviews and journals of continental Europe,¹ must have been aware gradually (and in part through the foreign correspondence of *The Times*) of a new trend which is making itself manifest in the foreign policy of Germany and Austria-Hungary: a renewal of that movement indicated by the hackneyed phrase 'Drang nach Osten.'

They will have noticed the uneasiness of Hungary as to her maritime future. Is she to withdraw from any control over her outlet to the Adriatic through Slavonia; and in that case, since a Switzerland-like position is intolerable to so great and energetic a country, is she to seek instead for a path to the sea through Bessarabia, and an appearance (at the expense of Russia) as a Black Sea Power? What is the reason why the illustrated papers of Warsaw, so rigidly controlled by the Russian censorship, should be allowed to publish week after week mocking cartoons holding up Austria and Germany to dislike and derision? Who is inciting the people of Sweden to armament against Russia, to suspicion of a Russian design to unite Russian Lapland with the North Sea coast at the expense of Norway? Who, on the other hand, is subsidising the Poles of Posen in their silent conflict with the Prussian Government? Why has Austria, through her Galician Government, been of late seeking the favour of the Ruthenians, and seemingly indicating to the Little Russians on both sides of the Austro-Russian frontier that they have more likelihood of retaining their language and fulfilling their aspirations of local self-government under the aegis of the Habsburgs than of the Romanoffs?

For several years prior to the crisis of 1911 it seemed as though Germany, in her never-ending and very natural desire

¹ Specially interesting are the articles on the foreign policy of Hungary in the *Questions Diplomatiques et Coloniales* for March 16, 1913, and March 1, 1914.

for a great maritime outlet, still hoped to secure that outlet to the west as, on the whole, a less dangerous proceeding than a struggle with Russia for a place in the sun in the Near East. Secure of the neutrality of Russia, because of the then unreal nature of the Russo-French alliance, Germany would have isolated and eventually have mediatized Holland and have brought Belgium within the area of the German Empire. This was a scheme on which Germany had been at work, unofficially, almost ever since the issue of the Franco-German war. The pan-Germanists had subsidised and encouraged the 'Flamingant' movement in Belgium, that remarkable revival of the Flemish dialect of Dutch which has not only made little Belgium emphatically a bilingual country, but has actually done much to check the spread of the French language northwards, and to teutonise modern Belgium. But probably nothing so unrealisable in Prussian foreign policy was ever in contemplation as the incorporation of Belgium in that German Empire which is controlled from Berlin, at a time when Prussia was making German—or rather Prussian—rule so unpopular in Alsace-Lorraine. Nevertheless, as German capital had practically come to control Antwerp, so it was believed in Berlin that by degrees, by the display of threatening force towards France and England, by bribes and compulsion Belgium might be led to enter into such intimate relations with the German Empire—fiscally, dynastically, and commercially—that, like Holland and Luxemburg, she would form part of a great Teutonic federation with its foreign policy controlled from Berlin.

This policy of the Western outlet for Germany found its most overt expression in 1910, when direct pressure was brought to bear on Holland to adopt a series of maritime fortifications which not only would make any intervention on the part of the British fleet (in support of Dutch independence) very difficult and dangerous, but would effectually close the mouth of the Scheldt to foreign intervention and thereby secure Antwerp for German occupation. Why Holland was drawn into this degree of acquiescence with Prussian policy, and why after the crisis of 1911 the question of the Flushing fortifications (at any rate) fell into abeyance; why the Queen of Holland and the French President exchanged visits, and the Queen of Holland reminded the world of the French origin of her Orange principality: are mysteries which will not—and need not—be solved till many years have gone by and it is permissible to publish the secrets of diplomatic chanceries. But a change in the outlook and the direction of the foreign policy of Germany *has* taken place, or is in process of taking place. The outward manifestations of this *revirement* may be checked for a time by the recrudescence of the

Alsace-Lorraine trouble ; and of course there is no more constancy in Prussian foreign policy than in the foreign policy of any other great country which must depend on expediency and the need of following the line of least resistance. Something may occur in France which may convince the Emperor William and his advisers that France, even backed by England, is still attackable with a reasonable prospect of a not too expensive victory, and that French goodwill and acquiescence in Eastern schemes (that dissolution of the Franco-Russian alliance which is bound to come) is not worth purchasing by the retrocession of Metz and the lifting of the German shadow from the independence of Luxemburg. Britain is naturally being scanned with the same close interest as France. The improbable, the well-nigh impossible, may after all come about : mismanagement of Irish affairs or of social legislation may precipitate some serious internal conflict or mutiny in the United Kingdom which for a time might paralyse the striking power of Great Britain : and Germany might take advantage of some weakening of the coalition (virtually joined now by the Low Countries) on her western frontiers to try once more for her access as an empire to the English Channel, in short, a Western future. But such contingencies in the passing of each successive week are increasingly improbable. Short-sighted as the Prussian foreign policy too often is (and it has never been so incalculably stupid and short-sighted as in its treatment of the affairs of Posen, Alsace-Lorraine, and Hadersleben), it is still sufficiently in touch with world affairs to realise that Germany would be absolutely ruined for a century, if she threw herself into a struggle with France, Britain, Belgium, and Holland in order to secure a ' Western ' future. Financially, she would be ruined almost before war began, and even if she achieved a victory over the forces of Britain and France. In prostrating both those countries she would be bankrupting herself, even if she had the satisfaction for some weeks or months of strutting about the ruins of a bombarded London or a damaged Paris. On the other hand, by leaving Belgium and Holland alone, by gradually building up a friendly understanding, eventually to grow into an alliance with Britain and France, she has almost ensured to herself and Austria-Hungary a free hand in the Near East. How will she—how should she—employ this somewhat grudging permission to enlarge her national boundaries and her sphere of external influence? She will, of course, unhesitatingly ally herself with Sweden to prevent any Russian advance to the coast of the North Sea, or any aggression on Swedish frontiers. If Russia forced war on her she is certainly going to make use of any sufficient victory over Russia to secure the detachment of northern and western Finland from Russian control, and add it to a friendly

and Teutonic Scandinavian confederation. But perhaps the most pregnant step (so far as Russia is concerned) would be the severing of nine of the Polish provinces and of Bessarabia from Russia. A readjustment of Rumanian and Hungarian territories would next take place, the more Rumanian loop of south-east Transylvania passing to Rumania, together with the south-west (originally Rumanian) portion of Bessarabia, while Hungary would obtain Bukowina and the remainder of Bessarabia, thus giving her a direct outlet to the sea in exchange for her present control over the Banate of Croatia and Serbish Slavonia, a control which is becoming increasingly precarious in view of the uprise of the Southern Slav nationalities.²

It is obvious that such a clipping of such a colossus as Russia could only be made possible by a firm alliance between Germany, Austria, Hungary and Rumania on the one hand, and the western and southern Slav nations : an alliance leading to no immediate triumph for the German language or the extension of Hohenzollern or Habsburg rule, but possibly to an immense gain eventually for German prestige, industries and commerce ; for victory in such a struggle would carry with it a German control over Constantinople, Asia Minor, and Mesopotamia, to the frontiers of Persia. Such a sphere of influence for Germany, however, would have to be arranged so as equally to subserve the interests of the Austrians, Poles, Hungarians, Rumanians, and the Southern Slavs. They, in their turn, could hope for no great commercial or national expansion, if left to themselves, or if they were allied with and dominated by Russia. Russia, indeed, might be reconciled to such a lopping-off of the extrusions of her western frontier by the cession of Austrian Ruthenia and a freer hand being granted her in regard to Armenia, northern Persia and China. It is indeed in temperate Asia (as well as in her vast European territories—half the size of Europe nearly—peopled with Russian-speaking races) that the great future of the Russian Empire will lie : so great a future, so tremendous in possibilities that one can well sympathise with the angry jealousy which is slowly crystallising in German minds. They are in course of time becoming far less jealous of the expansion of Britain, because our London-governed territories are virtually pledged to Free Trade and to equal opportunities for the German as well as the British merchant, our self-governing Dominions are not likely to shut out German commerce, and the racial, linguistic, and dynastic connexions between the two are so close, that war between them is fratricidal and mutually destructive. But a German, an

² There is a marked individuality about Croatia which may stand in the way of fusion between the Banate and any other Slav State ; whereas the Slavonian province of Hungary has direct affinities and sympathies with Servia.

Austrian, or a Hungarian may well ask himself why Russia, in addition to unlimited expansion over Central, Northern, and Eastern Asia, should be allowed not merely to retain territories not populated by Russians in the western part of her dominions, but to aspire to enlarge those territories in the direction of south-eastern or north-western Europe.

Yet if Germany and Austria count upon the building-up of a great central European Confederation in which they would be the leading States, and in which Hungary would also play a very important part, one is impelled to ask why Germany—strictly speaking, why Prussia—continues to pursue such a narrow, old-fashioned, discredited policy in regard to Alsace-Lorraine, and still more in connexion with Posen and North-East Slesvig. If, as the lesser of two evils, Germania resolves to pit herself against Russia and to bar the way to any further advance of the Eastern Slavs as rulers over Central Europe and the Near East, one marvels that a Prussian Government should not, like the Austrian, have resolved to secure first of all the Poles as allies, and secondly the Danes as friendly neutrals. One realises in looking at the map of Germany that it is disagreeable from the point of view of geographical shapeliness (and for strategic reasons, possibly), that Posen should be populated mainly by Poles, and not by Germans. But the area is, comparatively speaking, so small compared with the vast regions from which Germany desires to exclude any rival political control, that an outsider might well ask why long ago the Bismarckian policy of planting German Ulsters in Posen should not have been abandoned, and everything have been done (as by Austria in connexion with Galitsia) to create a sympathy between Germany and Poland. So that when the (perhaps) inevitable conflict between Germany and Russia breaks out, the Poles of the Russian provinces of Poland³ would be ready to range themselves alongside the Germans, the Austrians, the Hungarians, and the Austrian Poles, in the assurance that if the Central European Powers came victorious out of the struggle, a new kingdom of Poland would be instituted, which, even if it did not include Posen, would embrace Galitsia and the Vistula provinces grouped round Warsaw, and be once more an independent State, a buffer State between Russia in the east, and Germany, Austria, and Hungary in the west. Such a movement might entail separate kings or rulers for Bohemia and Croatia, a closer union of Servia and Montenegro, and a bigger strip of sea-coast to Montenegro as a maritime outlet to Servia. But it would certainly lead of necessity (as one of the measures of mutual defence against the enormous power of the Russian Empire) to

³ By this term I mean all Russian Poland, except the outlying Lithuanian province of Suwalki, which would be retained by Russia.

a Customs union between the divers kingdoms and principalities between Hamburg on the north-west and the frontier of Persia on the south-east.

Russia may precipitate this struggle if she decides in her own interests to interfere with the Germanisation of Constantinople and Asia Minor, and is not content with a control over Trebizond and Armenia and emphatic assurances and guarantees for complete freedom of ingress and exit between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. On the other hand, she may perhaps some day purchase the acquiescence of Central Europe in further schemes of aggrandisement in Eastern Asia by restoring independence to the nine provinces of the Vistula and ceding to Hungary a strip of Bessarabia in exchange for Austrian Ruthenia. Certainly, the trend of foreign policy in all these international questions is towards 'des accommodements' rather than towards enlarging kingdoms or spheres of influence by annexations or impositions of control at the cost of a great war. Much also may be done in the way of commercial conventions, lowered tariffs, freedom of trade and the infiltration of capital. But—whether by the discredited means of warfare, or by the peaceful pressure of finance and the education of public opinion—the external growth of German, Austrian, and Magyar influence is now being directed eastwards and not westwards; and for many reasons, already set forth by me in the pages of this Review, the movement is one which may well be left by the nations of western Europe to a trial of strength between Russia and the States of the Central European Confederation. It might at least be regarded with neutrality by those directing the policy of the British Empire.

Such a *laissez-faire* attitude on our part would not be inconsistent with a steadily growing friendship for Russia: for if Russia gives way and decides that she has more to gain by devoting her energies to western, central, and eastern Asia, this issue will scarcely concern Great Britain, provided the Anglo-Russia understandings as to spheres of influence in Asia are not infringed.⁴

If France is allowed a free hand in the development of Syria, and receives back Metz and French Lorraine; if Luxemburg is extruded from the German Empire altogether and left to complete independence or a voluntary Customs union with the Low Countries: the bonds of the factitious Russo-French alliance will dissolve. France will transfer her pact for mutual defence and co-operation in the Mediterranean and North Sea to Britain,

⁴ In the inevitable reduction of the unwieldy Chinese Empire to the strictly Chinese States, Russia and Japan will divide the control of Manchuria, and Russia will replace China as suzerain over nearly all Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan.

Belgium, Holland and Spain—an alliance which may even some day be extended to include the Powers of Central and Southern Europe : the Roman Empire once again in being. Italy will no doubt assume the role of a passive spectator in any Near Eastern conflict of interests, provided she is assured of Rhodes as an *entre-pôt* for her Asiatic commerce, as a *piéd-à-terre* in the Levant ; while the British Empire will definitely include Cyprus and Egypt. Inasmuch as Bessarabia is largely Rumanian or Tartar in race and speech, the Russian Empire would lose no Russian-speaking subjects, even if it parted from the region to the west of the lower Dnieper, the Vistula provinces, and west and north-west Finland. Russia could easily indemnify herself in Asia for such comparatively trifling curtailments in Europe. She would definitely incorporate into Russia the provinces of southern and eastern Finland, and so better secure the approaches to St. Petersburg. Perhaps also, if fortified by the good will of Central Europe, she might find her railway advance to a port on the warm water of the Persian Gulf facilitated, so that her commerce might have an access to the seas of Southern Asia. Gradually, in fact, by these adjustments of interests the way would be paved for an eventual Confederation of the Old World. A universal peace and a regulation of armaments would be brought much nearer to the horizon of practical politics if the German, Austrian, Polish, Hungarian, Finnish, Rumanian, and Southern Slav peoples were reasonably satisfied as to their future developments, their access to seas and trade routes, their right to govern themselves internally to suit their own idiosyncrasies, and their cessation of anxiety in regard to the western pressure of Russia.

Europe would be a great gainer in intellectual advance and in the arts by the renaissance of Poland. The union of the nine Vistula provinces of Russian Poland with Galitsia (less Ruthenia, which may go to Russia in exchange for Bessarabia) would make a new kingdom of Poland—possibly under a Habsburg prince—of respectable size (about 66,000 square miles) with over eleven millions of people. This perfectly independent Catholic Slav State would be a buffer against too much of a Teutonic advance on the flanks of Russia, and a barrier against Russian political or religious tyranny over Central Europe. Such a State would be so great a gain to western, to 'Roman' Europe, that it would be well worth some sacrifices in its creation by Germany and Austria.

The line of conduct which Germany and Austria will have to mark out for themselves in this policy of expansion must be one that places tact, civic freedom, and geniality of bearing on the same level of importance as military valour or educational advancement. It must be the direct opposite of the disposition

which created the Zabern incident, the Agram 'plot,' the punishment of Posen school-children, or the exacerbation of Serbia and Montenegro. In this confederation of Central and South-eastern European States now in the making, Germany and Austria have the prescriptive claim to lead and to be looked up to; but the claim must not depend only on armed force and the power to defend or attack. Efficiency in warfare by land and sea and air must be backed by capital, by industry, by inventiveness, by the attractions of a great language, an impressive literature, and a school of art and music. Southern Slavdom, Rumania, Hungary, Albania, Poland; the Jews of central Europe, the Turks of Thrace and Asia Minor, the Kurds and Arabs of Mesopotamia must be led to accord their alliance or their fealty to the Emperors of Germany and Austria; not by threats of forced compliance, but because, having need of support and protection against other rapacities or against stagnating isolation, they believe they can get the best return in peace, prosperity, freedom and education by entering the Germanic Sphere of Influence.

H. H. JOHNSTON.

Postscript.—This article was first drafted in April last, but was mainly the outcome of journeys on the Continent in 1913. It was finished for press before the present acute situation arose between Austria-Hungary and Serbia. Subject to this explanation I prefer to let it stand as it was written, though the events of the last few days give it the air of a belated prophecy. All I can add to my forecast of the inevitable struggle for the adjustment of interests and outlets between Teutonia and Slavdom is the fervent hope that Britain and France may remain neutral so long as their acknowledged rights and interests are untouched. Their foreign policy would indeed be fatuous if it landed them in a ruinous war to make Russia mistress of the Balkan peninsula.

H. H. J.

THE POLITICAL OCTOPUS:

A PLEA FOR TRUE LIBERALISM IN POLITICS

THE public memory is proverbially short, but it will take a long time to efface the memory of what will probably go down to history as the 'Marconi Scandal.' I do not intend to rake up the personal issues of an affair which has been thrashed out in all its petty and sordid detail. But its consequences are less easy to ignore. They are thrust upon us. They make themselves felt every day in our public life, and echoes of criticism reach us even from foreign countries. Ministers, intent upon the practical issues of Home Rule or the Land Bill or the Insurance Act, are still exposed to the sinister, degrading cry of 'Marconis.' What is merely a cry in the streets and at political meetings still remains as a significant undercurrent of murmur in better informed political circles. The Marconi affair did not, and cannot, end with the Inquiry. If it had been unique, if it had stood out in contradistinction to the habitual practices of our public life, we could well afford to forget it. If we were assured that this was the one and only occasion when a Party Whip had invested money in a casual and irresponsible way, or that the purchase of titles was foreign to our conception of political and social honour, then it would be wanton aggression to stir up the memory of a single unsavoury affair. But we have no such assurance. On the contrary, the Marconi affair was symptomatic. It revealed, not an isolated fall from the maxim of 'noblesse oblige,' but a system—a system which at every point has lent itself to abuse, which was wrapt in obscurity, conferring on the financial department of a great political party despotic control of its activity and its ideals. The revelation has caused profound uneasiness among men of all parties.

At the outset I should like to state my emphatic opinion that party feeling has obscured the real issue. Advantage was taken of Lord Murray's absence to make others responsible for transactions which he, the trusted financial agent of the party, ought to have answered in person. The attack was diverted from the proper object. The worst enemies of the Government, though they could show that Mr. Lloyd George had been incautious, could

not create a Lloyd George Marconi scandal ; ingenuity was strained to create even an Isaacs Marconi scandal ; but that there was a Murray Marconi scandal was sheer fact—the central and essential fact.

It may be objected that this is no time for friends of the Government to be stirring up this question. Wait, it will be urged, till the Home Rule Bill has been put into execution. Give Mr. Lloyd George a free hand for his Land Bill. Let us first get through the pressing business for which the Government needs all the support it can get. Do not start cross-issues which will only serve to divert attention from the principal, immediate objects. To such objections Liberals who have urged me to write this article reply that we are starting no fresh question ; that we are making no attack upon the Government, but upon a system which at any moment may thwart any possible Government, Liberal or Tory ; that it is an urgent question, vital at all times, affecting as it does the very life-blood of politics, and brought to a head last year in so drastic a manner that it would be suicidal for any Government to go to the country unprepared with a solution. The public confidence has been shaken, and it will be of little avail to demand a clean slate for social reform until that confidence has been restored.

For let us consider exactly how we stand, to what extent the political situation has been affected by those financial speculations which—unless the Opposition very much alters its mind—the country will not be allowed to forget. The essential facts were not changed by the disclosures. The same facts existed before ; they exist now ; they have only been disclosed, published, and, as I shall show, aggravated. The real importance of the Marconi incident is that it brought matters to a head. Long before, there had been much simmering discontent, which found expression in the complaints of private Members that they could not get a hearing in the House of Commons, and in wholesale attacks upon the Party System. But no one has yet shown us an effective alternative to the Party System. Every impartial critic felt that there were grounds of complaint, but whilst it was easy to demolish the scheme in the manner of Mr. Belloc, no other workable scheme was put in its place. The Marconi inquiry did at least clear the air. It showed to everyone exactly where the grievances lay—just what it was, in and beneath our present Party System, which was damaging politics. It showed that the real defect lay, not in the Party System itself, to which at present we are pledged by every form of political activity known to us, but in the machinery which has been constructed for the support of the parties.

The evil was traced to its real source, to the fact that the

parties were caught in the octopus grip of the party machine. The modern theory and practice of democracy demands, not that there should be a few men of character and talent in the House of Commons, but that every constituency should be represented by the best available man. Even if there were enough rich and capable men to go round—and there are not—public opinion is more and more favouring the view that rich men alone, or any single type of man, cannot adequately represent the various elements within the nation. Experience has shown that a great part of the expense of elections must be borne either by the electors' Selection Committees in the constituencies, or by the candidate, or by the central party funds; as the local funds are seldom sufficient, and many candidates are not rich, it is the party fund which has to make good the balance.

THE SECRET FUND AND THE CAUCUS

The Chief Whip, then, becomes necessarily the head of a vast organisation for collecting money—the sinews of war for propaganda and elections. The party as a party is dependent for its very existence upon the collection and expenditure of a secret fund, upon chests which are never sufficiently full. At all hazards the Chief Whip must obtain money; without that money seats could not be contested at elections, the life of the Government could not be renewed. In theory his coffers are filled with contributions from wholly disinterested and enthusiastic party men. In practice he is at the mercy of doles from the rich, some of whom contribute from patriotism, some because they aspire to office, some with no other idea than the purchase of titles. At the best he is surrounded by contributors who think that they have a right to be consulted, for it is their money which is being spent. The party machine is controlled by a caucus.

The machine at every point has its grip firmly fixed upon the party, upon the constituencies, upon the whole representative system of this country. There are two ways in particular in which it defeats the ideal of representative government and reduces it to absurdity. If the local Selection Committees could pay all the expenses for their own constituencies, they could really choose, and not merely 'adopt,' candidates. But in practice how often it is necessary that the greater part of the expense should be contributed from headquarters, with the obvious consequence that headquarters reserve the right to nominate their own candidate. The Caucus, indeed, exercises this right; for not only are there men who have worked hard for the cause and 'earned promotion' to safer seats, but others also, who must be rewarded.

Thus it is that the elector is far from being in a position to vote for anyone he likes. His choice is very limited. He can

only vote for the candidate who in some way can meet the heavy expenses of an election, who may not even be the real choice of the Selection Committee, but often owes his nomination solely to the goodwill of the Caucus. Under the existing system members of Parliament are made less by the suffrages of the people than by the oligarchic favour of a few men in London; whilst the divisional Committees, half-dependent as they already are, receive no encouragement from headquarters to express their views on policy.

But the power of the Caucus does not end there. It might be supposed that when once a Member has been returned to Parliament he would be free to go his own way, to represent his constituents, and abide by his pledges. But that is not the case. Etiquette, it is true, forbids that the Whips should try, in so many words, to influence their votes. But it is obvious that Members who have been financed even to a small extent by the Whips—Members whose candidature at the next election may again depend upon them—cannot feel themselves wholly free from obligation. It is partly for this reason that at any and every division there is a solid substratum of Members upon whose votes the Whips can rely with absolute certainty.

The conditions, bad enough in themselves, have been aggravated since the Murray-Marconi affair. That affair showed up the organisation on its worst side. Even party men saw that the manipulation of party funds was not only secret and autocratic, but that it was also irresponsible, and might be reckless. They saw that there is no assurance of careful investment or completely public-spirited administration. Many of them feel that they can put their money to better purposes than dropping it into the bottomless pit of the Party Fund. The inevitable result of the Marconi scandal has been that the most disinterested men no longer feel the inducement to give, and that henceforward the chief motive for giving will be that of personal reward. The influence of the genuine reformer, who is averse from backstairs methods, will shrink precisely in proportion as the power of the Caucus grows. The organisation will tend to fall more and more into the hands of the very rich and ambitious men who, if they should sink their personal differences, might ultimately acquire the power to pack the House of Commons and dictate to the Party.

THE FRUSTRATION OF LIBERAL REFORM

Liberals who desire the decent government of the country rather than the mere game of politics, who believe that there are pressing problems of reform which can only be solved and translated into action by the combined efforts of single-minded and scrupulous men, view with alarm the dangers which beset the

Liberal Party no less than the Opposition. They believe that the present is a critical, transition period in Liberalism, when it is absolutely essential that the Party should present a clean front to the country; that its whole policy, work, and ideals are jeopardised if any breath of suspicion can assail its political purity and the reality of its faith. Working Liberals are ready to face any amount of angry opposition to their principles, their policy, their definite schemes and proposals; these they are willing to defend and fight for. But they do not see why they should be called upon to defend an indefensible organisation, to urge the purity of impurity, or to ask for the confidence of electors who can justly taunt them with bad faith.

Liberal Members are saying this, not because they have any but the most implicit confidence in the personal administration of such men as Mr. Illingworth and Mr. Gulland, but because Lord Murray's carelessness has destroyed confidence, has set bad precedents, and left us, so far, without any distinct guarantee that a repetition of the scandal is impossible; and because the benefactors of the Fund remain a constant danger to the freedom of the Party. We know the perils that confront democracies in all ages; we know the fate that overcame the democracies of Greece and Rome, and we can observe the insidious practice of corruption which makes every French patriot tremble for the Republic, and has set President Wilson so immense a task in America. English parliamentary life has been comparatively free from corruption since the first Reform Bill. If there has often been intrusive ambition, it has been political ambition, not financial. At the worst, Members of Parliament have aimed at social and political honours through politics, and not, as in America, the outside interests of 'big finance.' To this day the English tradition so far holds, that it is still social and political honours which the less scrupulous men seek, rather than financial leverage. But many Liberals, knowing the fate of democracy in other countries, are dismayed that the possession of wealth has opened the way to titles and political power. They are galled by the unanswerable criticism of foreigners, who see more than coincidence when an English politician bestows a peerage on a millionaire and accepts a partnership in his business.

It is not democracy that is at fault, but the organisation and exploitation of democracy, and, in the case we are considering, the organisation and exploitation of the popular party in this country. Democracy at all times has to be on its guard against exploitation, and the rank and file of the Liberal Party, inside and outside the House of Commons, need to be protected against it. Only when they have received such protection will they be in a strong position for defending the policy and *personnel* of the Government.

THE LEGISLATIVE REMEDY

What is to be done, then, in the immediate future, to restore the confidence which has been shaken to its depths? The least that can be done without further delay, is that there should be a formal announcement to dispel anxiety. We do not in the least believe in the necessity of employing rich men exclusively to control large funds or for any other responsible position. (The example of America shows us that rich men have more 'axes to grind' than poor men.) But so long as the Party funds are secret, it would seem that the Chief Whip must necessarily be a rich man, for it is essential that he should not be exposed to the least breath of suspicion. Of greater urgency is the immediate appointment of several trustees who should be mutually responsible for the proper investment of the funds. It is time to drop the superstition that the mere financial expert is the sort of man who is required to collect and dispense the funds. Liberal Members do not want to be controlled by men whose public reputation rests upon their skill in finance. The Chief Whip should be a man whose public reputation rests upon his general intelligence, his knowledge of men, and above all his integrity.

But such stop-gap announcements will not be sufficient. The complete purgation of the Party System from the tyranny of the Party organisation is one of the first essentials of a progressive Government: legislation is necessary. The Bill which we would propose must have for its object nothing less than the destruction of the secret power of the Party Caucus; it must impose responsibility upon the organisers; it must emancipate the constituencies, and completely set free the individual Member or candidate from any other political obligation than that of his political faith. The first and most obvious remedy is that the funds should cease to be secret; that they should be open to the inspection of the world; that the finances of every association which contributes money to an election campaign should be subject to scrutiny. By this means we shall know by whom money has been contributed, and upon what it has been spent. The publicity will hit hard those who give in order that they may receive; close connexion between donations and new baronetcies will be too obvious to be risked. The measure would destroy at one blow the whole pernicious system of creating titles for the men whose virtue has been judged by their pecuniary generosity.

It will hit hard those who seek honours, but it will also hit the funds. The contributions will fall off. The spending power of the Whips will be diminished. They will no longer have enough money to contest expensive elections. Therefore, the Bill which we propose must contain another clause, which will

further and more effectively restrict expenses than they are restricted under the present Corrupt Practices Act. The Returning Officers' expenses and the purely official routine charges should be borne by the State; the payment of such charges as these is on a par with the payment of Members. The expenses of meetings, agents, propagandist literature, etc., are already restricted by law; but they can be further restricted. The main evil under the existing law is that the legal limit is excessive, and that the returns of expenses are sometimes falsified, while there is no effective remedy for this falsification. The new Corrupt Practices Bill must therefore impose more severe penalties for false returns.

The objection will be raised that other means will be found of evading the strictness of the law. If the official expenses are definitely curtailed, outside bodies will step in and take the burden upon themselves. The Tariff Reform League, the Free Trade Union, and other organisations will be subsidised by Party men, and will take upon themselves the whole expense of propagandist literature, etc. To meet this difficulty yet another clause will be required, providing that all outside bodies which spend money upon elections must make a return of their expenditure, under penalties for falsification.

Some such measure as this is necessary if the air is to be cleared and politicians can go to the country confident that they stand only upon their political faith and their capacity. The tension must be removed. Confidence must be restored. I have no love for restraining and restricting measures such as I have proposed. I am very far from desiring to curtail the free dissemination of any and every kind of propagandist literature. But the conviction has been brought home to the House of Commons and to everyone who still retains some shred of belief in our political institutions that something is radically wrong. The man in the street leaps to the conclusion that it is the Party System. I have no faith in the divine right of parties, but on the other hand no practical alternative has yet been suggested. But a clear light has been shed upon the question. We have seen that it is not necessary to blame the Party System for the abuses which have been put to its account, but that it is the material organisation, the financial and oligarchic element, which thrusts itself forward if it is given the chance. The material basis of the party, which should be controlled by and made purely subsidiary to the idealistic and constructive side, has been allowed to gain the ascendancy.

PRINCIPLE IN POLITICS.

Measures such as I have proposed are necessary, but it must not be supposed for a moment that they are anything more than palliatives. The evil is, not that we are without such a restrictive

Act of Parliament as I have proposed, but that it should be necessary to have such an Act. It is necessary because, at the very time when there has been a great influx of idealistic and ascendant energy into the public life of the country, the classes which formerly bore exclusively the task and the toil of government seem to have lost much of their sense of responsibility and the ideal of public service. Amid all the enthusiasm which goes to the making of inspired if frenzied Syndicalists, the madcap oratory and martyrdom of the suffragettes, and echoes from abroad of revolutionary and nationalist ardour which still arouse in a few people in this country the passion for action and for an active foreign policy, we are struck by the contrast of our own respected and respectable public men, armed in the panoply of their talents or their reputations, talking to us of the virtues of expediency, and repeating the verbiage of a useless utility.

When Lord Rosebery, one of the most brilliant and at the same time least efficient statesmen that this generation has known, began to discourse glibly about the need for 'efficiency,' he was voicing the loud, incessant claims of the new school of 'talent.' It was a school which came in at the time when the belief in aristocracy and its responsibilities was breaking down, but when the 'upper classes' still dreaded or scoffed at the proletariat. Lord Rosebery took his catchword from the man of business, and it was the unimaginative commercial spirit of the last decade of the nineteenth century which made it possible for Englishmen to take Lord Rosebery seriously, and to plunge into a war with the Boers which gave the Boers the supremacy in South Africa. We may approve of the Premiership of General Botha, but we do not see that this end was very efficiently attained by first making war on General Botha. We, too, admire efficiency in government, but we do not admit the efficiency of statesmen who expound 'efficiency' as a substitute for policy and principles.

Policy and principles—both are at a discount in modern public life. For whilst the old principles of the aristocracy—Tories, Whigs, or Liberals—have been abandoned and stigmatised as 'Victorian,' the new principles which have thrust themselves into evidence as a sheer manifestation of energy among the working classes are not acceptable or tolerable to those who still control the political parties. The man of business, the man of talent, the cynic, has thrust himself to the fore. Cleverness counts, principle is a nuisance. If Mr. Gladstone in all his power rose up to-day in the House of Commons, what sort of reception would he receive? With what sort of tolerance would the Foreign Secretary listen to his discourse on Bulgarian atrocities, or with what adroitness would he talk of Germany and our Indian subjects if he should raise the inconvenient topic of Armenia?

There is little evidence in political life to-day of that old-fashioned, aristocratic chivalry which, though not always closely responsive to the moods of the country, was true to its own unshakeable ideals—that chivalry and idealism which were prominent in Canning and Peel, which were not lacking even in so self-willed a man as Palmerston, which were central to the personality of Mr. Gladstone. If there is one criticism of the Prime Minister which is constantly on the lips of the man in the street and is expressed even in the Conservative papers, it is that 'he is a man of his word.' There are few men in our political life to-day whom the public is willing to sum up in any such simple and expressive phrase. The old-fashioned aristocratic chivalry and idealism no longer strike a dominant note in Parliament or on the platform.

But there is another kind of idealism which has existed in this country since the time of Cobbett and the French Revolution, which draws its inspiration from the democracy, which is quickly responsive to the mood and temper of the people, which is emotional and, in its less fortunate forms, mercurial. To this class have belonged men like Cobbett, Holyoake, and perhaps Cobden, men whose emotional spirit would find a sympathetic note in the Mr. Lloyd George of to-day.

But neither kind of idealism is quite in the key of modern politics. The one kind has been shaken off as outworn and obsolete, the other is regarded with something of the scorn that is felt for parvenus. The necessity of affecting to respect the democracy—a necessity imposed by the electoral system—has produced a kind of duplicity, or at least levity, which is destructive to idealism. I mean to say that the necessity of accepting, or appearing to accept, democracy, imposed upon men not always democratic by sentiment, has produced a kind of insincerity; they turn one face to an audience at a public meeting, another to their friends in the smoking-room. Such men—and how many there are in the House of Commons!—fall back naturally, in their public work, upon mere utility. Expediency becomes the guiding principle. They take their cue from the habits of business, and would run the country according to the safe tactical methods of a commercial house.

In such an atmosphere, where tactics are more prominent than principles, where expediency is the recognised rule, where 'give and take' is the baneful synonym for inertia, there is not enough of that force which would sweep away by its very presence all those sinister influences revealed in the Marconi inquiry. What we want in our political life is an organisation which will remove the necessity for dissembling, which will make room for men determined to be the same persons in private as they are

on the platform, men consistent before the public and before their personal friends. Politics which takes its stand upon expediency is inert; it is a negation of politics. In his Persian and his Balkan policy Sir Edward Grey has been content to satisfy the indolence of the House of Commons; his policy has been admirably calculated for the preservation of the *status quo*. But life does not stand still; the *status quo* in politics and in diplomacy generally means death, and it has recently involved a good many deaths in Macedonia. Heaven knows how many it may yet involve in Armenia. The lack of a definite and an ideal aim, of a faith which must express itself in action, of an enthusiasm which will compel a policy, not of bending and twisting, but of moulding and anticipating events, is working havoc in our foreign policy to-day—and this from just the same sort of cause as that which sank the country in the pit of the Marconi scandal.

R. A. SCOTT-JAMES.

MORE NEW LETTERS OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE

IN the *Nineteenth Century and After* for January last there appeared an article by the present writer, entitled 'Eight New Love Letters of Jane Welsh.' In the introduction to those Letters it was explained that they had been stolen from Carlyle by a dishonest clerk whom he had engaged to do copying for him in the autumn of 1856 and dismissed for incompetency in the spring of 1857. These Eight Letters formed only a small part of the plunder carried off by the thief; and a lingering hope was sometimes entertained that other Letters known to be missing from Carlyle's collection might in the future be also recovered. That hope has lately been realised sooner than was expected and in a rather curious and even mildly dramatic way.

In April last Messrs. Sotheby and Co. issued a catalogue describing a series of 'Autograph Letters and Historical Documents' to be offered for sale by public competition at their Auction Rooms in London, on the last day of April and the first of May. A friend of mine kindly sent me an advance copy of this catalogue, from which it appeared that the last lot therein consisted solely of 'Letters of the Carlyle Family,' enumerated, classified, and cited from. The number of Letters was twenty-one; all but two were addressed to Carlyle by members of his family—Father, Brothers, and Sister Margaret, and by Miss Welsh or Jane Welsh Carlyle. Two by Miss Welsh were addressed to Carlyle's Brother John, who was then about to graduate in medicine.

It was evident to me that these Letters were another instalment of the papers stolen from Carlyle by his copying clerk fifty-seven years ago! It was impossible to believe that Carlyle would have parted with these precious Letters by either gift or sale; it was clearly a case of stolen property, to which the would-be seller had no just title. Legal proceedings were at once instituted, which I need not describe in detail. It will be enough to say that the first decisive step gained was the consent of Messrs. Sotheby and Co. to withdraw the lot from sale; and the last and all-important the surrender of it to my solicitors for transmission to me.

All the Letters thus acquired are very interesting and strongly confirm the now prevailing impression of Carlyle's happy and kindly relations with his family; but only those of his Lover and Wife can be admitted here. The rest are reserved for use elsewhere. Of these ten new Letters of hers to Carlyle four were written before her marriage, and six five years after she had become his Wife. All are charmingly written, as usual; but those of the loving Wife have a special interest and value, inasmuch as they vividly illuminate that period of Mrs. Carlyle's life which has perhaps been most grievously misunderstood or misrepresented. It is not too much to say that these Letters of the devoted and adoring Wife will prove a revelation to many, and dispel more than one false impression and foul insinuation. But I shall let the Letters tell their own story: my part here is only to see that they are correctly printed, and to furnish what elucidation would seem to be needed to make their meaning clear.

LETTER I.

[Carlyle had been introduced to Miss Welsh in May 1821 by their mutual friend Edward Irving nearly four years before the date of this Letter. It was a case of 'love at first sight' undoubtedly, though their marriage was long delayed for the very cogent reason that both were poor in worldly means and without prospect of soon becoming otherwise. Carlyle, it is true, had received an appointment as private tutor to Charles Buller and his brothers, in the spring of 1822, at a salary of 200*l.* a year; but the duties of this office and the conditions belonging to it were uncongenial to him, and he relinquished the post early in July 1824. He had been turning his attention to literature for a good many years; had written a series of articles for Brewster's *Encyclopedia*, had published a translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, and written a *Life of Schiller*, first published in the *London Magazine*. In June 1824 his tutorial duties called him to London, which he made his headquarters until the spring of 1825. Unavoidable delays in getting his *Schiller* put into book form detained him in London much longer than he wished or expected, and he did not reach home (Mainhill, Dumfriesshire) till after the middle of March 1825. During all the time of his travels a lively and frequent correspondence with Miss Welsh was kept up: this Letter is the 126th that had passed between them, and they are mostly Letters of considerable length.

After reaching Mainhill Carlyle wrote to Miss Welsh (23rd of March), telling her that he expected to be in Edinburgh the next week; and after arriving there he sent her a brief note saying he hoped to call and see her at Haddington on 'Tuesday night.' It is this letter and note that she answers here. The Lovers were now on the footing of an 'engaged couple,' and their communications are very spontaneous, free, and familiar. Referring to the repeated postponement of this visit Carlyle had written in his Letter of the 23rd of March: 'I perceive I must by and by begin to respect you in a new capacity, that of a self-denying, meek philosopher: the patience you have displayed of late is really altogether exemplary.' And again: 'Like you I look forward with anxiety and impatience to our meeting. . . . It behoves us to think calmly

of our affairs, and these are affairs on which it is difficult to think with calmness. Let us try however; the period of romance and extravagance should now be past with us; it is only clear judgement guided by prudence and integrity that can carry us through in safety.']

Miss Welsh to Thomas Carlyle, 18 Salisbury Street, Edinburgh.

Haddington, Monday [4th April, 1825].

Well! young Gentleman, you are coming *at last* (you say). After so *many* disappointments may I depend on you? Really, you do well to extol my miraculous gift of patience; if I had merely an ordinary share of it, I should certainly have said Good-by to you for keeping me so long in this uncomfortable state of expectation.

But you *are* coming at last: would to Heaven that you were already come! The idea of meeting you after all this nonsense is quite terrible to me. *Eh bien!* there is no help for it! It is absolutely necessary that we *should* meet again; and so I must even go thro' with it in the best way I can.

You will be here to-morrow at *seven*: it is half dark then.

God bless you, Dearest!—Ever, ever yours,

JANE B. WELSH.

LETTER II.

[Carlyle went to Haddington as foretold in the last Letter and stayed there a week or ten days; the Lovers talked over their mutual affairs and earnestly discussed their plans for the future. The difficulties in the way were neither few nor small, owing mainly to their limited means, and they parted on this occasion with more than usual sadness. They had spent a very happy time, however, in each other's company, conversing freely, taking long walks, working in the garden, sowing seeds, planting rose trees, etc. On his way homeward Carlyle chose from the Edinburgh booksellers a number of German books with a view to selecting and translating stories for a projected book to be called *German Romance*. He arrived at Mainhill about the 12th of May, and stayed there until Hoddam Hill (a small farm near Ecclefechan, which had been secured for him while he was still in England) was put in readiness for his occupation, at the ensuing term day, 26th of May. Before parting from Miss Welsh he had invited her to come to Hoddam Hill and visit his mother, who, with his brother Alick and some of his younger sisters, was to come and live with him at this rather pretty little farmstead on the high tableland, close to the ancient Tower of Repentance. Carlyle has given a fine description of Hoddam Hill, his life there, and Miss Welsh's visit, in the *New Letters and Memorials*, i. 3-8; and also in *Sartor Resartus*, book ii. c. ix.]

Miss Welsh to Thomas Carlyle, Mainhill, Ecclefechan.

[Haddington, 13th June, 1825.]

MY DEAREST,—‘I write to-day lest you should get uneasy about me, or discontented with me’—taking it for granted that

you are neither uneasy nor discontented already—'not because I have the slightest particle of tidings that can interest you to communicate, or the slightest particle of speculation that can profit you'¹—not that I take any earthly pleasure in writing to you, or feel any anxiety to get your letter in return.

You must be very critical if you are not struck with admiration of this '*particular smart*' exordium. To have served you rightly I should have made you wait for a month to come; but unluckily I have got several things to say which I cannot keep longer to myself. In the first place, then, I am coming to Nithsdale as soon as the currants are ripe and the jelly made; and then I am coming to Hoddam Hill, if you have not *rued*. My Mother was in one of her gracious humours the other night, and *sounding* me about Dumfriesshire. The moment seemed favourable, so I opened my mouth and spake: 'Would there be any impropriety in my going to *Annandale* when I am in the neighbourhood?' The question sounded so abrupt and awkward that I blushed for half an hour after. 'To *Annandale*,' repeated my Mother; and then, 'Oh! impropriety? Certainly not; on the contrary, I think it would be highly advisable; and if you have any *feeling* about going by yourself, I am quite willing to accompany you.' What condescension! I expressed my sense of her obligingness, but said I should have much less '*feeling*' alone. This was one expedient for annihilating the happiness of our project; with the most wonderful rapidity she fell upon another: 'It will be best for you,' she said, 'to go straight to *Annandale* from here; I will stay a day or two behind you, that we may get to *Templand* about the same time; and in this way *nobody will know of it*.' I am surprised she did not propose sending me nailed up in a box, with '*glass*' written on the top! Such a mysterious arrangement, I told her, was likely to have a very different result. Besides I designed to make no secret of the matter, as I did not care how many people *knew of it*. At last it was settled that I should go from my Grandmother's² by the Coach to *Annan*, where you might come to fetch me to *Repentance*. This is the most convenient way, don't you think? Tell me when you write. Oh! if these tedious currants were only ripe! but they will not be for two or three weeks yet; and it will be two or three weeks more before I get the length of *Annan*. The last time I was at *Annan* I thought myself the most unfortunate person in it; when I am there again I shall be the happiest!

¹ The quotation is from Carlyle's Letter of May 22, 1825. See *Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh*, ii. 123.

² Her paternal grandmother, late of Penfillan, now living in Albany Place, Dumfries.

I have had a letter from Mrs. Montagu,³ and (which is still more extraordinary) I have answered it. What on earth did you say to make her so good to me? She could not have written more frankly and affectionately if I had been her own child. I have never met with anything like this from woman before. I purpose loving Mrs. Montagu all my life, if I find her always the same as she has introduced herself to me. She is 'noble' and *very* clever. With what immaculate grace she manages everything! After speaking of Edward Irving she says: 'As for Mr. Carlyle!—but *he* deserves a sheet to himself and I have got to the end of my paper.' Could she have pleased me better, tho' she had extolled you thro' a whole quire? I hope you will not be jealous if I fall rather extravagantly in love with her?

But for the interruptions of headaches and visitors—first Margaret Betson, and then Major Gilchrist and his precious daughter Catharine—I have been remarkably diligent since you left me. My *Life* is drawing to a close; there are already from forty to fifty pages of it—quite enough truly on so worthless a subject. If it were not that my *honour* is concerned in this task, I would throw it aside, not out of laziness, but despair at my own stupidity. I have less difficulty indeed in writing *for you* than in writing FOR THE PUBLIC. Love I find is a far more inspiring thing than ambition;⁴ but still I have no genius—no particle of genius. I write neither easily nor well; and my little narrative is so *ennuyeuse* that it will be an affliction for you to read to the end of it. However, there is no use in vexing myself about the matter. As Nature has made a sheep of me, and not an eagle, I cannot with all the straining in the world raise myself off the ground. Oh, Heaven! if I were not a sheep!

The beans are taller than this paper. I examine *yours* every day, but cannot discover the smallest appearance of a house on it. How many fathoms deep did you sow the other seeds? None of them have come up except three lupins, two peas, and a few carrots *in the place of mignonette*. I watered them till I was tired, and then I poked the earth to see if they were there; but there was not such a thing! I am sorry to say the omens to be drawn from our rose-family are anything but favourable: you and I and Hope are quite dead.

I have enquired about the Parish-school. There is to be one; but not for a twelvemonth. The house taken for the purpose will not be ready till then. If your Friend⁵ is not settled by

³ Edward Irving's 'noble lady,' wife of Basil Montagu, Bedford Square, London.

⁴ The statement that Mrs. Carlyle said that she 'married for ambition' is only a Jewsbury myth, reported, too, at second hand.

⁵ James Johnstone, an early friend and correspondent of Carlyle, often mentioned in the *Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle* and elsewhere in his

that time and the situation to his mind, I think there is little doubt of his getting it; for Gilbert Burns,⁶ who has most to say in the business, has promised me to support any person recommended by you. But I question if this person would like the situation. He would only have twenty pounds of salary. To be sure there will be a tolerable house, a good garden, and the profits of his teaching besides; but still it will be no object to anybody who is not very needy. Gilbert wishes a Schoolmaster who will not only teach the children to read, but to *understand*, and who will give them ideas about religion. He bade me tell you this. I am writing so abominably ill, that I had better stop. Give my love to your Mother and John and Jane. God bless you, my Darling.—I am yours for ever and ever,

JANE WELSH.

Write *instantly*.

LETTER III.

[Between Letter II. and Letter III., each correspondent wrote twelve Letters to the other; twenty-three of which appear in the *Love Letters* (Nos. 123 to 145, inclusive), and the remaining one is No. VII. in the *Nineteenth Century* article of January last. Miss Welsh, too, had paid her visit to Hoddam Hill, in the period covered by these Letters, and had stayed for more than two weeks and become acquainted with all the members of Carlyle's family. Her visit was a great success, and gave true pleasure to all concerned in it.

This Letter is a reply to two Letters of Carlyle dated respectively 29th December 1825 and 7th January 1826 (Nos. 144 and 145 in the *Love Letters*). In the first of these he calls her 'My own little Ariel,' in special reference to her exertions in helping forward the candidature of Carlyle's friend, James Johnstone, for the post of master in the Haddington Parish School; and for having recommended in the proper quarter Carlyle's father in his application for the Farm of Shawbrae. His second Letter is dated at Edinburgh, whither he had come to arrange about the printing of his *German Romance*. He sends her a book, *Undine*, and a letter he had received from Mrs. Strachey, sister of Mrs. Buller, and expresses regret that he cannot see Miss Welsh personally owing to the contrary humours of her mother.]

*Miss Welsh to Thomas Carlyle, Dawson's Lodgings,
21 Salisbury Street, Edinburgh.*

Haddington, Monday [9th January, 1826].

MY DEAREST,—It is very, very hard that I must content myself with writing, when with a speedy horse I might be in your arms in less than two hours. Sixteen miles is such a little way! And yet you must not come hither for the world; nor can I go to

correspondence. For an account of him, see also *New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, i. 13.

⁶ Gilbert was a younger brother of Robert Burns. He was now living at Grant's Braes, near Haddington, as Factor of Lord Blantyre's East Lothian estates.

you till the middle of next month at soonest. Indeed perhaps it would be wise not to think of it even then; for those brief interviews before a cloud of witnesses are more tantalising than satisfactory to either of us; and, alackaday, I must not keep house with you in Salisbury Street, as I did at Hoddam Hill—dear delightful *Hill*, where we lived together so happily—so married-like! Oh! when shall we have such Sabbath weeks again? Not, I suppose, till we are married in good earnest.

Your felicitations on the subject of Mr. Johnstone came in the very worst possible time—just when I had got news of the desertion of about half his party; so that it is more than possible he may not be the successful candidate after all. I cannot help it, no more can Gilbert Burns, who is as heartily grieved as myself at the turn things have taken. You will think I was premature in pronouncing so confidently on the event; but how should it have entered into the head of any honourable person to calculate on such unfair dealing as this? Mr. Stewart of Alderston, who was fully determined to vote for Mr. Johnstone, is now as fully determined to vote for his opponent—out of pure ill-will to Gilbert Burns, whom the other was found guilty of having engaged in his interest. Lord Wemyss too, and, I believe, Mr. Fletcher, whom your Friend thought himself sure of thro' the recommendation of the Ruthvens, have left him in the lurch, in a most abominable manner. To recall the Earl, if possible, to a better mind, I made my Mother write to his Lady, with whom she used to be intimate; but unluckily, 'it is quite impossible for his Lordship, *situated as he is*, to do himself the pleasure of meeting her (my Mother's) *views*.' The Devil confound them, every one! The decision of the matter seems now to depend on the breath of Sir John —, a born-idiot, who stoutly declares that he will give his vote according to his conscience; if he keep in this mind, born-idiot tho' he be, he *must* give it to Mr. Johnstone. But I fear much!⁷

Never think, Dear, of employing *me* as your Ariel again! I am the most unlucky of creatures! nothing that I set my heart on ever prospers; no one that I wish success to ever succeeds. Would to Heaven that we knew the upshot of Shawbrae!⁸ It would have been but civil in Mr. Crichton to have answered my letter, or have made his Wife answer it. Their silence, I fear, argues no great zeal in the service. Oh that I were an absolute Sovereign for one half-hour!

With respect to my health, which you are not yet weary of

⁷ Johnstone got the appointment.

⁸ Carlyle's father luckily did not get the farm of Shawbrae. The Mr. Crichton mentioned in next line was Factor to the Duke of Queensberry, who owned Shawbrae.

enquiring about, I have reason to be thankful it is no worse, all circumstances considered. My nerves have had a tremendous time of it lately; it began on the last night of the year. My Mother had invited a party of young men, or rather big boys, and we were making ourselves very merry, sitting round the table at a game of cards; when all on a sudden one of them, a Nephew of Mr. Donaldson, and a gentle creature as ever you saw, became distorted in the most shocking manner, and would have fallen off his chair, if the boy next him had not caught him in his arms. In the whole course of my life, I never witnessed anything so appalling. One moment he was laughing as heartily as any there, and the next apparently in the agonies of death. In the greatest confusion and terror our little card-party flew asunder; one ran to seek Mr. Howden, another Mr. Donaldson, and I ran for—Dr. Fyffe!⁹ How the amiable Doctor looked—whether he turned red or pale when the figure of his lost Love stood so unexpectedly before him, I was not just at the moment in a condition of mind to remark; moreover, it was dark as pitch. All I know is that he came instantly to the assistance of the poor boy, and staid with him while the convulsion lasted, which was nearly an hour; every moment of which I expected would be his last. Not till my terror subsided and the Doctor was about to depart, did it seem to me I had done anything at all extraordinary; and then, to be sure, I was somewhat puzzled as to what I should do next. It ended in my holding out my hand to the creature, who, to do him justice, took it with the best possible grace. 'But I am at the end of my paper,' and the last and most serious half of the story is yet to come. '*Console toi,*' you shall have it next time.

I will write to your Mother in a week or so, as soon as I have finished the long-projected *Cap*.¹⁰ Thank you for sending Mrs. Strachey's letter: it was so considerate! I have been greatly more tranquil on the subject, however, since I read the Comedy of the '*Prince jaloux*.'¹¹ My second best love to Jonathan,¹² whose kind letter shall be answered before he has time to forget me.

Do not fail to send me some of the Book as soon as you possibly can. I would like to read it in your hand rather than in print. Thank you for *Undine*, which I will begin the day after to-morrow, when I shall have finished the *Thirty-Years War*. God bless you, Darling!

J. B. W.

⁹ One of Miss Welsh's rejected lovers.

¹⁰ The cap was a present to Carlyle's mother. The Letter which accompanied it may be read in the *New Letters and Memorials*, i. 14-16.

¹¹ Molière's *Don Garcie de Navarre, ou Le Prince Jaloux*. Carlyle had brought Miss Welsh a copy of Molière from Paris in 1824.

¹² Carlyle's brother John, then in Edinburgh preparing for his M.D. degree.

LETTER IV.

[Although the lovers were not permitted to see each other, their correspondence did not languish, nor did the lamp of Love burn less brightly. Between Letter III. and Letter IV. twenty-three Letters were written, eleven by Miss Welsh and twelve by Carlyle. Twenty-two of these appear in the *Love Letters*, Nos. 146 to 167, and one, No. VIII., in the *Nineteenth Century* for January.

Their mutual affairs, what they humorously called 'the Commonwealth,' were in a flourishing condition and everything was proceeding smoothly enough, except that there was considerable trouble in deciding on where to take up house after their marriage. But this difficulty was finally solved by selling the Haddington house, Miss Welsh's birthplace, and renting another, 21 Comley Bank, Edinburgh, for the young couple. This suited all parties; for Mrs. Welsh was very desirous of going to live with and care for her aged and infirm father at Templand, Thornhill.

Carlyle had been labouring very industriously all summer at his *German Romance*, and was now on the point of finishing it. Miss Welsh and he had not met for almost a year; and he was growing impatient to see her again. In his Letter of 19th July, 1826 (*Love Letters*, No. 167), to which this No. IV. is a reply, he wrote: 'Write to me whenever you are settled, and tell me when I am to come. I purpose sleeping in this Comley Bank House,' &c. She is alarmed lest he arrive in the middle of the removal from Haddington to Comley Bank, and writes in the midst of turmoil and confusion to put him off. He replied on the 12th of August (*Love Letters*, No. 168): 'To your arrangement of my journeying and our meeting, I cheerfully subscribe; . . . I will come to Nithsdale [Templand] when you see good.' There are eight Letters of later date than this, Miss Welsh's last being dated Templand, 3rd October, and Carlyle's last, 9th October 1826. Their marriage took place quietly at Templand on the 17th of October, and they drove at once towards Edinburgh and took possession of their first home the same evening.]

Miss Welsh to T. Carlyle, Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan.

[Haddington, 1 August, 1826.]

MY DEAREST,—The twenty-fifth is long past and alas, we are still in the agonies of removal! Oh, the dreary tumult, the horrible, hopeless confusion of this day, and of many that are gone before! But it will all be got thro' in process of time, I suppose; and then, and then, my Husband, I laugh at Fate. Meanwhile I write with all the collected strength that the fitting has left me, just for fear you should take it into your head to get impatient and so come to investigate the state of things in person. Now, that would never answer. I would not have you in the way at present for any money: because neither should I have one moment's time to enjoy your society, nor have it in my power to make you in the least degree comfortable. Stop at Comley Bank! Lord help your simplicity! You do fall upon the most remarkable plans!

My dear Friend, this house at Comley Bank is not yet ours; for the present it belongs to my Mother. She and I take possession of it ourselves this very week; and really we shall have no accommodation for visitors, last of all for *you*, whom all the world now knows I am about to marry.

Do, pray, stay where you are till I am safe in Nithsdale; and make one journey to Edinburgh answer for all. I am sure a few weeks of idleness would do you good rather than harm. And with respect to other matters, that is household matters, *your* presence in Edinburgh at present is nowise needful: on the contrary, would be a great interruption. We will be at Temp-land, I expect, within three weeks from this date. In short, Dear, I do not wish you to set your foot within this house until it is all in applepie order to receive us; and I do not wish to see you at all until I can see you in more harmonious circumstances. Will you be guided by me for once? and I will be guided by you for ever after.

I must be content to send this scrawl as it is. I am distracted with noises, and dreadfully hurried and sick at heart. Write next week to No. 21 Comley Bank—or perhaps it will be surer to send the letter to John. God bless you. Pity me and love me for ever.—For ever yours,

JANE WELSH.

LETTER V.

[Married life began at Comley Bank under auspices in every way favourable. 'Our small house and household economy,' says Carlyle in an unpublished manuscript of 1869, 'were a very model in their kind; neatness, even elegance, silent frugality, and every essential of human comfort: that was the element we lived in, the character our poor little dwelling-place at once took and in all changes kept. She had never tried housekeeping till now, never been allowed to try it even for a week (as I have heard her regret); and it seemed as if the whole art had lain in her, ready, under lock and key. Both of us had our acquaintanceships in Edinburgh; even I some few, of friendly character, generally connected with Literature more or less, whose visits now and then were naturally a pleasant thing. Ere long she had organised, by skilful and silent choice out of these, a weekly little "Evening"—which now rises on my memory as one of the prettiest and successfulest bits of social contrivance I have ever been concerned with. Edinburgh was not refusing us its human welcome, its bits of glad social events; poor Edinburgh was only refusing us, what it had not much to give, some course for one's activities, some means of gaining, by honest labour, a humble livelihood! In point of society we had nothing to complain of, or rather very much to praise and prize. Sir William Hamilton, years ago familiar to me; Brewster (so far as we cared); little De Quincey (with the silver voice and melodious manners, prettiest talker in the world); Wilson [Christopher North]; and in the end, Jeffrey, almost like a household friend, within calling distance: this was of the very best that Edinburgh had in the matter of society; nothing of good or best in that kind but was accessible, had we ever wished to try. Nothing wanting

to make it daily more and ever more homelike, to peaceable completeness of a home—except the possibility of finding a decent livelihood there! I saw myself (and Another still dearer who depended on me) as if begirt with a ring of iron rocks, towering precipitous round and round! Of money I might have about 300*l.* (350*l.* *net* is dimly in my memory); and with that all visible resource seemed to terminate.'

The above is composed of extracts from Carlyle's MS., which is too long for citation here in full. It is a fine description of the earlier part of the life at Comley Bank as his memory recalled it from a distance of over forty years; but its tone is perhaps a little too sombre owing to his lonely, bereaved condition while writing it. His Letters of the time are uniformly cheerful, as he himself was, according to the testimony of his associates. (See Masson's *Edinburgh Sketches*, p. 330.) But his outlook, on the financial side, was indeed sufficiently disconcerting: his small capital was daily growing unbeautifully less, and there was no income at all. He made every effort to obtain literary work, or employment of a kindred sort, but without success. Finding nothing more promising, he began in January 1827 to write a didactic novel, *Wotton Reinfred*; but had finished only a few chapters when the work was interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Welsh, who was in distress about the behaviour of her tenants at Craigenputtock, who were abusing the place and paying no rent. She asked Carlyle to go down and try to expel them, and see, in general, what could be done by way of remedy. Carlyle and his wife, both somewhat discouraged with the outlook in Edinburgh, were at this time vaguely speculating about giving up house there and going to live in Craigenputtock, with Carlyle's brother Alick as farmer. A letter of introduction to Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, arrived at this juncture from B. W. Procter ('Barry Cornwall'), whom Carlyle had met in London in 1824. After presenting this letter and interviewing Jeffrey, and after consulting his brother about becoming tenant of Craigenputtock, Carlyle set off for Dumfriesshire a little before the middle of April, leaving Mrs. Welsh at Comley Bank. It was the first time he had been parted from his wife, and this is her first Letter to him after their marriage. It was not among the Letters stolen by the dishonest clerk; indeed, it was prepared by Carlyle himself for the *Letters and Memorials*, and the MS. cited from above was its Introduction. It does not appear in that work, but it cannot well be dispensed with here.]

Jane W. Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle, Post Office, Dumfries.

Comley Bank, 16 April, 1827.

DEAR, DEAR CHEAP, CHEAP!¹³—I met the Postman in Stockbridge yesterday morning, and something bade me ask if there were any Letters. Imagine my agitation when he gave me yours,¹⁴ four-and-twenty hours before the appointed time! I was so glad and so frightened! so eager to know the *whole* contents, that I could hardly make out any *part*. In the little Tobacconist's, where I was fain to seek a quiet place, I did at length however, with much heart-beating, get through the precious paper,

¹³ 'Cheap,' sportively used as the converse of his customary 'Dear.' His most usual name for her was 'Goody,' while she playfully called him 'Good.'

¹⁴ Which appears in the *Letters of Thomas Carlyle*, i. 45-50.

and find that my Darling still loved me pretty well, and that the Craig o'Putta was still a hope; as also that if you come not back to poor Goody on Saturday, it will not be for want of will. Ah! nor yet will it be for want of the most fervent prayers to Heaven that a longing Goody can put up; for I am sick, sick to the heart of this absence, which, indeed, I can only *bear* in the faith of its being brief. Oh, Dearest, I *do* love you in my very innermost being, far better than words can tell or even kisses; though *these* (when not the *experimental* sort) *are* rather eloquent in their way; and, to me at least, have often told such things! and they shall tell the same story over again, shall they not, yet a thousand and a thousand times? 'I expect but I doubt not.'

Alas the poor Craig o'Putta! what a way it is in, with these good-for-nothing sluggards! I need not recommend you to do all that is possible, nay, to '*do the impossible*' to get them out. Even suppose we did not wish the place for ourselves, it would be miserable to consign it to such hands. You will use all fair means then to recover it from them; that is all honest means; for, as to the tenderness and delicacy, which would have been becoming towards a worthy tenant, it were here out of place. I shall be very anxious till I hear from you again. Would to Heaven the business were settled, and in the way we wish! These perplexities and suspenses are not good for bilious people; indeed they are making *me* positively ill. How often, since you went, have I been reminded of your figure about the *hot ashes*;¹⁵ and my head has ached more continuously than at any time these six months. But health and spirits will come back when my dearest Husband comes back with good news; or rather when he comes back, whether his news be good or bad. Oh! I think I shall never be satisfied with looking at you, and holding you in my arms, and covering you with kisses after this—'Journey to Flätz.'¹⁶ Nay, it is no joke; to be separated from you, even for one week, is *frightful*, as a foretaste of what it *might* be. But I will not think of this—if I can help it. And after all why should I think of *life without you*? Is not my Being interweaved with yours so close, so close that it *can* have no separate existence? Yes, surely we will live together and die together, and be together through all Eternity. Awful, yet delicious thought! But you will be calling this 'French sentimentality,' I fear; and even 'the style of mockery' is better than that.

I have not been altogether idle since we parted, tho' I threatened I would take to bed. I have finished my Review; *The Representation of Female Character in the Greek Poets*,

¹⁵ An exaggerative metaphor descriptive of dyspeptic feeling.

¹⁶ See the story 'Schmelzle's Journey to Flätz' (by Jean Paul), a translation of which is given in Carlyle's *German Romance*.

also; and the *Comparison betwixt Cæsar and Alexander*, with all that I could understand of *The Friend*. Over and above which, I have transacted a good deal of shaping and sewing, the result of which will be complete, I hope, by the day of your return, and fill you with 'weender and amazement.'¹⁷

Gilbert Burns is gone! Mr. Brodie told us of his death last week; besides him, Mrs. Binnie, the Bruce people, and Mr. Aitken, we have had no visitors, and I have paid no visits. Last night I was engaged to Mrs. Bruce; but I wrapt a piece of flannel about my throat, and made my Mother carry an apology of cold. My kindest love to all, from the wee-est up to Lord Moon.¹⁸ God keep you, my dear good Husband. Write, and love me.—Your own Goody,
JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

LETTERS VI.—XI.

[Carlyle having satisfactorily settled the Craigenputtock business, immediately returned to Edinburgh. The tenant for a consideration agreed to retire at the May term, 1827; and Alexander Carlyle to take a lease of the farm, get the dwelling-house repaired and improved and all put into fit condition for occupation, in case Carlyle and his wife should decide to make it their home for a time. Mrs. Welsh warmly approved of the proposed removal of the young people to her near neighbourhood; her daughter, too, was in favour of the enterprise: Carlyle wrote in a Letter of the time, 'For my own part and the goodwife's we are strongly bent indeed upon the scheme'; and, again, 'Both Jane and I are very fond of the project'; yet they both felt some reluctance to take so serious a step without deliberate and due consideration. Meantime the writing of *Wotton Reinfred* was resumed, but only in a desultory way, and was finally laid aside, at the end of the seventh chapter, when, early in June, Jeffrey asked Carlyle for an article for the *Edinburgh Review*. He was soon admitted, too, to the *Foreign* and the *Foreign Quarterly Reviews*, and unexpectedly saw himself becoming a rather notable essayist. Fortune was commencing to smile; but who could say how soon it would begin to frown again? Besides, his work could, of course, be carried on quite as well at Craigenputtock, where his little savings would go much farther, and where both he and his wife would be independent and likely to enjoy better health. There was indeed much to be said both for and against the removal, and the decision was still in abeyance, when, in March 1828, they were both called to Dumfriesshire—Mrs. Carlyle to see her aunt Jeannie Welsh, who was seriously ill at Templand, and Carlyle to oversee the repairs at Craigenputtock. When they returned to Edinburgh, still undecided, they found the question of removal practically settled for them, as the following extract from a Letter of the 2nd of April 1828, from Carlyle to Dr. Carlyle, will show: 'We are to commence a new sort of life: it is at length decided that we go to Craigenputtock this Whitsunday! The house there already looks a world better. . . . I confess I had many doubts and misgivings about removing thither for the present; and possibly enough, had our house here (conditionally given

¹⁷ Wonder and amazement, so pronounced by some Scottish preacher, according to Carlyle's little sister Jane.

¹⁸ Nickname of John Carlyle, indicating breadth of face. The 'wee-est' was Carlyle's youngest sister, Jenny (afterwards Mrs. Hanning).

up before we left Edinburgh) been still to let, we might have been tempted to engage it again, and stay here at least another year. But such was not the case: poor No. 21 was already let; so that no rational alternative remains for us.'

The move to Craigenputtock was really a natural, wise, and prudent step: the place was their own; living expenses there were small compared with those of Edinburgh; it was one of the healthiest and most bracing situations in the world; and there they were within easy reach of all their relatives. On the whole they both enjoyed life there together, and were more healthy, contented, and fit than they could have been anywhere else. In the MS. of 1869, above cited, Carlyle refers to the adventure thus: 'It was on the whole a success and not a failure—thanks to my loved ones all, and first and chiefly to my loved *One*, whom and whose noble qualities, cheerfulness, hope, courage, patience, continual helpfulness, industry, victorious ingenuity, I recognise, now more than ever, to have been the saving element and *sine-qua-non* of the affair. She was very happy too, the dear Heart; perhaps these were her happiest days since her Father was taken from her.'

They moved to Craigenputtock on the 26th of May 1828, and had lived there between three and four years when letter VI. was written. Carlyle had just finished his *Sartor Resartus* (then called *Teufelsdröckh*), and had left Craigenputtock for London, at two o'clock in the morning of the 4th of August 1831—his chief object being to find a publisher for his MS., which he carried with him.]

LETTER VI.

*Jane W. Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle, 6 Woburn Buildings,
Tavistock Square, London.*

Craigenputtock, Saturday [6 August, 1831].

BEST AND DEAREST,—So you are really gone! and I—*Ich bin allein!* Every instant I feel this; yet I am not so miserable as might be supposed—at least not more miserable *here* than I should be in any other place where you were not. It would be infinitely worse to be obliged to make the agreeable among people whom I was all the while wishing annihilated, as I should be constrained (notwithstanding my true, tho' perhaps feeble, attachment to my species) to wish, with hardly any exception, all creatures of the human kind that 'obtruded' themselves on me in my present humour. As it is, Heaven be thanked, I have ample room and verge enough to ray forth darkness; and to meditate on 'the mill of death,' or the monstrous twelve-yards-long puddings in our insides, or any other earthly or unearthly topics that seem good to me, without the smallest interruption.

I went to bed when the sound of your wheels could no longer be heard; and cried myself into a troubled sleep. The first thing that met my eyes on waking was your nightcap lying on my pillow; whereupon I fell a-crying anew, and actually kissed it, I believe, tho' you know I hate red nightcaps. New trials

awaited me when I got out of bed and found some article of your dress in all parts of the room : but the worst of all was when I sat down to breakfast, and noticed the *one* cup and *one* everything, and thought how long *this* must last. My heart was nearly failing altogether; my *head* did fail me, and the whole of that day and part of the following, I had to keep my bed. Fate seemed minded to spare me the trouble of seeking myself employment in your absence. To-day I am in my usual middle state; and have been going about 'siding things,' as they say in Liverpool; in East Lothian dialect, 'redding up,' or in your 'brief and energetic' dialect, 'making an earthquake.' And now my house is all in order ('*swept and garnished*'), and tea has been made for *some hours* for Jamie,¹⁹ who is late (it is near eleven). I may mention further that Harry²⁰ has got his sides tarred; and that old Mary has found a nest of twelve turkey-eggs, which I could have broken, in spite that they were not put in the canister. Nothing of more importance has 'transpired.' Good sleep to you, my Darling, and good dreams!

Monday [8 August].—Jamie did not appear on Saturday: I sat up for him till twelve. Yesterday was my worst day since you went. . . . Jamie's arrival at nine was a real deliverance. He left them all well at Scotsbrig. He brought me an affectionate little letter from [your sister] Mary excusing her shyness at our last meeting, and accompanied with 'a riband for my wearing cap,' both which made me very wae. We sat looking at the *Randzeichnungen*²¹ till midnight, Jamie and I; for I am as wakeful as if I had a *Teufelsdreck in petto*. 'When I lie down I say, when shall I arise and the night be gone?' and I am on foot again the first in the house—to do what?—to dream.

This morning we were two at breakfast, and I *rang twice*; then started and exclaimed, almost in tears, 'Oh mercy, what am I doing!' and frightened Jamie into whiteness of face. The people are gathering for the roup;²² several have landed themselves in the complete enclosure before the house, and dashed off over the wall as if we had been discharging cannon from the windows. One man with a pot belly hung on the top till I

¹⁹ Carlyle's youngest brother, expected here on visit from Scotsbrig.

²⁰ Harry is her horse, who is still ill of an epidemic; and Mary is Mary Mills, one of their servants.

²¹ A volume of *Marginal Drawings*, by Neureuther, illustrating Goethe's Parables, etc., sent to Carlyle by Goethe in June of this year. (See *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, p. 272.)

²² The 'roup' is the sale by auction of Alexander Carlyle's farming gear, who, with a rent of 200*l.* a year to pay, was losing heavily. Though Craigen-puttock was again let (to a drover, at 170*l.* a year), Carlyle's brother did not quit the place for some months yet.

thought he was going to become a fixture for the warning of other travellers in this remote part of King William's dominions. The cruellest midge that ever was born has alighted in the very centre of the little *disease* on my face and inflicted a most severe bite. And my head is not well. Poor Goody! 'sorely flamed on from the Hell beneath'!

The roup is concluded and has turned out surprisingly, considering the handful of people. The corn brought considerably more than Alick calculated; the hay rather less; the potatoes found no purchaser, except a small lot which was sold to a drunk man—the most diverting drunk man he seems to have been, for he clapped a *second* saddle on Samuel MacAdam's horse, and insisted on riding it off as his own! A hundred and forty-five Pounds was the price of the corn and hay, exclusive of what Alick kept for his own use. And MacAdam proposes to take all the potatoes at the Candlemas price. This is rather what Mr. De Quincey would think a too *Theresalike*²³ paragraph. I have sent Betty²⁴ home for two days to see her Babe; and old Mary is officiating as housemaid. The only visible work I have done since you left me has been creating her a bonnet out of an old petticoat, which has made her the happiest of old women. But I have also read some little in the *Chaos*²⁵ and the Book of Job. Jamie said when he found me to-day sitting amidst a litter of books, papers, needlework, &c., 'You are not without a sort o' wark here, I think, but you never seem to get *fettled* to.' So it is! my head aches and aches, and I dream, dream. And now to bed, where I shall not sleep. Good-night, and Heaven keep you.

Tuesday [9 August].—Well, I too have a most 'excellent passivity.'²⁶ Behold me! I toil not, neither do I spin, yet somehow the day always slips over, if not without wishing, yet without weariness. Oh, the magic of the imagination! For what would one exchange the power to fancy?—I shall hear on Saturday: this I expect will reach you before then.

I have your profile stuck up on the mantelpiece. Remembrances to John. How I long for your letter! Bless you, bless you, my dear good Husband.—I am ever thine,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

²³ Theresa is a character in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, Carlyle's translation of which De Quincey had reviewed very unfavourably.

²⁴ 'Betty' is Elizabeth Smeal, another of their servants, 'the best,' says Carlyle, 'I ever paid wages to.'

²⁵ The *Chaos* is a weekly paper printed at Weimar, and edited by Otilie von Goethe, Goethe's daughter-in-law.

²⁶ Like Teufelsdröckh himself. See *Sartor*, bk. ii. c. iii. *et passim*.

LETTER VII.

Jane W. Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle, 6 Woburn Buildings,
Tavistock Square, London.

Craigenputtock, Thursday night [11 August, 1831].

DEAREST,—It was only yesterday that I sent off a letter to you; but it will do me good to write a word before I lie down. Yesterday the colony 'dwindled into an unintelligible whinner';²⁷ there was just Jamie, old Mary, and I left; but there was one gun amongst us, besides gig-whips; and I am quite delivered now from the foolish tremors I used to have about thieves. Alick was to remain all night in Dumfries, to be ready for the Sheriff Court to-day. I was sorry to part with Jamie; he is the best of my Brothers-in-law: in other words, he likes *me* best. It was a sort of Flætz parting. I locked the door after them, brought out quantities of needlework, and—fell asleep. When I awoke it was four in the afternoon! I had been sleeping at the easy rate of two hours per night, since your departure, and was quite worn out. The rest of the day I was busied in Cinderella work, making butter, &c., &c. To-day I have been sorting some clothes of price (*sic*) and making divers preparations for to-morrow, when Mother and Isabella MacTurk are coming to breakfast, and to take me away. Oh, if they would but leave me alone; if they would but suffer me to remain *in silence*! Alick is come from Dumfries, where the Sheriff Court business has had a droll enough issue. A Mason (Gracie from Dunscore) had examined the tables, and left a written testimony that they were *fixtures*, which made us not without anxiety; but so far from *this* introducing any burble, neither the man MacAdam nor any one for him, or connected with him, appeared! tho' Alick saw both Joseph and Samuel in the Town (nay, drank two bottles of porter with them over the signing of a bill, without word spoken of either Court or tables) only a few minutes after he had got the Sheriff's decree in his pocket sentencing the non-appearing MacAdam to pay the whole charge (£7). Alick was quite at a loss what theory to form of the matter (for the summons had been given into Joseph's own hand), or whether it was likely to end here; even *my* prophetic faculty is at a nonplus. There were no letters except a long-winded note from Mrs. Richardson²⁸ telling me she could not come, having made an engagement

²⁷ 'My father's account of a precentor who lost his tune, desperately tried several others, and then "died away into an unintelligible whinner."'—T. Carlyle in *Letters and Memorials*, i. 202.

²⁸ Novelist, living in Dumfries; 'much a lady'; 'really a superior kind of woman,' says Carlyle in the *Reminiscences*.

elsewhere for some weeks—*tant mieux*. And now God bless thee, Darling, and dream of me!

Templand, Saturday morning [13 August].

Oh, what a day was yesterday! What a breaking in upon my still existence! What a foolish, tasteless racket! All the earth seemed to have broken loose. At half after *five*, lying awake (as is my wont)—the morning misty and dark—I heard the most inexplicable sound—a jingling of wheels, not cart-wheels, evidently, and it seemed too slow for a chaise or gig; I could compare it to nothing but the sound of a hearse. I rung and enquired, What in all the world was *that* at this hour in the morning? 'It is Mr. Fyffe, Mem—the Brewer from Dumfries; he is going to fish in the Orr and wants to leave his horse and gig here; for he was sure you would not object upon the account of his Brother.'²⁹ 'Does he want any breakfast, too, upon the same account? Tell him he may stay or come back.' And Betty went off to ask, grieving that I should have been disturbed. 'But I could not help it, Mem; I took him for—not just a walking drover—but some *tops-man*, and sent out old Mary to tell that lad to drive slow past the house-end for fear of waking Mrs. Carlyle.' She brought back for answer that he was in pressing haste; but would be back for the horse and gig at one o'clock. 'And it is such a morning for midges, Mem, as you never felt. She (the cow) is quite beside herself with them; and Mr. Fyffe says he could not live here a month; that he is like to be eaten up.' 'Nobody wants him to live here an hour; and if he is eaten up, so much the better.' And I rose forthwith, in a sort of flurry, baked some scones, &c., &c.; and was proceeding to dress myself, when a change came o'er the spirit of my dream, and I was put to bed in a faint. It was now between eight and nine. I was just come to myself, when a loud rap with the knocker made me give a loud scream. 'Mr. Fyffe again, Mem; the water is drumly.' 'Oh, if he had but drowned in it! Bid him wait; say I am not up.' And I rose once more and dressed myself with all deliberation. When I entered the drawing-room, I got a sort of shock. Such a creature! Shaped like one of his own beer-barrels, and not altogether sane, it struck me; but he had breakfasted at a farmhouse, and I was soon to be rid of him. He proceeded to yoke his gig, and I walked out to Alick in the Garden, to whom Mary Mills had allowed no rest that morning, making noises before his door, and imploring him by all the Saints to 'come and give the borders a wee rake before Mrs. Welsh saw the wark.' Presently the chaise was heard coming, and the gig was just ready to depart. 'Now Heaven

²⁹ Dr. Fyffe of Haddington, a rejected lover of Miss Welsh.

help me,' cried I, 'I am a lost woman; my reputation is gone; there will they meet that man in the Avenue, and take him for some lover I am dispatching out of the way!' 'Never fash yourself, Mem,' says Mary, 'I can testify that I saw him wi' my ain een come here after five o'clock.' And now out slipped Isabella with smiling, comely face; and out stepped my Mother apparently *highly excited*; and lastly, to my no small surprise, was revealed the long figure of Robert Barker. We kissed (the women, that is) and giggled and looked prodigiously glad, and at length got seated at breakfast. Everything of course was 'delightful,' 'beautiful.' But would I go round by Dumfries? It would be so pleasant. I *must* go, and there was no time to put off. Accordingly we were all jammed (the four of us) inside the chaise—not a breath of wind stirring—and driven away to *Templand via Dumfries*! It was vain to say I was sick; I had no *business* there. For once I must be happy. By the time we reached the Commercial,³⁰ however, the ploy was become rather flat to all parties, as well as me. Robert Barker could not get his legs stretched; and his exclusive attention to me was evidently spreading a cloud over the female minds. We had the nastiest of dinners; sauntered a while about the streets; called for my Aunts; met Captain Thorburn and Jenny Grieve, who asked for you and hoped all my young folks were well. To which I answered out of politeness, but to the no small amusement of the rest, 'All quite well, thank you,' and then we were stuffed into our oven again, and, with unspeakable fatigue, but without loss of time, landed here about eleven at night. The expenses of the day I suppose would have half-paid my seat to London. With which reflection, and the comfort that I had settled with Alick to come with the gig on Wednesday and *take* me home, if I could not get away myself before that, I fell asleep, and dreamt that a young man (Gustavus, I think, it must have been) was proposing to marry me. I asked him, 'Do you subscribe to every opinion that Carlyle has put down in *Teufelsdröck*?' He answered 'Yes,' and I gave him my hand and said 'That is so far good.'

Since five this morning I have been reading *Meister*, the only Book besides *Teufelsdröck* and the Bible which I mean to keep always by me. At half after two the Post comes and then I shall have your letter, for I directed it to be forwarded hither. Would it were come!

Sunday [14 August].—It is come, the long kind letter; never was the sight of your handwriting more welcome; never was any mortal made happier with a letter. Little Jenny was to bring it with her from Thornhill; I watched and watched, and at length

³⁰ Commercial Inn, Dumfries.

she came in sight, and I ran breathless to meet her. 'Have you a letter for me?' 'No, Mem, the post was not come.' I could hardly help striking the creature down where she stood. But I only came in and put on my bonnet. 'Jeannie Welsh, you are not to go any such road in the heat of the day; you will see what will be the consequence.' 'The consequence will just be that I shall get my letter.' 'Well, wait till after dinner, and I will send again, or you can walk over in the cool of the evening.' 'I cannot wait one moment'; and off I went, Isabella and Robert Barker insisting on accompanying me, a fatigue I could well have spared them. And the eggs were all broken, and your things would be so spoiled! and no one to put you to rights but a washerwoman. Well, I will not think of *that*, but only that you are safe and love me, and wishing yourself back to me.

Mrs. Montagu writes entreating me to come to *her* and give you an agreeable surprise as a Christian return for the disappointment you gave her, offering me funds, and pressing the offer on my acceptance with much—*rhetoric*. She knows me little, if she dreams I should entertain such an idea for an instant. I will never, God willing, buy myself *pleasure* with another's means; nor yet with my own till the necessary is first provided for. I was to write to Scotsbrig on Wednesday at any rate: Jamie begged it of me with an earnestness quite unusual, and also that I would send him my profile! Fear not but I will attend to their anxieties about you. I wish Alick may not neglect the Dumfries paper to-day; but if it does not come you will understand my absence was the cause. I thought Alick going out of his wits the last night of Jamie's visit. I was playing to them, and he broke out in such a strain of lyrical recognition as set us all in astonishment. 'It was heavenly,' he said; 'it transported him out of this earth into a new world of *celestial delight*; these strains were like so many little *winged spirits speaking to him out of the skies!*' and much more of the same sort, till Jamie asked with a deadening and killing look 'What ails thee, man?'

But my paper is done. I hope I shall hear again on Wednesday. Oh, write, write often. Bless thee, Darling, and prosper thee in all that is for thy good. You will read all this stuff with interest, though you would hardly let me *speak* such. Remember me to John.

YOUR OWN JANE.

LETTER VIII.

Jane Welsh Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle, 6 Woburn Buildings, Tavistock Square, London.

Craig o' Putta [18 August, 1831].

'My foot is on my native heath, and my name's M'Gregor!' And now, dear Love, I can breathe again, and think, and feel,

and write. Well, it is an invaluable privilege to have a house of one's own—to be entitled to take a *rank in society*, though it were even below the craziest sort of gig. Robert Barker said one day, naïvely enough, when I had been skipping all his remarks and sparing myself the fatigue of answering: 'What does ail you? At Craigenputtock she is the brightest, most delightful creature in the world; and here, always sullen and miserable-looking!' 'It is a pity it should be so,' said my Mother, with much emphasis and tossing. 'Fortunate rather,' I coolly replied; 'it is surely fortunate that I produce the pleasantest impression in the place where I oftenest am, and where it is my duty to be.' But I am not quite alone now; Isabella MacTurk accompanied me home, whom I think of more highly than I was wont. She is blythe and good-natured to look at, as can be; and then she can work and be silent. We shall get on well together for a little while. I told you that I had appointed Alick to come for me on Wednesday. We waited dinner for him till half-after four, when he at length arrived. . . .

A thousand thanks for your kind letter. Your letters are always welcome to me, but especially when they praise me. I read it over again this morning at daybreak and found it '*very good*.' Poor Julia Strachey, poor Ann Montagu,—poor everybody! I am wae for them all. I should be waeest for myself, if it were not that I have the best man living for my Husband. Jeffrey writes me that you 'look very smart and dandyish; have got your hair cut, and a new suit, and are applying various cosmetics to your complexion.' Moreover, that he '*will do what he can for the Book*, but fears its extravagance and what will be called its affectation.' Let him not bother his dear little heart overmuch. *Dreck* is *done for* already, and no Bookseller nor body of Booksellers, no discerning public, can *undo* him—not the Devil himself can undo him. If they will not publish him, bring him back and I will take care of him and read him and admire him, till we are enabled to publish him on our own account.

There was a letter from the Parishes³¹ yesterday, which I will enclose; no others. Harry's sides have been much worse for the tarring; we have washed it off, and put on train oil. I am going to line my bonnet.

Eleven at night.—What think you we have been doing, Bella and I, for the last hour and half? Verily dancing quadrilles, with all the seriousness in the world, to the sound of our own singing! To-day I have followed Jeffrey's prescription to the letter: I have both 'danced and drunk red wine,' and yet my heart is *na licht*. Who indeed that has read *Dreck* can be light-

³¹ Shipping agents at Hamburg, through whom was sent about this time the box containing the Seal and Address from fifteen English friends to Goethe.

hearted any more? Good-night, Dearest. It is some comfort to think you do not take up with other women.

Friday [19th Aug.].—We have a fire to-day, and are very quiet; I knitting, Isabella embroidering. She can hold her peace for hours, and then laugh till the tears come, if I like that better. We had a small adventure after dinner, at the corner of Stumpy: we met two pointer dogs, and presently after, a handsome, oldish, military-looking man, who enquired very politely if Mr. Carlyle was at home. On being assured in the negative, he said he was going to have requested leave to ride across the ground—not to shoot—but to save himself some travelling. I told him he was quite welcome; and he rode off with many graceful bows, and, when he was some distance gone, called back that he hoped Mrs. Welsh was well. Who the Deuce can he be?

I heard of your Mother and Sisters being at Lockerby Fair on Tuesday—all well. I wrote last Wednesday; my Mother also sent a kind sort of note to Mary [Carlyle] enclosing a guinea, 'to suit her taste in a gown which she wished to give her'—a little attention which gratified me more than the many kindnesses of that person conferred on myself. My Aunts are not coming on this occasion. Poor Elizabeth, I fear, is in a bad way; she has got a cough and pain in her side, and all the symptoms of the fatal malady which has already taken so many of us. She said to me, in her usual rapid speech and with an almost frightful smile: 'I have a cough now too, and what will come of that I don't know; but we shall see.' I felt a sort of terror when I looked at her pale face and clear eyes; not so much for her, I confess, as for myself; and something within me seemed to say, So shall you also one day look. You know I am something of a coward; but if I am too fearful of dying, whose fault is it? Whose but yours, who make life dear to me!

Saturday [20 Aug.].—We have got our curiosity satisfied about the stranger: this morning a servant handed in a black-cock with compliments from 'the gentleman who was here yesterday.' We took care not to let the opportunity slip, and asked the gentleman's name. It was Major Irving—formerly of Gribton—an old friend of my Father's! How stupid not to tell me so at first! he looked, too, so unwilling to go without speaking more; but I could not encourage him to linger, not knowing who he was, though his prepossessing appearance made me treat him politely.

My head has been less troublesome for some days, and the dancing makes me sleep a little more. Betty tells me that all Terregles was talking about *the Master's Speech*; ³² her political

³² At a dinner to Allan Cunningham in Dumfries in July of this year. Carlyle's speech was reported in the *Dumfries Courier* of July 22, and noticed favourably by John Wilson in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

friend, Mr. Anderson, had seen it in an Edinburgh Newspaper; 'and they all know of his cleverness now, Mem'—which is always some comfort. The said Betty has had certain love passages with 'The Rowantree,' as she calls him, which in spite of her recollections of Easton, seem to have taken effect on her. But the Rowantree privately confessed to Alick that it was all on account of the skimmed milk I gave the Maxwells!

I have just been down to Nether Craigenputtock, charging the Corsons to ask for letters to-morrow. William seems pretty near '*deranged*.' Indeed, he told us that he had 'been so unsettled of late that he had become in a manner *quite detached*.' He misses you much, 'for tho' he did not see you often close at hand, you were many times visible to him from the fields coming along the road like a comet'!

God bless thee, Darling! It is a fortnight past on Thursday since you went away. Will you be back in a fortnight more?

YOUR OWN JANE.

Isabella begs to be remembered to you. I have not written to the Noble Lady yet, but will.

LETTER IX.

Jane Welsh Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle, 6 Woburn Buildings, Tavistock Square, London.

Craigenputtock, Monday [29 August, 1831].

No letter yesterday! But this time I am sure it is lying for me, and I do what I can to be patient. Yet, never before was I so fully sensible to the misfortune of living sixteen miles from a Post-office. Here must I write for the third time, in the dark, as it were; and *you* get no answer but at random, as if you talked to one deaf. It is very hard, yet what can one make of it? withhold from the wretch of a Carrier his occasional sixpence, and no farther does our power reach either to remedy or revenge.

I know not what Betty was thinking of yesterday, but she made up my bed with the whole four pillows, as if it had been for two. I was so wae to see it, and could not have the heart to throw out the two I did not need, and got little or no sleep in consequence. I do not like to say how much I weary for you, lest I make you too impatient under these unavoidable delays; but in truth it is very lonely here for *one*.

The weather too is become rather gloomy—dark, drizzly and chill. However, I keep good fires (Alick brought two carts of coals before he went away) and need not complain of the weather, as it agrees with my health better than the intense heat did.

Robert did not come yesterday (on account of the rain, I

suppose) and neither did Isabella go; but she will not be persuaded to stay after the first dry day.

I wonder what answer you will make to my last. 'Come'? What a mightiest of earthquakes would that word be the signal for! 'Stay'? I think I shall sigh if you bid me stay; not for myself so much as for you. No. 'Here thou canna be'³³ much longer; and here you would not have been so long but for *me*. You would not have your Goody a gigwoman, and yet you would fain leave her her gig. I cannot, you think, jostle my way thro' the crowd on foot. Thou unbeliever! Do you forget the *pattens* which I boldly avowed as 'my carriage' at the very outset of our married life? Or do you fear that I shall not always put on my *pattens* with the '*saym relish*'?³⁴ Debt is the sole boggle that *fleys* [frightens] me. Keep me but out of debt, and I care not three snuffs of tobacco whether I be poor or rich. By the way there need not have been so much work made about *my* smokes: I am no such slave to the practice as was supposed. Now that I do not see it going on, it never comes into my head to wish for it.

Tuesday [30 Aug.].—Another wet day and nothing going on except digestion. The little works we have on hand are completed and nothing new has yet suggested itself. Moreover, the needles are dwindled to an 'unintelligible wheener,' so that the spheres of possibilities in that department are much restricted. We have overhauled all your manuscript verses, and my wardrobe also; in which last Musæus thinks the female spirit of contemplation finds the most palatable food. And now to preserve her vital energies from inanition, poor Isabella is taken to thumping my piano out of tune, while the '*ease of society*' is pressing on *me* like a nightmare.

How providential! Just at the extremity of fate above recorded, arrived, what in such circumstances I could not but regard as a real *Himmelsendung*, a man with a sheltie, come for my companion. She has packed and dined and is gone. And now it is so well with me! (ungrateful that I am), for I no longer feel a necessity to make myself agreeable—which I hold to be the most deadening and killing feeling mortal can lie under. For the rest, *ennui* is far from me: I have writing more than enough to keep me busy till six, when Betty must set out to M'Knight's. A letter to your Mother I must write; and to Alick; and to my own Mother, who is fuming herself into a bad way because I will not come.

In a week or so I expect that Harry may be saddled without injury, and then I will ride over for a day. But I cannot say

³³ Said to Carlyle by his father when at Craigenputtock.

³⁴ John Jeffrey's pronunciation of the words—Francis Jeffrey's brother.

what I shall do till I hear something decided from you. I had heard that poor Dow³⁵ was *gone mad*, but afterwards that he was only inspired. Good Heavens! how *can* Edward Irving take in such *janners*! The only miracle that has come under my notice has been worked on our lame duck, which after lying motionless for a whole month, took up its bed and walked. I think it would be doing George Rennie³⁶ too much honour to call for him, but I should like that you saw him. Could not Allan Cunningham bring you together? Oh, that to-morrow were come! that I saw my close-written precious letters spread on the table before me! This you will think a dud; and indeed it is of the thinnest; but that departure took up two hours of my time which I had calculated on devoting to you.—I must smile at the idea of Jeffrey recommending your manuscript to Murray. He will not, Dearest, dare not. Trust only in yourself, and there trust *to all lengths*.—Heaven bless my Darling!

EVER YOUR JANE.

LETTER X.

*Jane Welsh Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle, 6 Woburn Buildings,
Tavistock Square, London.*

Craigenputtock, Thursday [1 September, 1831].

BELOVED GOOD—'BALM BEST AND HOLIEST,'—Blessings on thee for thy precious letters! truly they are my life in death! Oh, had you seen me last night, seen the almost insupportable impatience of thy Goody, and then her transports, you would hardly have known whether to laugh or weep. Betty returned with a long story about M'Knight's having been late. 'For God's sake give me the letters!' 'He left the Town too at the usual hour, Mem'—'For the love of God will you produce the letters!' So seeing that I would positively not hear her out first, she at last handed me *the little bag* I had sent, in case of one being lost by the way; for the various imaginations I fall on to torment myself with are altogether wonderful.

And now I was happy, happy—indeed too happy, for the intensity of the feeling was sickening. My fire burned clear, my candle was lit—all in readiness; and I seated myself at my little table (for one) and spread out both the letters before me, and tried to read them *both at once*; and finding that impossible even to Love, finally began with the beginning and read on to the end; at which point I felt a strong disposition to rush out into infinite space, and tell the dead craigs and running brooks that

³⁵ Dow was Minister of Irongray, and took up the 'Gift of Tongues' affair of Irving.

³⁶ A former lover of Miss Welsh. See *Early Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, *passim*; and Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, i. 70.

my Husband was well and took up with no other women! ³⁷ God help me! I am a great fool. 'Now you will put yourself off your sleep, Mam,' said Betty when she came in with porridge and found me walking at quick time about the room; and she never said a truer thing; for not one wink of sleep have I got this night. About one I rose, put on my dressing-gown, lit my candle, looked vacantly on the *Dumfries Courier* for two hours, and—smoked half an inch of a cigar; not, I declare to thee, for the love of the cigar, but because I had a pleasure in mimicking thee. Then I returned to bed again, but sleep was out of the question. My heart now beat audibly; the wind was making strange noises; for the first time I felt a little nervous about our unprotected state, and regretted that I had not yet learned, as I was meaning, to fire the gun! And so, between vague apprehension and anxious listening, on the one hand, and thoughts of thy love and goodness on the other, of my probable journey to London, my meeting with my Own, John's good fortune,³⁸ Mrs. Montagu's desertion to the dragons, Badam's misfortunes, and all the interesting things you tell me, I tumbled on till seven, when I had tea in bed; and after one other unavailing attempt at sleep, I put on my clothes, and here am I, not a bit weary, without headache or other ailment, only very much *detached*. But to-morrow will come, when I shall be 'more stilly laid,' as the song says; so it is best to write while I may: besides it will help to compose my mind.

I should have liked better certainly if John had got an appointment of a more permanent sort, although less showy; but let us be thankful and hope the best; it is certainly better than none, nay, it is a fair and even splendid career laid open to him, in which he has only to avoid kicking over apple-baskets, and he will get along bravely. Offer him my sincere congratulations. I will send on the note for Alick by the earliest opportunity. I had a note from him this morning. . . .

³⁷ A 'sage advice' from the Wife, which in this case, unlike Tam o' Shanter's, the Husband did not 'despise'! For he wrote to her on August 17: 'Understand also that up to this date I have still "taken up with no other women," but love my own woman beyond the whole Sisterhood, and am positively far fonder of her than when I wrote from London of old, and was not her Husband but only her Lover.' And again on the 22nd of the same month: 'Understand, however, once more, that I have yet taken up with no other women. Nay, many as I see, light air-forms tripping it in satin along the streets, or plumed Amazons curbing their palfreys in the Park with pomp and circumstance enough—there has no one yet fronted me, whom even to look at I would exchange with my own. And to take into my bosom and clasp as mine, *ach Gott!* there is not such a one extant. This is an *original* thought, is it not? And yet could any poetic or prophetic relation please my Darling so, as this repeating of the thousand times repeated?'

³⁸ Dr. Carlyle's appointment as Travelling Physician to Lady Clare, at a salary of three hundred guineas.

At present let me turn to what is naturally uppermost in my thoughts—my coming to you. Say but this: That you do not for the purpose of procuring *me a pleasure* make any sacrifice of your own wishes or convictions; and without an instant's hesitation I am decided to come, so soon too, as I can get things arranged for leaving. 'The Town is empty.' Oh, mercy! it will be full enough any day of the year for one who has been so long used to a desert. Every way of it were pleasant to me: I should like to go to Cornwall, like to go to Enfield, like to stay with you; so that on that ground there need be no delay; and neither on any other ground that I can see, were it judicious. I should not add to your expenses, living *with* you in London (so far as I see into it) more than if I were keeping a *separate* establishment here. And there seems every chance of *your* being detained in London some time yet. At all rates, if it be decided that we winter in London, which indeed appears to me almost as a *necessity*, the saving (if any) of returning hither for a few weeks were not worth the fatigue and inconvenience, while the expense of *my* journey up is the same whether incurred now or a month or two later.

Now consider what a time elapses before one can get an answer to a letter here; and also how very slowly one gets on, even with the most trivial arrangements, if they depend not wholly on oneself. And so tell me in the *very next letter* (if I be really to come) all that you would have me to do. First, as to Betty: shall I dismiss her, or let her stay and take care of the house till the Term? I have been thinking the last way were perhaps the best for the house, and the cheapest. She would have potatoes, butter, bacon without cost; a little tea and sugar would complete her outfitting. I shall be sorry to lose her, but the keeping of *pets* is too expensive for people in our way. The same remark applies to Harry; but some means may perhaps be fallen upon of keeping him on without expense. Here he cannot be for obvious reasons connected with his own personal comfort, poor little beast. They keep beasts in beasts' places; and would break the heart of a beast that has had entirely the life of a gentleman. Perhaps my Mother will take him in the mean time and send her shelly here. This is the only outlook that I have for him as yet. However, if you would wish him sold and out of the road, tell me. The cow is sure of a welcome, go where she will. You would like her sent to Scotsbrig, I suppose? and the turkeys with *your* compliments? The chickens I am resolved to eat as many of as I can.

Next, as to what I am to bring with me, or send: am I to bring anything except my wearing apparel? Is there any need of sheets, or table-cloths, etc.? Do you want any books or clothes? Would it be worth while to carry meal, butter, bacon,

so far? The eatables might be packed together in one barrel; the other things (if wanted) in your large trunk, and shipped in the steamboat with me. My Uncle would be able to point out the safest and cheapest way of getting them transported afterwards. But you must explain to me, at least give me some idea of the sort of things that you feel in want of.

I can take an inventory of all the articles in the house, and *where* they are, and leave it with the keys in charge to my Mother, so that at any future time, should anything be required, it may be come at and sent.

And now having written myself almost out of breath, I shall rest a little, and re-commence, if possible, with a better pen.

Next Saturday the devil and his angel, the Moniaive Carrier, shall *not* prevail against me. I have been out examining Harry's sides. I think they may bear the saddle—will try him at least for a mile or two this very night; and if so, I will ride for the letter *myself* and save three days of impatience, indignation, and despair.

I feel strong enough when I see any *enterprise* before me; but indeed my health is improved. I was persuaded to take port wine at Templand, and since my return I have drunk one of our two bottles—a glass every forenoon; and have been distinctly very much the better for it. The disease on my face, too, is fading into invisibility. When I was at Templand my Mother said: 'I will tell you, Jeannie, what you should do for that spot on your face; bathe it every morning and evening with spring-water, etc., etc.' 'But I was flattering myself that the spot on my face was nearly gone.' 'By the bye, I think it is' (with a look of disappointment). Robert Barker seemed to think it no blemish; he is as much or more in love with me, I verily believe, than ever he was. I observed one night to the ladies that he was surely getting into strange conditions. 'He is madly in love with another man's Wife,' says my Mother, 'that's all.' 'And a good deal too much, I think; could you not, either of you, advise him to bestow his valuable affections more to the purpose?'

And Jeffrey admires the Sleeping City. Thank him for nothing. He would have been the dullest of mortals if he had not. My beloved *Dreck!* my jewel of great price! The builders despise thee; but thou wilt yet be *brought out with shouting*, and I shall live to see thee in thy place. All these discouragements do but increase my confidence, as a candle burns brighter for being snuffed; for *Dreck* is imperishable, indestructible as the substance of the four elements; and all Booksellerdom, all Devildom cannot prevail against him!

But I must leave the next half sheet to be filled up at Dumfries. God bless thee, Darling.

Friday night [2 September].—Little sleep last night either; and to-day one of my worst heads. Had any traveller landed here this forenoon, and explored his way thro' the deserted *toon* to my apartment, he might have fancied himself in a scene of enchantment. There, on my bed, lay collected all the *life* remaining in the place, and that apparently extinct or spellbound. I had been fainting, and Betty leaning over me, holding salts to my nose; in which position we both finally fell asleep! Now I am up and better, and still resolutely bent on the Post-office to-morrow. Indeed, Mr. Carlyle, *a's maist ashamed* to say it, but *a's* far too impetuous.³⁹ My speculative ardor will shorten my life. But I must not fill up my paper till to-morrow.—Good-night; my Beloved.

Dumfries, Saturday [3 September].—Well, dearest, here am I! I have ridden down in safety after a gentle night's sleep of *fifteen minutes*, and without having broken my fast. *Gleg* [sharp] as a hawk, more fluent, more ready for adventures than ever I was in my life—only feeling 'a strong inclination to bark,'⁴⁰ or rather to rush out as a sign, and tell the 'machine of society' 'for God's sake to get on.' God help me! I wish I were safe in your arms; for this sort of life is too agitating, would soon kill me outright. I am the veriest fool; I never knew I was such a fool before. I try all I can to be quiet, patient, reasonable; but the struggle only makes the fever of my mind the greater. Well, it will not last long. I will direct this almost frightful activity to accomplish all that is to be accomplished, with the speed of light; and then! then shall I fly away and be at rest! I have your precious letter; burst it open in the street, read it in the Apothecary's Hall, where I am now writing. Fear not but I shall get all managed and soon. Already are my arrangements put on a train, and next letter perhaps I shall be able to say *when*.

Here is a letter from Goethe, which, alas, I cannot read! But you will read it to me ere long. I have written a note to the Noble Lady. Oh, how sadly you have defaced her fair image in my soul; but I must still *try* to love her; there are so few women in the world to be loved! This Mrs. Austin indeed! Take care! God bless you. I have no quiet or calmness to think of anything practical here. Fail not to write for next Saturday; I will make sure of the letter. THY OWN JANE.

³⁹ This is a variation of 'I'se maist ashamed to say it, but I'se no better,' often used by Mrs. Carlyle in her earlier Letters. (See *New Letters and Memorials*, i. 222.)

⁴⁰ Said by a man who had been bitten by a dog, and who feared the inclination to bark was a premonition of hydrophobia!

LETTER XI.

*Jane Welsh Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle, 6 Woburn Buildings,
Tavistock Square, London.*

Templand, Sunday [11th September, 1831.]

DEAREST LOVE,—I found four letters at Thornhill yesterday : one from Sam Aitken, one from Mr. Donaldson, one from Alick (as had been arranged at parting) enclosing the Bill for John, and one from my own darling Good. Thine, Dearest, frightened me, addressed in thy own hand. Was Jeffrey ill, as the Newspapers are reporting? Or were you quarrelled with him, as you seemed in the road to be? Neither, thank God! Only the poor old Wax-doll getting its crown put on. But it *saddened* me also; and that impression is scarce worn off yet. It was not the bugs alone, which, to say the truth, '*gave me a sort of shock*'; it was the tone of the whole letter, the *effort* to be cheerful, which I perceived in it, and which perhaps none but I who know you so well would have perceived. You were not 'happy'; and I not with you! No Goody to kiss you into goodhumour, or if that were found impossible, to bear you company in illhumour. I thought of you, and dreamt of you all night, in your solitary 'manger'! and shall have no peace till we are reunited. I will make you up a bed on the drawing-room floor, and sleep on it beside you (better than I have done of late in our own fine red one), if there be no other way of escaping vermin. So be of good heart and defy this new temptation of the Devil. One has always a tossing and tumbling for a while in every new situation. The business is to ascertain what situation is the *fittest*; and then set a stout heart to a steep braise. At Craigenputtock we have always had a secret suspicion that we were quite wrong; removed out of the sphere of human activity fully as much thro' cowardice as superior wisdom (am I not right in regard to you as well as myself?), and thus all our doings are without heart and our suffering without dignity. With a goal before me I feel I could leap six-bar gates; but how dispiriting, tethered on a barren heath, running round and round! Yet let it not be forgotten that at Craigenputtock you have written *Teufelsdröck!* Yes, the candle sometimes burns its way thro' the bushel; but what a waste of light! Nevertheless, I am taking all possible pains to preserve the poor Putta in habitable order; for no more than you would I *renounce* it. It is a safe haven (tho' but a desert island) in stress of weather.

Harry and Nooly are *both* to come here. My Mother will give Harry bits of bread, and Grace Caven will take charge of 'her' [the cow, Nooly] exclusively. . . .

I wrote to Sam and my Uncle⁴¹ on Thursday. Sam's answer throws little new light on the matter; but confirms me in what I supposed, that Leith was out of the question. Things are charged in the Smacks by *bulk* not weight, except in cases of lead or iron. A chest of drawers full, might cost, he thinks, about twelve shillings; but then the carriage from Dumfries to Leith is eightpence a stone; from here to Edinburgh, sixpence; whereas from Dumfries to Liverpool it is nine shillings a ton, and no restriction on passengers' luggage. Accordingly without waiting for my Uncle's answer, I have decided on Liverpool. My Mother is getting some meal made: there is none ready yet at Scotsbrig; but I think it is as good here. How very careless you think me that I would not write to your Mother without always needing to be bid!

I was seriously afraid when I last wrote that I was going to be laid up with some fever or other violent disorder: no *safe* quantity of paregoric did me either ill or good; and one of my cheeks (not the diseased one) was frightfully swelled. But since I came here I have had some sleep, and the throbbing of my heart and head is somewhat stilled. I shall weather it through, and then I shall be well—the change of air always makes me healthy for a while. Is the *wart* off? Do have it done before John goes. I hope I shall arrive in time to see him. I calculate on setting out on Thursday week; and then I must rest a day or two in Liverpool.

Miss Lawson's account came to £1 13 10—less than I was thinking. Kennedy is not paid yet; and I am owing Alick for the two carts of coals; some ten shillings will need to be laid out for Betty. I shall have near £4 left, I suppose, so that you can either send me what more you think will put me out of danger, or I can ask a few pounds from Alick, and send them afterwards. Enclosed is the Bill for John.⁴² The milk-tables are all piled in our close; every one of them was run fully a foot into the back wall! What is a fixture? The flooring of the peathouse was sold twelve hours after Alick knew that I was to evacuate the 'muckle hoose,' as old Mary used to call it. And already the premises are overflowed with a chaos of it poured from the barn, &c., &c. Be thankful that you are where you are—bugs and all! When the time comes we shall call order out of it all again; but, *in the meantime*, we are best at a distance. God for ever bless my dear Husband, and send me safe to his heart!

JANE CARLYLE.

Jane sends her love. She has got a new gown from my Mother, and gloves, and Lord knows what all. Robert Barker

⁴¹ John Welsh, of Liverpool.

⁴² For a loan of 40*l.* from Alick Carlyle to Dr. Carlyle.

is here, as usual! my shadow. 'I begin to be weary.'⁴³ Bless thee.

LETTER XII.

[The preceding, No. XI., is the last of her Craigenputtock letters to Carlyle, so far as is known at present. A careful inspection of his replies to them—which are amongst the longest and best letters he ever wrote, and not a half of which has yet been published—would seem to show, however, that there are others of hers—perhaps only one or two—still missing. It is not impossible that these may turn up some time or other. But certainly enough has now been published to establish the fact that, after five years of married life, there was no diminution but rather an increase in her love and admiration for her husband. In this point of view, therefore, these letters are perhaps the most important documentary evidence that has yet come to light. They give, too, a wonderfully graphic and vivid picture of life at Craigenputtock, painted in gloomy tints in her temporary widowhood (as in like state she would have painted any other place in the world), but with hope still shining through beautiful as sunshine on a ground of black. Referring to her description of their moorland home Carlyle writes in one of his replies: 'It is all a living picture, and the dear Screamikin Artist standing in the middle of it both acting and drawing it for my sake. . . . Compose thyself, my Darling; we *shall* not long be separated, come of it what may.'

The separation did end ere long; Mrs. Carlyle arrived in London about the 1st of October, and except for some falling off in her health, enjoyed the winter beside her husband. They returned together in the spring of 1832 to spend the summer at their own home—the last summer but one, as it proved. The following Letter (not a stolen one) addressed to the daughter of the people they had stayed with in London gives a pleasant description of life at Craigenputtock when Master and Mistress were both at home, and may fittingly end this series.]

J. W. Carlyle to Eliza Miles, 4 Ampton Street, London.

Craigenputtock, 16 June, 1832.

MY DEAR ELIZA,—. . . I never forgot my gentle Ariel in Ampton Street—it were positive sin to forget her, so helpful she was so beautiful, so kind and good! Besides, this is the place of all others for thinking of absent friends, where one has so seldom any present to think of. It is the stillest, solitariest place that it ever entered your imagination to conceive; where one has the strangest shadowy existence, nothing actual in it but the food one eats, the bed one sleeps on, and (praised be Heaven!) the fine air one breathes; the rest is all a dream of the absent and distant, of things past and to come.

. . . All is again in order about us, and I fold my hands and ask, 'What is to be done next?' 'The duty nearest hand, and the next will show itself in course.' So my Goethe teaches. No one who lays this precept to heart can ever be at a stand.

⁴³ 'Monsieur le Président! I begin to be weary of the treatment I experience here.'—A speaker in the Jacobin Club in French Revolution times.

Impress it on your 'twenty children' (that I think was the number you had fixed upon), impress it on the whole twenty from the cradle upwards, and you will spare your sons the vexation of many a wild-goose chase, and render your daughters forever impracticable to *ennui*. . . . For my part I am very content. I have everything here my heart desires that I could have anywhere else, except society, and even that deprivation is not to be considered wholly an evil : if people we like and take pleasure in do not come about us here as in London, it is thankfully to be remembered that here 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' If the knocker make no sound for weeks together, it is so much the better for my nerves. My Husband is as good company as reasonable mortal could desire. Every fine morning we ride on horse-back for an hour before breakfast (my precious horse knew me again and neighed loud and long when he found himself in his old place). Then we eat such a surprising breakfast of home-baked bread, and eggs, etc., etc., as might incite anyone that had breakfasted so long in London to write a pastoral. Then Carlyle takes to his writing, while I, like Eve, 'studious of household good,' inspect my house, my garden, my live stock, gather flowers for my drawingroom, and lapfuls of eggs; and finally betake myself also to writing, or reading, or making or mending, or whatever work seems fittest. After dinner, and only then, I lie on the sofa and (to my shame be it spoken) sometimes *sleep*, but oftenest dream waking. In the evening I walk on the moor (how different from Holborn and the Strand!) and read anything that does not exact much attention. Such is my life—agreeable as yet from its novelty, if for nothing else. Now, would you not like to share it? I am sure you would be happy beside us for a while, and healthy; for I would keep all drugs from your lips, and pour warm milk into you. Could you not find an escort, and come and try? At all rates, write and tell me how you are, what doing and what intending. I shall always be interested in all that concerns you.

My health is slowly mending. Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

A. CARLYLE.

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND BARNAVE

THE French Revolution is one of those epochs of history of which we can never be certain that we know all that is necessary for arriving at a final judgment. In spite of countless additions to our knowledge of it, in the last hundred years, fresh sources of information are still, from time to time, opened up, throwing new light on its incidents and its actors. After the publication, in 1877, of the journal and correspondence of Count Axel de Fersen, the devoted, loyal, and virtuous lover and loved-one of Marie Antoinette, it was thought that nothing more could be forthcoming from that quarter. It appears, however, that a packet of very secret letters, which had been entrusted by the Queen to the care of Fersen in their last interview in February 1792, was not included.

The packet contained the correspondence between the Queen and Barnave, Lameth and Duport, leaders of the Constitutional Party in the Constituent Assembly, during the six months which followed the return of Louis the Sixteenth and his family after the flight to Varennes. The letters, which have recently been published in Paris, are interspersed with running comments and explanations by the editor, Mr. Heidenstam, who is an enthusiastic admirer and apologist of the Queen. He makes no reference to her letters written about the same time to Count de Mercy and others, which, it will be shown, throw a very different light on her attitude to Barnave and his colleagues.

Barnave, it need hardly be said, was one of the three Commissioners sent by the Constituent Assembly to meet the King and Queen and their family on their forced return from Varennes in June 1791. With Latour-Maubourg and Pétion he met the Royal fugitives near Epernay, and took charge of them, as virtual prisoners, for the last two days of the tragic journey back to the Tuileries. Barnave and Pétion found places in the closely packed berline, Barnave sitting bodkin between the King and Queen.

The Queen, brought into this close contact with Barnave, soon discovered that he was to be trusted as a man of honour, and there was much friendly and even intimate conversation between them. It was suggested by gossips of the time that Barnave fell a victim

to the charms of the Queen, and was induced thenceforth to change completely his political views. Sainte-Beuve, the eminent critic, has dispelled this imputation. Barnave, though an advanced politician, a supporter of the great reforms carried out by the Assembly, and a hostile critic of the Court, had never been a republican. He was at the time the most eloquent, and one of the most influential members of the Constituent body. He was young, enthusiastic and romantic. He was, as he later admitted, profoundly touched by the distressing position of the King and Queen. It is probable also that the Queen impressed him with the belief that the King was perfectly sincere in his professions of honestly acting only for the public good. But there is no reason to conclude that Barnave's political views were substantially altered. The correspondence in this book negatives this. It does honour to his political perspicacity, and to his loyal and respectful attitude to the King and Queen.

The Assembly, immediately on hearing of the flight of the King, had taken steps to assume the executive power in France. It suspended the King from his functions. There was no change in this respect on the return of the King to the Tuileries. He was detained there, virtually as prisoner, until his formal acceptance of the new Constitution on the 14th of September. In fact, for a period of three months, the Government of France was actually that of a Republic. In spite of this, however, it is certain that an overwhelming majority of members of the Assembly were not in favour of a Republic. The Republicans at that time were a very small and almost negligible party. The Constitution, on which the Assembly had been at work for two years, and which was almost completed, was based on a monarchy, bereft indeed of autocratic power, and responsible through its Ministers to a representative Assembly. The main guiding influence at this time in the Assembly was the band of able men, later called the 'Feuillants,' including Barnave, Duport, the two Lameths, d'André, Lafayette and a few others. They had unbounded confidence in the Constitution which the Assembly, mainly at their instance, had elaborated. They believed that the work of the Revolution was accomplished, and that a strong executive, responsible to the new Assembly, was necessary in order to restore order and maintain the law. They hoped that the King would accept the Constitution. In that event they were willing to forget his errors in the past, and to reinstate him in the position of a constitutional monarch.

During this interregnum the position of the King was pitiable in the extreme, both physically and morally—physically because he and his family were confined as prisoners at the Tuileries, morally because he had been detected in treachery to the Assembly

and the nation. His manifesto, issued at the time of his attempted flight, showed that he was profoundly hostile to the past acts of the Assembly, and that he was bitterly opposed to every principle of the new Constitution. It was apparent to everyone that he had intended to restore his old prerogatives by the aid of armed forces of foreign Powers. No one believed in the attempted excuses of his feeble reply to the Assembly to the effect that he had not intended to leave the country, that he had not planned his flight in concert with foreign Powers, that he had learned on his journey that public opinion was favourable to the Constitution, and that in view of this he was ready to sacrifice his personal interests to the welfare of his country, and so on.¹

After his return to the Tuileries the King lost what little he ever had of vigour and initiative. He became inert and speechless. He would remain for days without uttering a word. He left everything to the Queen, who carried on secret correspondence with the leaders of the Assembly, with the King's brothers at Coblenz, with the Austrian Emperor and other Sovereigns of Europe, with the agents of the King and Queen abroad, such as De Mercy, the Baron de Breteuil, Mallet du Pan, and, above all, Fersen, more or less with the King's knowledge and acquiescence. She was the promoter and centre of all the intrigues and deceptions which eventually contributed so largely to the overthrow of the monarchy, and to the death by the guillotine of the King and herself.

It must be noted also that already thousands of émigrés were collected at Coblenz and other towns beyond the frontier of France, under the leadership of the King's brothers and other members of the Royal family, such as the Prince de Condé, eager to invade France with the aid of foreign troops and to reverse everything that had been effected by the Revolution. The army and navy of France were disorganised by the desertion and emigration of vast numbers of their officers. Negotiations were already on foot between Austria and Prussia for the purpose of an armed intervention in France.

It was under these circumstances that the Queen, mainly, as she later admitted, for the purpose of gaining time, bethought herself of Barnave, who had so favourably impressed her on the return journey from Varennes, and determined to appeal to him for advice.

The correspondence which then ensued is preceded by an explanatory note in the handwriting of the Queen to the effect that after much reflection on her conversation in the course of

¹ It has been said by some historians that this reply was drawn up for him by Barnave. In view of the correspondence now published this seems to be incredible.

her recent journey with an unnamed person, whom the context clearly shows was Barnave, she had felt there was much to gain 'by entering on some kind of correspondence with him, upon the understanding that she would always frankly state her thoughts whether of praise or blame.' Subject to this condition, she says, the correspondence was carried on through an intermediary also unnamed, but now known to have been the Abbé Louis, who brought back to her the original letters and also returned to Barnave his replies, after making copies of them for the Queen, so that there might be no danger of the letters being found and their handwriting recognised.

The first of these letters of the Queen, written very early in July, 1791, but not dated, requests the intermediary to inform 2—1 (Barnave) that struck by his character and by the frankness she recognised in him during the two days they had passed together in her recent journey, she desired much to know from him what was best to be done by the King in the present position.

We cannot leave matters as they are. It is certain that we must do something. . . . But what? I cannot say. I address myself to him for advice. He must have recognised in our conversation how fully I am to be relied on for good faith. It will always be so with me. It is the one possession remaining to me. I can never be deprived of it. I believe he desires the good of the public. We also do so, and whatever people may say, we have always done so. Let us then combine for this purpose.

This letter was shown to Barnave, who, after consulting with others of the Constitutional Party in the Assembly—A. Lameth, Duport, D'André and Dumas—replied at some length in a letter to the Abbé Louis, who sent a copy of it unsigned to the Queen. There followed a long and most secret correspondence between the Queen and three of these deputies—Barnave, Lameth and Duport—extending over six months, comprising forty-two letters of the Queen and the replies to them, in which advice is given to the Queen on all the important actions taken by the King and herself during this period. In the letters written while the Constituent Assembly remained in existence, the Queen, after discussion, undertook to follow the advice of her correspondents, and did so ostensibly. In the course of the correspondence she frequently re-asserted her good faith; and there can be no doubt that Barnave and his friends believed in her, and were convinced that when she acted on their advice she did so with sincerity and in good faith. Mr. Heidenstam asserts that the efforts of the Queen to reconcile the monarchy with the Revolution and to satisfy the wishes of the nation for a constitutional monarchy were made without *arrière pensée*. He thinks the widely prevalent opinion that the relations of the Queen with the Constitutional Party were only a comedy to conceal the intrigues of the

Court with foreign Powers and the émigrés is rebutted by this correspondence, and that it bears on the face of it the impression of good faith and sincerity. Unfortunately for her reputation and for the critical acumen of the editor, when these letters are compared with others written by the Queen at the same time to Fersen, to the Count de Mercy and to her brother, the Austrian Emperor, which have been made public in recent years, it is clear beyond doubt that the Queen was not acting to the Constitutional Party or to her correspondents, the three deputies, in good faith, but in exactly the opposite sense.

Thus on the 1st of August the Queen wrote to Count de Mercy, the ex-ambassador of Austria :

I am obliged to be very careful in my intercourse with the Abbé Louis and his friends. They have been very useful to me, but whatever good intentions they have, their opinions are exaggerated and can never be such as we can agree with. . . . It is extremely important that, for some time to come at least, they should think that I agree with them. The danger would be incalculable if they should be driven into the other party.²

This was written before the acceptance of the Constitution by the King. Within a few days after its acceptance, and after the meeting of the new Legislative Assembly, and while the correspondence between the Queen and Barnave and her friends was still in progress, Fersen, who ever since the failure of the flight to Varennes had been engaged, on behalf of the King and Queen, in negotiations with the Emperor for armed intervention on their behalf, alarmed by the attitude of the Queen to the Constitutional Party, put categorical questions to her in a letter dated the 10th of October :

1. Do you intend [he wrote from Brussels] to take part sincerely in the Revolution? and do you think there is no other course open to you?

2. Do you wish for assistance? or do you wish me to cease negotiations with Foreign Courts?

3. Have you a scheme, and, if so, what is it? Forgive me these questions.³

The Queen replied on the 19th of October in terms which place beyond doubt her real attitude to Barnave and the Constitutional Party :

Be assured I am not going over to the *enragés*. If I have any relation with any of them, it is only to serve my own purpose (*pour m'en servir*). They cause me so much horror that I can never commit myself to them.⁴

Numerous other passages could be quoted to the same effect from the Queen's letters to Fersen, Mercy and others. She drew little distinction between the constitutional members of the

² *Marie Antoinette, Joseph II. et Léopold II.*, Arneth, p. 194.

³ *Le Comte de Fersen et la Cour de France*, p. 195.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 199.

Assembly and the more extreme men. She held them all in supreme contempt and hatred. She had perhaps a soft corner in her heart for Barnave, for Madame de Campan reports in her memoirs that on one occasion the Queen said to her that she looked forward to the time when she would be in a position to pardon Barnave. The others were doubtless destined by her to condign punishment. Nothing, then, can be more certain than that throughout the correspondence the Queen was not writing or acting in good faith.

The most important part of this correspondence took place between the middle of July and the end of September, during the last ten weeks of the Constituent Assembly, in which these three deputies and their associates exercised a commanding influence. The advice given by them to the Queen had reference to three distinct important objects :

1. That the Queen should use her influence with her brother, the Emperor of Germany, to induce him to recognise the new Constitution of France.
2. That the King should induce his two brothers (Provence and d'Artois) and the émigrés to return to France.
3. That the King should himself accept the new Constitution which was near completion, and would soon be submitted to him by the Assembly.

Nothing could be sounder and wiser than the advice of Barnave and his colleagues on these points.

The first letter of Barnave—not dated, but in answer to that of the Queen already referred to—is said to be in the handwriting of the Queen, who destroyed the original. In the course of it he wrote :

The new conduct of the King and Queen should be based on what they must have recognised in the course of their journey (from Varennes) that the universal wish of the people of France is for the Constitution. Granted this, the following are the objects to which they should chiefly direct their attention. The King can only preserve his throne with dignity, he can only regain confidence and respect by obtaining for the nation some great advantages at the time when the new Constitution is proposed to him for acceptance. There should be (1) the return of the Princes and the émigrés or at least of a majority of them; (2) some act by which the Emperor will recognise the new Constitution, and express, in the clearest manner, his friendly and pacific intentions towards the French nation. This last point would be specially useful if the Queen contributes to it. The King and the Royal family should do everything in their power to obtain these results, for it is the true means of inspiring confidence in their new promises and of contracting with the nation a firm and honourable peace. . . . The influence which the Queen will have in this scheme of action, chiefly as regards the Emperor, will be the basis of her future position in the new order of things. The adoption of other ideas and of another line of action will lead to her destruction.

The Queen after a few days, on the 9th of July, wrote

pointing out the difficulties in regard both to the Princes and the Emperor. As regards the former she wrote :

The decree recently passed by the Assembly, according to the Princes a short time within which they must return to France, if they wished to avoid the confiscation of their properties, though less severe than in its original form, will have the effect of deterring them from the course which is desired. It seems to me to be impossible that those who left their country voluntarily twenty months ago will consent to enter into a negotiation at the moment when it is proposed to confiscate their property.

She undertook, however, that the King should write to his brother (Provence) whatever might be thought advisable for the purpose of restoring order and tranquillity. As regards the Emperor she disclaimed having any influence over him. For the last twenty-six years, she said, there had been merely a formal correspondence between them. She would not, however, refuse to write to him if it should be thought desirable to do so.

The three deputies in their next letter renewed their entreaties that the Queen would use her influence with the Emperor and the émigrés :

The interest of the King, and especially of the Emperor, is clearly indicated. Every armed attempt against France will expose them to a propagation of our revolution. The means of effecting this are much more easy and certain than they think. It is their interest, therefore, to endeavour, by all peaceful means, to replace the King on the throne of France, and thus to put an end here to the revolution, which, if continued, will become contagious. . . . It is equally important to the Queen herself to have contributed to the decision of her brother. If the Powers, enlightened as to their own interests, determine to take this course, the Princes and the émigrés will find themselves without support, and their only hope of safety for the future will be in throwing themselves into the arms of the King.

It is well to recollect, in proof of the good faith of these three deputies, that a few days after this last letter Barnave, on the 16th of July, made his memorable speech in the Assembly on behalf of the restoration of the Monarchy, conditional on the King accepting the Constitution as revised by the Assembly. This course was agreed to by an overwhelming majority of members, a striking proof of the strong feeling in favour of the Monarchy, when we recollect how recently the treachery of the King had been revealed by his attempted flight and by his proclamation to the nation.

Writing on the 20th of July the Queen acknowledged the action of Barnave :

I have seen with pleasure the force and courage with which those with whom I am corresponding have supported the Monarchy. This inspires me with confidence as regards other matters.

On the 21st of July the correspondents again pressed their views :

After having assured the Monarchy, it is necessary to assure order, tranquillity and respect for the laws. It is necessary to bring the Revolution to an end. This has always been our object. The time for doing so has arrived. Disorder will be repressed. The Government will resume all its actions. The law will be strictly maintained. For this purpose it is necessary that the King should regain the confidence of the nation. The means of doing so have already been indicated. Efforts as regards the émigrés will not suffice unless accompanied by negotiations with the Powers for the recognition of our Constitution. . . . By adopting this course, the King will not only regain the confidence of the people, he will also find the most effective ways of determining the action of the Powers as regards the émigrés. If the Powers in alliance with France abandon them, the émigrés will be compelled to renounce all the foolish ideas which, by delaying their return to France, perpetuate our internal troubles. . . . It is important for the Queen that the success of the course proposed as regards her brother should be due to herself. She must promptly come to a decision.

The Queen, upon this, decided to act ostensibly on their advice. She adopted, with some amendment, the draft of a letter to the Emperor prepared by Barnave and his friends, and sent it by the Abbé Louis to de Mercy at Brussels with instructions to forward it to the Emperor. The letter, as sent, is not to be found in this packet, but the original draft is there. Comparing this with the letter received by the Emperor as printed by Feuillet de Conches there is no difference of importance.⁵

The Queen in this letter, dated July 30, pointed out to the Emperor that since the return of the King from his attempted flight the situation had much changed for the better :

Before that event [she wrote] the Assembly was divided into a multitude of parties. The King, deprived of all authority, felt the impossibility of recovering it when the new Constitution was completed. It was impossible to foresee an end to the existing disorders. . . . Now, however, there is much more reason for hope. Those who have the greatest influence in the Assembly have combined in expressing themselves as favourable to the maintenance of the Monarchy and to the re-establishment of order. Since then the efforts of the seditious have been repressed by a great demonstration of force [referring to the proceedings in the Champ de Mars on the 16th of July]. The Assembly has acquired throughout the Kingdom a constancy and an authority which it hopes to use for the maintenance of the law and for bringing the Revolution to an end. Lastly, everything seems to point to an end of the agitation which France has suffered from during the last two years. . . . I compare this result with that which seems likely from a policy opposed to the manifest wishes of the nation. I see an absolute impossibility of obtaining anything except by the employment of external force. . . . In the event of such an attempt success seems to me to be doubtful, while misfortunes are certain for all the world. . . . If the Revolution is brought to an end, as I have suggested,

⁵ *Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette et Madame Elizabeth*, ii. p. 179.

it will be all-important that the King should acquire confidence and consideration which alone can give real force to his authority.

Your interests appear to me to find their place equally with ours in this system of conduct. The National Assembly, before its separation, will work in concert with the King to determine the alliances to which France in the future will attach itself, and the Power in Europe, which is the first to recognise the Constitution, after it has been accepted by the King, will doubtless be that with which the Assembly will be disposed to form the closest alliance.

This most wise and politic letter, drafted by Barnave and his friends, was signed by the Queen, and was conveyed by the Abbé Louis first to Mercy and then to the Emperor. Well would it have been for France and the Emperor if it had represented the real views and intentions of the King and Queen, and had been acted on in good faith! It is almost incredible that the editor of these letters has failed to point out that, on the very next day after writing and forwarding this letter to Mercy and the Emperor, she wrote again to Mercy asking him to send another messenger to the Emperor, with a message informing him that the letter of the previous day, entrusted to the Abbé Louis, did not represent her real views—'n'était pas de mon style'—and that she had found herself compelled to yield to the wishes of the party leaders who had supplied her with the draft of her letter :

I should be humiliated [she wrote] if I did not hope that my brother would understand that in my position I am obliged to do and to write what is forced upon me. It is very essential that my brothers should send me a reply which can be shown to my correspondents and which in some sense may serve as a base for negotiations.*

She added that the Abbé Louis was an intriguer on terms of friendship with all parties and hardly to be trusted.

In another letter to the Emperor the Queen suggested that he should receive the Abbé Louis, hear him, and encourage him by a reply which she could show to her correspondents, but that he should hold by the plan of combined intervention by the Powers, which had been agreed on in the previous June.

There can be no doubt whatever, then, that while the Queen was deluding Barnave and his friends by the assurance that she was acting on their advice, she was at the same time writing privately to her brother disclaiming the whole tenour of her previous letter, and inviting him to an exactly opposite course. Her confidential agent, Fersen, was at this very time at Vienna, and later at Pilnitz and Prague, in close communication with the Emperor, and at her instance endeavouring to persuade him, in concert with other Powers, to intervene so as to put down the

* Arneth, p. 193.

Revolution and to restore the authority of the King. There could not be a grosser act of treachery to France, or to the men with whom she was in correspondence!

It appears also that the King at the same time sent letters, written with the knowledge of his Ministers, to his brothers at Coblenz, ostensibly inviting them and the émigrés to return to France, and giving as a reason the improved condition of affairs. These letters were sent to the Princes through the Chevalier de Coigny, who had confidential instructions from the King to inform the Princes that his real wishes were of an exactly opposite character.

Not less interesting are the letters of Barnave and his friends, giving explanations of the new Constitution, which was then receiving its final touches by the Assembly, and of the position of the King under it, and appealing to the Queen for its acceptance by the King.

On the 28th of August Barnave wrote :

The Constitution is very monarchical. With the exception of the provision which forbids the choice of ministers of the executive government from among the members of the new Legislature there is no principle of vigour wanting in it. . . . The King will, in each year, lay before the Legislature the subjects which, in his view, they should take into consideration. Ministers will have the right to sit in the Assembly for the purpose of explaining the King's views. When a law is passed by the Assembly the King will have the right to consent to it or to suspend it. It is evident that the Legislature will find itself enveloped, before, during and after the passing of any law, by the influence of the King. An incompetent Government may perhaps be able to take little advantage of these prerogatives, but a competent Government, supported by public confidence and having the advantage of a stable ministry, will be masters of legislation, and will have the means of guiding public opinion and the representatives of the people. . . . The army and navy will be entirely in the hands of the King.

After further discussion in detail the three deputies suggested a course of action to the King :

The King will accept the Constitution in a letter to the Assembly. He should speak with dignity and as a pacificator . . . He will express a wish for an amnesty to those under charge of having assisted in his journey to Varennes. A noble and majestic proclamation will announce to the nation the acceptance by the King, and, at the same time, the return to order and the reign of law. The King will write to the Assembly. His letter will give a great impression of his character and a great confidence in what it will announce. It will give a lasting place in history to the Queen. . . . If our advice is followed, we will stake our existence on its results. We will do everything in our power to assist. But if, unfortunately, the Queen should allow herself to be drawn into some other direction everything will be reversed, and her position will be destroyed.

In the course of her reply the Queen wrote :

There are evidently advantages to be attained by the King and the monarchy from a Constitution such as is presented to us, but what are the

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In the course of her reply the Queen wrote :

There are evidently advantages to be attained by the King and the monarchy from a Constitution such as is presented to us, ^{but} what are the

securities which will assure its execution? Popularity and confidence are doubtless the most important, but anarchy will be renewed. The laws will avail nothing without force to back them. Where is the force to be found? Who, also, will be responsible for the coming legislature? In spite of the proclamation of the Constitution, who will vouch that it will not, in its turn, change everything?

She proceeded to elaborate these objections in detail mainly founded on the want of force in the Executive to maintain the new Constitution.

The Deputies, in a letter dated September 1, endeavoured to reassure the Queen :

We have learnt, in the course of the Revolution, to judge of the movement of opinion. It will soon be in favour of the King if his conduct at this decisive moment is what it ought to be. . . . The King has but one interest, namely to avoid new movements and to gain confidence. The root of his power will be in the Constitution. Whoever speaks to the Queen in another language is her enemy and misunderstands profoundly the situation. . . . The first act of the King is so important that the fate of the State, of the King, and of the Queen herself, will absolutely depend on it.

Some further correspondence followed upon the subject of an amnesty for those who had been arrested for taking part in the attempted flight of the King. The Queen, who was deeply concerned in this, insisted that the amnesty should precede the acceptance of the Constitution. The deputies objected to this, but gave their word of honour that the amnesty would be conceded immediately after the acceptance. The Queen ultimately gave way on this.

We now know from this correspondence that the weighty and statesmanlike letter to the Assembly in which the King accepted the new Constitution was the handiwork of Barnave and his friends, with some slight modification by the Queen. Suggestions on the part of the King in favour of the clergy and the émigrés, which the King wished to insert, were omitted after protest from Barnave that they would destroy the effect of the message. The message was read to the Assembly on the 13th of September. It met with a most enthusiastic reception. On the next day the King went in person to the Assembly and swore in the most solemn manner to maintain the Constitution :

I swear [he said] to be faithful to the nation and to the law, to employ all the power which is conferred on me to maintain the Constitution, as decreed by the Assembly, and to execute the laws.

An amnesty was immediately proclaimed to all concerned in the King's flight. The King and Queen were thereupon relieved from their position as virtual prisoners at the Tuileries.

On the 18th of September the King announced to the Sovereigns of Europe his acceptance of the Constitution, and in another letter to his two brothers, Provence and d'Artois he gave

at length his reasons for accepting it. These two documents appear to have been submitted to Barnave and his friends for approval, if they were not actually written by them. They were laid before the Assembly.

Nothing could be better in the interest of the Monarchy than these proceedings. There was great popular rejoicing in Paris and throughout France. The gardens of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées were illuminated. The King and Queen walked everywhere freely among the people and were received with great enthusiasm. Nobody doubted their good faith. It was the occasion of reconciliation, and of a new compact between the Monarchy and the people.

We now know from the secret correspondence of the Queen with her intimate friends and advisers, Fersen, Mercy and Breteuil, and with her brother the Emperor, that, so far as the King and herself were concerned, all these proceedings were a scheme of elaborate deception, and that the Constitution was accepted not only without the intention of maintaining it, but with the deliberate purpose of upsetting it at the earliest possible moment, with the aid of armed forces of foreign Powers. The oath of the King counted for nothing.

Let us see first what the Queen thought of the Constitution at the time when she entered upon the discussion of it with Barnave in the friendly terms referred to, and the spirit in which it was already determined that the King should accept it.

On the 21st of August the Queen wrote to Mercy :

At the end of the week the Constitution will be presented to the King. He will take a course which will avoid distrust in us, but which will enable us later, at an early time, to circumvent and overthrow (*déjouer et culbuter*) the monstrous work which we are compelled to adopt. For this purpose it is essential that the émigrés, and especially the King's brothers, should hold themselves in the background, and that the combined powers alone should act.⁷

In a postscript dated the 26th of August the Queen added :

The Constitution will be presented to the King next week. The report of it, which I have read and which will be submitted to the Assembly, is a tissue of absurdities and insolences, and of eulogies of the Assembly. . . . It will be impossible for us to exist under these conditions. We have no resource but to lull suspicions (*les endormir*) and to inspire confidence in us in order better hereafter to undo their work. It is impossible, having regard to our position, for the King to refuse acceptance. You know my character sufficiently to understand that I should prefer the more noble and courageous course of refusing the Constitution, but we should have to incur a still greater danger. We have no resource but in the Foreign Powers. They must come to our assistance at all price.⁸

⁷ Feuillet, ii. p. 226.

⁸ *Ibid.* p. 228.

On the 8th of September, when the course of the King as regards acceptance had been fully decided upon, the Queen wrote a letter to her brother, the Emperor, which doubtless was intended to supersede her letter of the 30th of July already referred to, and in which her real views and the policy of the King are fully explained in a long memoir :

It depends on the Emperor to put an end to the Revolution in France. There are no longer the means of conciliation. Armed force has destroyed everything. It is only by armed force that reparation can be made. The King has done his best to avoid civil war. The future depends on the Emperor and his negotiations with the other Powers, who will combine with him to deliver Europe from the danger which threatens all Sovereigns, the constitution of all Governments and the repose of all States. There must be no civil war. . . . It is the declaration of the combined Powers which alone can restore to the King his rank and his power, and it is the King, sustained by the concert of the Powers, who must restore peace and order to France.

The invasion of France by the combined forces of the Powers was plainly advocated in the following passage :

The combined Powers [she said] should announce that they will follow the established rules of war. . . . They should declare that they will regard as enemies, not only those who are enrolled as National Guards, but also the bourgeois and the inhabitants of towns in France, which are armed in the persons of their National Guards, who represent them, and with whom they are associated, and will subject them to all the rigours of war. They should declare that the towns which are not disarmed will be held responsible to God and man for the misfortunes which they will undergo, and which the combined Powers will endeavour to prevent by a manifesto.⁹

The memoir, included in this letter, from which the above paragraphs are quoted, contained the first indication on the part of the Queen of a menacing declaration by the combined Powers supported by an armed force, which ultimately was given effect to by the celebrated Manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, when, at the head of the combined army of Austria and Prussia, he invaded France—a manifesto which caused so much consternation in France, and which, when followed by actual invasion, led to the overthrow of the Monarchy.

On the 28th of September, a few days after the King had sworn before the Assembly to maintain the new Constitution, the Queen wrote again to Mercy :

If it is necessary for us to adopt the new system, at least for a time (for it will destroy itself, if permitted to do so, if it has the opportunity to do so), it is essential that we should be united to the great majority of the people of France, and that we should inspire sufficient confidence to enable them to resist the menaces of the Republicans. . . . It will also afford us the more sure means for promptly setting aside the Constitution. When the factions are no longer able to announce that the King is opposed

⁹ Feuillet, ii. 239.

to the Constitution, the people will soon perceive the evils by which it is surrounded. . . . The new Assembly is a thousand times worse than its predecessors. I persist in my opinion that a congress at Aix la Chapelle of all the Powers who are interested in the preservation of the French Monarchy is the only means of being really useful to us.¹⁰

On the 9th of October, Mercy, who was in the full confidence of the Queen, wrote to the Emperor, giving an explanation of the policy of Louis the Sixteenth in accepting the Constitution. He reported that the King and Queen had recovered in one instant the confidence of the multitude.

The King [he adds] has only accepted the Constitution for the purpose of reaping the benefit of a second revolution, which he regards as inevitable.¹¹

On the 28th of November the Queen again wrote to Mercy insisting on the necessity for an armed Congress.

My brothers must understand that our ostensible acts are forced upon us by the necessities of our position, that we must gain at all price the confidence of the majority here, but that we will not, and cannot, maintain a Constitution which brings evil and loss to the whole kingdom; that we desire to arrive at a more supportable state of things, but that this cannot be brought about by Frenchmen. . . . The Powers, therefore, must come to our succour, by measures useful and imposing. The Emperor may be assured that he will have no peace in Brabant unless he can put an end to the troubles in France.¹²

Other letters could be quoted to the same effect. Reading by their light the correspondence of the Queen with Barnave and his friends on the subject of the acceptance of the Constitution, it is quite clear that it was an elaborate deception on her part, and that she was merely endeavouring to gain time till her scheme of an armed Congress and the intervention of the Powers could be organised for the purpose of defeating and destroying the Constitution and restoring the authority of the King. No one can read her correspondence without the conviction that if the armed Congress and its menacing manifesto should fail to compel acquiescence by submission, the Queen fully intended that invasion should follow, for the purpose of overthrowing the Constitution, restoring the authority of the King, and wreaking vengeance on the Constitutional Party.

After the acceptance of the Constitution the correspondence of Barnave and his colleagues was for a time devoted to the address which the King was to deliver to the new Legislative Assembly at its first meeting on the 1st of October. The address was framed in accordance with their advice. It expressed the utmost confidence of the King in the new Constitution and led the Assembly and the public to believe that he was sincere in

¹⁰ Fenillet, ii. 383.

¹¹ *Ibid.* p. 416.

¹² Arneth, ii. 226.

his professions and in his promises to maintain it. This was practically the last occasion on which the Queen followed, or pretended to follow, the advice of her correspondents.

By a most unfortunate provision of the new Constitution forced upon the Constitutional Party against their will, and by a combination of the extreme men of the two parties in the Constituent Assembly, Republicans and Reactionaries, the members of the moribund Assembly were not eligible for election to the new Legislature. The new Assembly therefore consisted wholly of untried men. The parliamentary experience of members of the Constitutional body was lost to it. Barnave, Lameth, Duport, and other leaders, who had attained so much influence in the past three years, and to whom the new Constitution was so largely due, not being members of the new Assembly, were practically driven out of public life. They were taken into counsel for a time by the leaders in the new Assembly. They listened to its debates from the special gallery allotted to them. But this did not last long. For about three more months they continued to correspond with the Queen, and to give her advice. For the first time also they had occasional clandestine personal interviews with her. But the Queen ceased even ostensibly to act on their advice. She soon perceived that they had no influence with the new Assembly. The correspondence, however, is interesting especially as showing that, in the view of the Constitutional Party, the King, by the frequent unwise exercise of his veto to acts of the Legislative Assembly, by his suspected collusion with his brothers at Coblenz, and secret negotiations with the Emperor, was gradually but effectually losing the confidence of the Assembly, and all the popularity which his acceptance of the Constitution had achieved with the public.

Already on the 18th of October, within three weeks of the meeting of the new Assembly, Barnave wrote to the Queen :

It is certain that the King listens to advice which will lead to his destruction. The result, so far, of our advice has justified the success which we promised. The future should confirm it if a clear and certain course is followed. But under the course which is now being pursued the future will only too completely justify the end which we predicted. There are no means of carrying on the Government when the action of the King deprives him of all character for frankness and loyalty.

The Queen replied on the 20th of October :

When I commenced this correspondence I entered upon it with frankness. I shall do so in the future. This is my character. It never varies. In this view I have sacrificed all my prejudices with the single object of the well-being of the King and of his subjects.

The immediate subject of divergence was the Proclamation of the King to the nation, after accepting the Constitution, in

which important amendments had been inserted by the King, against the advice of the correspondents.

The proclamation [they wrote] produces but a feeble and doubtful impression, because the changes in it, indispensable for giving it a constitutional character, have not been accepted.

They complained also of the attitude of the King to the sailors of his fleet :

How can the King speak with dignity and govern with strength in the interest of his kingdom when in his language to those who leave the country with the evident intention of making war against it there is not a phrase of firmness? How can he exercise his right of veto to any single act of the Legislature if he has not the confidence of the nation? How can he gain that confidence, when in the words which he addresses to sailors leaving their posts and to other émigrés whom we regard as our enemies, he shows that while ostensibly he is opposed to their action, in his heart he agrees with them?

The Queen again replied complaining of their injustice to her.

I have never [she says] in any single case refused to follow their advice. . . . When they speak of the inutility of continuing the correspondence, I must avow that I do not find in them the quality of generosity which I expected of them, nor the desire to serve the public.

On the 21st of October the correspondents returned to the charge.

We have not [they wrote] suspected the Queen of want of frankness, nor of being the cause of evil. . . . The King, however, is being drawn into conduct which will destroy him, and which we are impotent to prevent.

We now know that, all the while, the Queen was urging her brother, the Emperor, to combine with the other Powers in a Congress, supported by armed force, for the purpose of upsetting the Constitution and restoring arbitrary power to the King.

An interesting correspondence took place in November on the subject of the non-juring priests and the decree of the Assembly compelling them to take the civil oath which the King proposed to veto.

The Queen wrote of it as 'horrible and insidious.'

The King [she said] must oppose the veto or he must renounce the Constitution. The dangers which he will run are not comparable to the evils, cruelties and injustice of which he will make himself the accomplice in sanctioning such a horror.

The correspondents replied on the 18th of November :

Though the decree against the priests is severe and not conformable to the principles of liberty, it is not so serious as was originally proposed. It obliges the priests to take the civil oath, which has nothing to do with matters of faith. Those who are not in receipt of salaries from the State will not be affected by it. . . . There is no sufficient reason for refusing

sanction to the law. . . . Refusals, rare in number, well applied, and always sustained by public opinion, will give great force to the royal authority, but the imprudent use of this right will result in great danger.

The King, as we know, applied his veto to the decree.

Another interesting correspondence took place in December between the Queen and Barnave and his friends on the subject of the national flag and the uniform of the King's guard. The King and Queen were very tenacious on these matters. They refused to accept the 'tricolour' as a substitute for the royal flag of the Bourbons. On the 1st of December Barnave wrote :

The three colours are to-day those of France. They are already the flag of the navy. They are not the colours of a party, but of the nation. Is it worth while to lose a Kingdom on the question of a flag?

It is not stated what was the result of this discussion.

The correspondence closed in December with another effort on the part of Barnave and his friends to induce the King to use his influence with his brothers and the émigrés to return to France. Barnave wrote :

Many who are far removed from being republicans or reactionaries do not cease to spread doubts as to the sincerity of the King. . . .

It is said that whoever is suspected of being favourable to the Constitution is insulted by those who serve the King, and that those who have pronounced against the Constitution have been well treated by the King and Queen.

The King's brothers do their best to rouse suspicions against him. People are always disposed to believe that he is secretly in alliance with them. Many persons most attached to the Monarchy dare not ally themselves to that party in view of the doubts as to the King's sincerity. . . . The immense majority of the people wish for order, and incline towards the Monarchy, but are withheld by fear of treason. The interest of the Emperor is incontestably in favour of the maintenance of the Monarchy in France. Everything depends on the return of the Princes.

A few days later they wrote again, enclosing a memoir with the expression of their hope that the Queen will use all her efforts to prevent the émigrés being supported by the Emperor. The Queen consented to send this memoir by a secret emissary, but at the same time in another letter to her brother, as we know from other sources, she wrote to the effect that the memoir was the exclusive work of her counsellors; that it had not in any way propounded her own thoughts; and that it was of the utmost importance that he should distinguish her true interest from anything she was compelled to do and to say for the personal safety of the King and herself. She applauded the strong language which the Emperor had recently held to the Government of France, and the consequent fears which he had created in the minds of the Constitutional Party : fears which were attested by

their communications to Vienna. She concluded by asserting her confidence that a declaration of the Powers supported by imposing forces would have the same effect on the whole country, and would force the Assembly to come to terms with their King. The above memoir was the last work of the Queen's correspondents, and the treacherous treatment of it was the last of her dealings with them. Shortly after this Barnave, finding that he had no influence with the new Assembly, and that he had no longer a political rôle, left Paris and returned to his native city, Grenoble.

After the deposition of the King and the discovery of his papers in the secret iron safe at the Tuileries, in which there was evidence that Barnave and Lameth had corresponded with the King, though the letters themselves were not included, orders were given for their arrest. Lameth, forewarned of this, escaped, but Barnave was arrested at Grenoble and sent to prison. He remained there untried for upwards of a year, at the end of which he was sent before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and was condemned by them to the guillotine. Of all the victims of the Revolution there was no one who less deserved this fate, or who was a more genuine patriot.

With the departure of Barnave to Grenoble, the correspondence of the Queen with him and his friends came to an end. It may be well, however, to point out how completely the predictions of these men were fulfilled by subsequent events. The King and Queen continued their double course of policy to its inevitable end. The King continually protested his fidelity to the Constitution and to the nation. The Queen, on his behalf, pressed with ever-increasing urgency upon her brother, the Emperor, and after his death on her nephew, his successor, and on the other sovereigns of Europe, the necessity of a Congress supported by an overwhelming display of force, for the purpose of overthrowing the Constitution of France and restoring the authority of the King. It is possible also from the correspondence of the Queen with Fersen and Mercy to trace the development of the Queen's wishes that the armed intervention of the Powers should be preceded by a manifesto containing menaces of a terrible character directed against Paris and other towns in France which should resist the invaders, and interfere with the safety of the King and his family. The first inception of this idea has already been referred to in the letter of the Queen to the Emperor of the 8th of September 1791. She frequently reverted to this topic.

In a letter to Mercy dated the 4th of July 1792 she wrote :

All will be lost if the factions are not restrained by the fear of a speedy punishment. . . . It is necessary that a manifesto should make the National Assembly in Paris responsible for the lives of the King and his family.¹³

¹³ Arneth, p. 265.

Mercy replied on the 9th of July 'There will certainly be a menacing declaration.'

On the 10th of July Fersen in a letter to the Queen wrote :

The operations are being hastened as much as possible. Care will be taken that the manifesto shall be as good as possible. We are now engaged on it. It will make the City of Paris responsible for the safety of the King and his family.¹⁴

On the 26th he wrote :

The manifesto is completed. The manifesto follows your lines and those of your people.¹⁵

And in a letter to Baron de Taube on the 29th he wrote :

I send you the declaration of the Duke of Brunswick. You will be very content with it. It is I who have done it, through Monsieur de Limon.¹⁶

Fersen himself was at Brussels. De Limon, his agent, was at Coblenz urging the issue of the manifesto in the terms proposed by the Queen and Fersen. As issued it threatened most deadly vengeance on Paris if any harm should be done to the King and Queen. It was to be destroyed by fire. All persons resisting the invaders were to be punished by death. It has been stated by some writers that the most menacing of the clauses, that directed against Paris, was inserted by a trick after the Proclamation had been signed by the Duke of Brunswick. Certain it is that the Duke later expressed himself as greatly ashamed of its terms.

The Proclamation caused an outburst of indignation in Paris and throughout France. It was everywhere assumed that the King and Queen were responsible for it. It was the immediate cause of the attack on the Tuileries on the 10th of August, and the overthrow of the Monarchy.

We now also know from the Queen's letters to Mercy that when war was imminent with Austria she communicated to him important decisions of the King's Government and the secrets of attack against the enemy.

Thus on the 26th of March 1792, a few days before the declaration of war with Austria, she wrote to Mercy :

Dumouriez proposes to commence by an attack on Savoy and in the district of Liège. The army of Lafayette will be employed in the latter. This is the result of the Council of yesterday. It is well to know this project in order to be on guard and to take such measures as are desirable.¹⁷

¹⁴ Fersen, ii. 323.

¹⁵ *Ibid.* p. 326.

¹⁶ *Ibid.* p. 327.

¹⁷ Arneth, p. 259.

Other treacherous communications of the same kind are to be found in the correspondence of the Queen with Mercy and Fersen for the express purpose of their being conveyed to the enemy.

In review of the proceedings and correspondence which have been above described, it may be well to consider what are the gravest crimes which a sovereign can commit against the people over whom he rules. The first is to swear to maintain a Constitution, which he has accepted as the condition of his holding the position, with the full intention of breaking his oath by the destruction of the Constitution, on the earliest possible occasion, by the aid of foreign armies. The second is to invite foreign sovereigns to invade his country with their armies for the purpose of destroying its Constitution, or indeed for any other purpose. The third is to betray the military secrets of his Government and country to their enemies for the purpose of making invasion more easy and certain.

We now know that the King and Queen, and chiefly the Queen, were guilty of these crimes. The evidence bringing home completely to them their guilt was not known to the people of France at the time, though everyone felt certain that it must be so. In the trial of the King before the Convention, the main charge against him was that he had conspired with the enemies of France for the destruction of its liberties. It must be admitted that there was no distinct and direct evidence of complicity of the King with foreign Powers for this purpose. The answer in the affirmative was formed, and could only then be formed, as inferences from his whole conduct and that of his brothers, and of the invading Sovereigns, as known to all the world. The Convention was unanimous in finding him guilty. In an Assembly of which 749 out of 770 members were present, including men of every phase of political opinion, many of them supporters of monarchy in the abstract, not one came forward to give a verdict of not guilty, and only twenty-eight abstained from voting. In the case also of the Queen in her trial by the Revolutionary Tribunal, there was no direct evidence in support of the main charge of conspiring with the enemies of France. The jury found her guilty as an inference from her whole conduct. There was much in the proceedings of the trial which was most revolting, and which roused the sympathies of the world for the unfortunate woman, but as to her guilt of the crime, for which she was mainly arraigned, there was not at the time in France, and there could not be, any doubt.

The verdicts of the Convention and the Revolutionary Tribunal and of all France have of late years been fully confirmed and justified by damning evidence. There can be no doubt as to the final verdict of history. The King and Queen were indubitably guilty

of the crimes which have been alleged as the greatest and most unforgivable that sovereigns can commit against their country. The evidence to this effect is to be found in their letters, and especially those of the Queen, to their agents, Fersen, Mercy, and Breteuil, and to the Emperor and others, from which quotations have been made. None of them, however, were known to the public at the time of the trials, or to the earlier writers in France on the Revolution, such as Michelet, Mignet, Louis Blanc, Lamartine, and others, or even to later historians such as De Tocqueville, or to Sybel in Germany, or to Professor Smyth and later to Carlyle and Alison in England. They have only been made known to the public in the last thirty or forty years by the collections of correspondence published by Feuillet de Conches and Arneth, and by the memoirs and correspondence of Fersen, Breteuil, Mallet du Pan, and others.¹⁸ The first French historian to make full use of them was Albert Sorel, in his great work on the diplomacy of the French Revolution, published in 1887.

In England it can hardly be said that, even yet, historians have appreciated the full significance of the letters referred to. In the able *History of the French Revolution* by Professor Morse Stephens, published in 1886, a book very reliable as to facts, so far as they go, there is no reference whatever to the correspondence of the Queen with Mercy, Fersen, and others, though Feuillet de Conches' and Arneth's publications preceded his by some years, and there is no suggestion that the King and Queen were guilty of the crimes for which they were tried. The first English historian of importance to refer to this correspondence was Lecky. In the chapter of his *History of England* in which he deals with the French Revolution he quotes freely from the works of Arneth and Feuillet. Strange to say, he only refers to the treacherous correspondence of the King and Queen for the purpose of suggesting that their acts might be palliated by their personal danger, in the following sentence :

Prisoners, powerless, and in daily fear of their lives, the King and Queen had little hope except in foreign assistance. They had for some time maintained a correspondence which nothing but the excess of their danger could palliate at a time when war with the Emperor had become almost certain.¹⁹

Elsewhere the historian refers to the execution of the King as an act of murder. But much of the treacherous correspondence inviting foreign Powers to combine for the destruction of the Constitution of France took place, as shown above, when there

¹⁸ Feuillet de Conches' work was published in 1864, Arneth's in 1874, and Fersen's journal and correspondence in 1877.

¹⁹ Lecky, vol. vi. p. 22.

was no personal danger whatever to the King and Queen. In the early days, after the acceptance of the Constitution, public opinion in Paris was overwhelmingly in their favour. Can it also be maintained that any fear of personal danger could palliate the conduct of a King in swearing to maintain a Constitution with the full intention of subverting and destroying it by the aid of foreign armies; or inviting foreign Governments to invade his country and supplying them with the secrets of his Government?

Lord Acton, in his Cambridge Professorial Lectures on the French Revolution, briefly refers to the letters from Feuillet, Arneth, and Fersen, but without quoting from them in detail. He deals with the charges against Louis in the following sentence :

Everybody believed that Louis had brought the invader into the country but it was not proved in evidence. If the proofs, since published, had been known at the time, the defence must have been confined to the plea that the King was inviolable; and the answer could have been that he was covered by the responsibility of ministers, but was responsible for what he did behind their backs.

The conclusion, then, which everyone in France, and especially in Paris, arrived at as to the treachery of the King and Queen, and their connivance with the invading Powers of Europe, has been fully justified by their correspondence disclosed of late years to the world. Whether it was a politic or necessary course to inflict the punishment of death is another and very different question. It was only by a very small majority that the Convention decided on this course as regards Louis. It did not lie with Englishmen, whose not remote ancestors had condemned Charles the First to death for crimes against his country of much less gravity, to cavil at the decision of the Convention. Nor can it be denied that, according to the ethics of the time, the sentence was to be expected. If the invading armies had been successful and had captured Paris, the punishment of death would undoubtedly have been inflicted on all the members of the Convention, and on all the leaders of the Revolutionary Party throughout France. In no true sense of the term could the execution of the King be accounted as murder. None the less, however, we now know that it was the gravest of political blunders. The last days of the King were exalted and ennobled by courage, resignation, and Christian piety. For the first time in his life he rose to the level of his Kingship. Though he died unrepentant and appeared to be quite unconscious even that he had committed any offence against the nation, he acquired the status of a martyr in the opinion of vast numbers of his countrymen. His violent death roused animosities against the Republic in every part of Europe. It was the immediate cause of England joining in the alliance against it.

It has been shown how often Barnave and his friends predicted ruin to the cause of the King, if their advice was not followed, and if the King did not keep faith with the Constitution. What might have happened if the King and Queen had acted differently, if they had done their best to maintain the Constitution, if instead of intriguing for its overthrow, and inviting invasion for this purpose, they had used their influence with foreign Powers to support it, and to restrain the Princes and émigrés in their reactionary efforts, would be an interesting question to explore. But, like many other problems in history as to what would have happened if certain events had not been as they were, it is insoluble. All we can say is that the Constitution of 1791 never had a fair trial. It was, as Barnave said, very monarchical in form. It was far removed from a constitutional and responsible form of government such as that of England at the present time. It more nearly resembled the present constitution of Germany, where large powers are reserved for the sovereign. Supported by a capable and trustworthy King, it might have stood the test of experience, and have saved France from many subsequent evils. But Louis was neither the one nor the other. War and invasion at his invitation, though unsuccessful and impotent as against the French nation, destroyed both the one-year-old Constitution of 1791 and the Monarchy with more than a thousand years of autocratic traditions.

EVERSLEY.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE TELEPHONE?

THE telephone is the most wonderful and least appreciated of the marvels of modern science. It is the very magic carpet of fable, transporting its owner in a flash to the place where he desires to be. By its aid the business man seated in his City office can be one instant instructing his agent at the Docks and the next arguing with his wife at Richmond. The busy housewife can do her shopping without stirring more than a few steps from the nursery door. The electric current will carry the human voice over the North Downs and across the trim gardens of the South, under the waters of the Channel, across the plains of Northern France, and deliver it easily recognisable in Paris in a moment of time. Nor is the means by which this miracle is performed less marvellous than the result. The electric current which operates the telephone is perhaps the gentlest and swiftest thing in the world. Any description of it must seem to be hopeless exaggeration. It is about one five-millionth part of the current required to light a single electric lamp. To use a picturesque illustration of Mr. H. N. Casson's, if you cool a spoonful of hot water one degree you will have released sufficient energy to run a telephone for ten thousand years. If you catch the falling tear of a child you will have enough water-power to carry your voice from London to Paris.

This is a miracle, but in order to make miracles of practical utility in modern life it is required that they should occur when they are wanted, and in the way that is wanted. A magic carpet that suddenly refused to stir when the proper incantation was repeated would become unpopular, and even more annoyance would be caused if, instead of carrying its user to the office where he wanted to be, it pitchforked him, alarmed and angry, into the back drawing-room of a total stranger. That is what the telephone here is constantly doing to-day, with the consequence that people are tempted to attribute to the telephone itself faults which are merely due to the system under which it is operated. Every nation gets the telephone system that it deserves, and we have fully earned all the exasperation that we have to endure by

our persistent refusal to recognise the change which the advent of the telephone has brought to the world. The postal service transmits a letter, the telegraph service sends the contents of the letter, but the telephone communicates the thought behind the letter. There is one great fundamental principle of telephony which is too little regarded in England, and that is that every telephone added to a service increases the value of all telephones in the service. We still do not realise that a house without a telephone is as obsolete as a house without a bathroom. We are still content to be twenty years behind the times in our telephone system.

For an idea of what a telephone system can do we have to look to America. In spite of the fact that it was largely built up by Englishmen, the telephone stands as the one characteristic product of American civilisation. Not a very lovely product perhaps, not one which indicates a very high advance in the scale of civilisation, but a product which no nation which means to maintain its position in commerce to-day can afford to ignore or even to under-estimate. The United States adds in one year to her service as many telephones as are comprised in the entire system in this country, and increases the mileage of her telephone circuits each year by more than the distance between England and Australia. In the States every alternate family possesses a telephone. There the low charge of 9d. to one shilling a week for a private instrument has enabled two and a half million farmers to be in telephonic touch with each other and their markets. Contrast this development and these facilities with the opportunities vouchsafed to only two thousand farmers in this country. It is possible to converse from Denver to New York, a distance of over two thousand miles, without straining the voice, and to be perfectly audible. To-day New York leads the world with a telephone service that is unapproachable for efficiency. If you mass together all the telephones of London, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Bristol, and Belfast, you will still fall short of the number of telephones in this one American city. At the slackest time in the twenty-four hours—that is between three and four in the morning—there are, on an average, ten calls a minute. Between eleven and twelve o'clock 180,000 conversations take place, with an average of fifty new calls a second. The business done represents every department of human activity. Contracts are made, evidence given, lawsuits tried, degrees conferred, proposals of marriage made and accepted, voters canvassed—all by means of the telephone. I do not want to labour comparisons, but it is perfectly obvious that here in England we are still content to do things slowly and expensively without the telephone that could

be done quickly and cheaply with it. The first thing that strikes an American coming to London is the overcrowding of the streets. He sees streams of messenger boys, clerks, and even business men walking, flying in trains, or going by 'bus or underground. In New York there is not half that overcrowding. Business is not done by letter or message or even by personal interview. It is done by telephone. The London Stock Exchange, the biggest market-place on earth, has fifteen telephone lines : the New York Exchange has 641. A big club of which I am a member has 6000 members and three telephone lines. On an average three hundred men—almost all of them busy professional men, business men, or members of Parliament—lunch there every day. Yet there is only one telephone line for every hundred of them. Every member of the House of Commons has had experience of the exasperating inadequacy of the telephone service there. In Congress every member has his telephone.

I am pointing out these differences not in order to show that England is decadent or that her commercial position is doomed or anything of that kind, but merely to try to show the English people what they are missing in convenience and comfort by not securing an adequate and efficient service. At the present moment such service as we have is regarded as a luxury for the rich, instead of being accepted as a necessity for all. For every person in the United Kingdom with a telephone there are at least sixty-nine without. This lack of telephones lessens the value of the whole service. My telephone is of no use to me unless the man I want to ring up has got one too. This is where the telephone system here is being hampered. If we had the same telephone service in proportion to our population as the United States have, with their 9,000,000 telephones, we should have about 3,650,000 telephones instead of only 750,000. In that case every subscriber would have five times the present facilities of conversation. Five telephones to one is too heavy odds for us to allow our commercial rivals to have against us in these days of stress. If we want two keels to one to keep our shores from invasion, we want at least an equal proportion of telephones to keep our business from destruction.

There is a curious idea, which has been extensively spread in some strange way, that America is more suited to telephone exploitation than this country. It is true that in America distances are greater and comparative means of communication less efficient than in this country. But that made the task of linking up America by telephone harder and not easier. In America they had to face and subdue natural obstacles of the most formidable kind. They had to traverse great forests where their poles looked like tooth-picks beside the enormous trees

They had to drive off Indians who coveted the bright wire for earrings and bracelets, and the bears who mistook the humming of the wires for the buzzing of bees and persisted in gnawing down the poles. In England we had no such natural difficulties with which to contend. With its natural advantages, its small area, its inter-dependent cities and counties, it is an ideal place for the development of the telephone. Nor can it be held that the fact that other means of communication exist justifies their substitution for the telephone. The use of the telephone is to prevent a man from being his own errand-boy. Because you can do a journey quickly by tube or train you need not neglect the chance of doing it quicker still by telephone.

This fact is not realised in England because the telephone service has always been the Cinderella of English life. Indeed, when we look at the history of the telephone in this country, it seems extraordinary that it has even survived to the extent that it has. When the telephone was first introduced into England it found the Government staggering under one of the most disastrous financial blows that it had ever received : the failure of the telegraph service to pay its way. The advent of the telephone put Ministers in a difficulty. If they bought it, the result might be that another financial failure might be added to the losses on the telegraphs, which they already felt to be excessive. If they let it alone, it might cut out the telegraph service altogether and leave them to face a total loss of all the public money that they had invested in it. The dilemma appeared to be complete. The Government under these circumstances decided first of all to get control of the new service. They obtained a decision of the Courts that a telephone was a telegraph. The Act of Parliament under which the decision was obtained was passed six years before a telephone was ever constructed, but that made no difference. The leading scientists of the day, including Tyndall and Lord Kelvin, warned the Government that they were making a fatal mistake, but they were disregarded. The Post Office were acting as the wicked uncles of the infant service. They had determined to get control of it in order to do it to death in some hidden and secret manner. Very soon their policy became clear. They were neither prepared to work it themselves nor to allow anyone else a free hand to develop it. The political theorists of that day believed that unrestricted competition was the only way to secure business efficiency. So licences to organise a telephone service were granted to thirteen different companies. We can faintly imagine the confusion that would have ensued if they had all succeeded, but fortunately, as might have been foreseen, the most alert and most energetic quickly swallowed all the rest. But even this repetition of the miracle

of Aaron's rod did not soften the hard and jealous heart of the Postmaster-General, and he would not let the telephone service go free. He even acted so far upon Scriptural precedent as to increase the burden of its obligations. The Company was compelled to pay one-tenth of its gross earnings to the Post Office. It had to hold itself in readiness to sell out at six months' notice at any time. And, finally, when the Company had at last strung a long-distance system of wires, the Government came down and compelled it to sell.

The root cause of this stroke, which has been as disastrous financially as it was immoral politically—the Post Office made a loss last year of 15,000*l.* over the trunk service—was the jealousy of the telegraph service. For a long time the Post Office telegraphs had been envious of their younger and more popular rival. On the 2nd of March 1892 the then Postmaster-General, Sir James Fergusson, had to confess in the House of Commons that 'wherever the telephone system has been principally developed, there the growth of the telegraph revenue has been checked.' Instead of drawing the obvious conclusion, that the public had begun to recognise the increased utility and efficiency of the telephone over the telegraph, and trying to make the new service as popular and convenient as possible, the Post Office adopted the opposite policy. It expropriated at an absurd valuation the whole of the Company's long-distance lines, and imposed the most harassing conditions as to the local areas in which the Company might work. If its object was to get a permanent revenue for the State, experience has shown that it dismally failed; but if its object was to check the development of the telephone service in England it was a triumphant success. The result has been not to transform the telegraphs into a paying concern, but to turn the trunk lines into a losing concern—so much for Post Office control.

The next chapter in this miserable story of administrative failure opens in 1900, when the Post Office suddenly repudiated its obligations to the licensed Company and threw open the door to general competition. That action knocked twenty-five per cent. off the value of the National Telephone Company's securities and made its author, Mr. Hanbury, a member of the Cabinet; but it had no other recognisable results. The Post Office tried to start a second system in London, but in two years it discovered its mistake and had to ask the Company for its assistance and co-operation. It granted licences to cities that demanded municipal ownership, but the policy of mutual throttling and antagonistic rivalries between them, the Company, and the Post Office system resulted in inevitable failure. Glasgow, for instance, spent about 360,000*l.* on a plant,

ran the system at a loss, and then sold it to the Post Office for 300,000*l.* When it had bought the system the Post Office had to reconstruct the main exchange and replace every one of the 12,800 subscribers' telephones in use. The other municipal telephones came to the same end. Brighton sold out to the Post Office with a loss of nearly 2500*l.*, and other municipalities had to sell to the National Telephone Company at considerably less than the service cost. All this happened because the Post Office would not realise that no telephone service can be complete or efficient unless it is self-contained and unhampered, and unless it is national in its scope. These repeated failures, however, did succeed in driving into the heads of the Postal officials some elementary appreciation of telephone conditions. But, like most lessons learnt by unwilling pupils, it was learned or applied the wrong way. Instead of realising that the moral of all this confusion was the natural and perfectly comprehensible inability of Post Office officials to understand the special and complicated problem of the telephone, the officials came to the conclusion that what was wanted was more instead of less of Post Office control. In 1905 they accordingly forced the Company to agree to a sale of its whole interest in 1911 at 'reconstruction value' without any allowance at all for the goodwill of its enormous business. Like many hard bargains, this has proved to be in the end most expensive to those who made it. Once the certainty of appropriation by the Government at unremunerative prices began to overshadow the National Telephone Company, the development of the system was paralysed. The spirit of enterprise and dash which characterised the early history of the Company was chilled; new districts were not exploited or new plant fitted except where absolutely necessary. The amount of capital expenditure of the Company decreased from over 1,000,000*l.* in 1907 to 360,000*l.* in its last year. Just when British telephony was beginning to recover from the persistent difficulties which Post Office interference had put in its way, the final blow of impending Post Office control destroyed for a decade the hope of an adequate exploitation of the service in this country. The National Telephone Company, always uncertain of the security of its title and hampered by the enormous royalties, amounting in all to 3,670,000*l.*, that it was forced to pay to the State, had never been able to expand on generous and far-seeing lines. When it was faced with the certainty of speedy extinction it ceased to make any effort to do so. The service passed into the hands of the Post Office in a depressed and depreciated condition.

It cannot be said that the Post Office made any adequate preparations for its gigantic task. At the time of the transfer

Great Britain was hopelessly behind the rest of the world in the provision of telephones. Whereas in Stockholm one man out of every four had a telephone, in Chicago one out of every nine, and in Berlin one out of seventeen, in this country in London only one out of every thirty-five, in Manchester one out of forty-seven, and in Birmingham one out of seventy-two, was so provided. The system was obviously inadequate to meet the expanding needs of an industrial community, and the only possible excuse for the State assuming control was that, with its great resources and absolute freedom from any fear of competition, it might be able to carry out the necessary revolution more swiftly and easily than any private company. But in order to do this a vast army of highly skilled men must be provided and the plans for the change drafted and examined by experts. Canvassers would be required to seek out business, and an educational campaign to instruct the public in the advantages and use of the telephone. Nothing of the kind was done or even contemplated. All that the Post Office could do after five years of preparation was to take over the existing service without dislocating it for more than a fortnight. No skilled men were trained and held in readiness for the needs of the State service. Therefore, instead of the transfer being a stimulus to the expansion of the telephone service it has actually acted as a check. The rate of expansion as shown in the last annual report is only about one-half what it was in 1906, and even so it exceeds the power of the Post Office to cope with it.

In America a new telephone can be installed in four or five days, whereas in this country it will take as many weeks, and in some cases almost as many months. The Post Office authorities quite truly say that without skilled engineers they cannot maintain and extend their service. But that is a difficulty which anyone might have foreseen. What I object to is that, knowing that skilled and trained men would be required, they made no adequate effort at all to ensure that such would be available when they were required. This is one illustration of the lack of foresight which has always marked their attitude towards the telephone service. When the transfer was effected they got rid of the highly paid, experienced organisers and engineers at the head of the service and substituted for them comparatively ill-paid officials with no unusual telephone experience. I have nothing whatever to say against any of the existing officials. They do their work admirably under most difficult conditions. But they are probably not selected for having the special talents and experience which are required for running an enormous business enterprise like the telephone service.

The same thing applies to the whole internal organisation of the service. The Post Office is destroying its efficiency by trying

to force Civil Service methods on to a department for which they are utterly unsuited. It is not usual to pay a Civil servant occupying a certain position more than 1500*l.* a year, so the Chief Engineer cannot be paid more, although the National Telephone Company paid their officials twice the sum. That is the Post Office argument. The business argument is to get the best man and then pay him what he is worth. So with the rest of the staff. Under the private Company they were systematically promoted, wherever they were, so that every loyal servant of the Company was secured a rising income. Now all sorts of grades and classes have been introduced because they are common in the Civil Service, and a telephonist is not paid, as used to be the case, a level rate according to the work done, but a rate forced according to the particular 'classification' of the Post Office in which she works. Moreover, it is generally believed among the staff that a judicious mediocrity and scrupulous observance of red-tape regulations are a better guide to promotion than keenness and enterprise. All these things may be small in themselves, but they are big in the result. The staff, instead of being happier under their 'model employer,' the State, are seething with discontent. Now, the telephone service is run by the nerves and tempers of the operators, and if the human element is dissatisfied and discontented these moods will inevitably be reflected by the machine which they operate. Next to the numbing effect of Post Office interference in the past must be put its stupid misunderstanding of the feelings of the staff, in assessing the blame for the present breakdown of the service.

There is no use now in trying to shut our eyes to the facts. During the whole history of the telephone in England the Post Office has acted like some kind of bad fairy, always interposing its curse just when the service was struggling out of its difficulty. Impregnable within its walls of bureaucratic obstinacy, the Post Office will accept suggestions from nobody nor heed the exasperated complaints of the subscribers. There is only one possible solution of the difficulty. Post Office methods have dismally failed, and they must be ended. A large number of suggestions have been put forward from time to time for the reform of the service, but I am afraid that none of them now are adequate. The Chamber of Commerce last year pressed, at my invitation, for a separation of the telephone from other departments of the Post Office, so that some relics of the old independence might be preserved from the stifling effects of Civil Service tradition. The Postmaster-General would not hear of it. Then the Parliamentary Telephone Committee suggested the appointment of a general Advisory Committee representing the subscribers, with much the same powers of advice as are possessed

by the Advisory Committees of the Board of Trade. That also was refused. Now I think that neither of these suggestions is adequate to meet the case. Since they were put forward we have seen more of the methods and ideas of the Post Office, and I think that the only possible solution of the whole problem is to take the control of the service right away from the Post Office and place in under a board of business men who will run it on commercial lines. We have a precedent for such a body in the Port of London Authority, and I think that if State intervention in commercial enterprise is to be increased that precedent will have to be extensively followed. Something of the same idea is also contained in the suggestions in regard to Irish railways put forward by the recent Viceregal Commission.

The present arrangements are hopelessly unbusinesslike. The finances of the system are involved and obscure to a degree which would not be tolerated in the case of any commercial company. The National Telephone Company was accustomed to issue clear and intelligible accounts a fortnight after the books were closed. The Post Office issues accounts which it is impossible for any man who has not had a special training in Treasury accountancy to understand, and they are not debated for something like eighteen months after the year to which they refer has expired. Even when the time comes for a discussion it is often farcical in character. Last year the Post Office never condescended to make any reply at all to the criticisms that were directed against it. This year we were more fortunate, but we were unable to obtain from the Postmaster-General any real information as to how the service stands. This much is clear. In two years the Post Office has already managed to dissipate the substantial profit made by the National Telephone Company. The Company paid a royalty to the State of 350,000*l.*; it had to pay income-tax to the extent of 38,000*l.* It had to raise money in the open market and to put by large sums for the redemption of capital. Yet it paid six per cent. to its shareholders. Under Post Office control the profit has been decreased to less than one and a half per cent., representing a total net profit for the year of only 303,000*l.*, although, of course, the Post Office pays no royalties, pays no income-tax, and raises money on the full security of the State. That is a record from a financial point of view which amply justifies the demand for the more businesslike control. A business board would, at all events, issue intelligible accounts which would let the subscribers know exactly the financial position of the concern, and would make some provision for allowing them to ventilate their complaints with some prospect of their receiving attention.

At the present moment the Post Office does not realise the two

main principles of telephonic success. The first is that the man at the telephone is a man in a hurry. He may consent to wait for any other possible service, but he never will consent to wait for the telephone. For him every second is a minute long because every second may be of vital importance. The Bell Company, in America, has more than once scrapped plant worth thousands of pounds in order to save a few seconds on a call. There a delay of a quarter of an hour in a thousand-mile call is a subject for special investigation. Here the trunk lines, which have been for years under the control of the Post Office, are notorious for their slowness and untrustworthiness, and excessive charges as compared with the Continent. As an instance, the trunk fee in Germany for a distance of 300 miles is 1s., in England it is 2s. 6d., which is more than double for the same distance. The constant signal of 'Line engaged' or 'Number engaged' during the busy parts of the day shows that the deficiency of lines between exchanges is almost as bad as the deficiency in trunk lines. Yet the Post Office is taking no adequate steps whatever to lay down the new lines that are necessary for the speeding-up of the service. A business board would recognise that what is wanted is to give a quick service when it is most required, in the busiest time of the day, and would rather lay down trunk lines ahead of immediate requirements than allow the lack of them to hold up the service. The business organisers of the Bell Telephone Company have now got in stock 25,000,000 dollars' worth of reserve plant waiting for the development of the service to require it. Even in the City of New York one-half of the cable ducts are empty, in expectation of the greater city of eight million population which they expect in 1928. Money invested in developing the service is well invested, since by the second principle of telephony every extension adds value to the whole.

The future of the telephone service in this country is in the hands of its subscribers. They are a sufficiently formidable body to enforce their will upon any Postmaster-General. If they are willing to put up with a half-starved, half-grown, neglected and inefficient service, neither cheap nor useful, they can abandon it to the bureaucrats of the Post Office. They have succeeded in losing something like 30,000,000l. of the nation's capital and about a million a year of its income in running the telegraph service, and I am sure that they may be equally successful with the telephone. But if the subscribers are really determined to see that this all-important service is developed and expanded to meet the needs of the people, and, in the picturesque language of Mr. Casson, 'fitted like a garment round the habits of the people,' they will insist that the evil power of the Post Office shall no longer be exercised. The Postmaster-General would

retain over the telephones the kind of suzerainty that the Home Secretary has over the present Prison Commissioners or the Lunacy Commissioners, but no more. For the first time in its history the telephone must be given a free hand over the whole country, unhampered by red tape or official restriction. It is not to be supposed that such a change will be effected without vigorous official opposition. We can only get it by acting to Parliament the part of the importunate widow. If every subscriber who has got a complaint will badger his member and make him in turn badger the Post Office, the Government may yield to weariness what they withheld from reason, and grant the desired concession. Popular disgust throughout the country with the muddle and inefficiency of the Post Office system, and the autocracy of its methods, is so great that it only needs a little organisation to make of it a force that no Government could resist.

C. S. GOLDMAN,
Chairman of Parliamentary Telephone Committee.

WOMEN'S WAGES AND THE LAWS OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND

THE constantly repeated assertion that the rise and fall of wages has nothing to do with politics, but is determined by the laws of supply and demand, has such a specious air of likeliness about it that it often passes unchallenged among those who are unacquainted with the complicated network of cause and effect involved in our modern industrial system. It is, in fact, not a downright falsehood, but one of those half-truths, founded on an incomplete analysis, which are hardest of all to fight. The fact of the influence of supply and demand on wages is, of course, as true as the effect of the law of gravitation on every material object. But when human will intervenes, these undisputed natural laws cannot be taken as the sole causes of any event which in a certain sense may be said to be due to their influence. Thus, if it was not for the law of gravitation it would be impossible for one man to throw another over a cliff; but there is no court of justice in the world that would take the law of gravitation as a satisfactory explanation of murder. Such a crime, like any other human action, is ultimately a question of character, will, and opportunity. The amount of value attached by a violent robber to the object he covets, the amount of daring in his character, the amount of principle to be overcome, his skill in carrying out his project, and his concentration and quickness of mind are all factors that go to determine the event. So it is with the laws of supply and demand. We know that these are fundamental and indisputable facts without which no industrial event could happen. But we also know that they can do nothing by themselves, that their working is directed, interfered with, and modified by all sorts of other, just as important, factors incidental to human life and character. And this is so chiefly because the demand for any commodity is founded on human desire, the most variable and fluctuating of forces, influenced by caprice, fashion, physical health or weakness, the weather, war, famine, time and the historical events involved—indeed, by every accident which human life is heir to. Thus the value of

an object may rise because the demand is greater than the supply, but it must be remembered that the demand cannot be greater than the supply simply because the supply is small, unless people have need of that particular object. Supposing the human race were to cease eating some particular fish—say, lobsters—it would not matter in the least how rare they were and how hard to find, a lobster would at once become as valueless in the market as a rat. If, at the dictates of fashion, women's hats became like men's, and at the same time they ceased wearing silks and satins, as men have already gradually done, the value of artificial flowers, feathers, and costly stuffs would decline in direct proportion to the decline of the demand. Then, in times of war, the simplest necessities of life gain a great artificial value; the supply of bread may be cut off in a siege, but the demand remains steady. In the late coal strike the price of coal went up for the same reason. Such a strike in summer, or in the West Indies, would have had no such violent effect on prices. For the supply was cut off artificially at the same time that the cold weather heightened the demand. Then in a country without railways or factories the whole relation of the supply to the demand would have been different, and the result of cutting short the supply would have altered in proportion.

The prices of things, then, may be said to be regulated by the relation between the amount of the special need at any given moment for any particular article and the ease or difficulty with which this need is gratified. And all those factors that influence human will in desiring, or, on the other hand, human action in obtaining, have their direct influence on the price of commodities. It will be seen that this definition covers also all differences in prices caused by local or general rates of wages paid to those engaged in producing or transporting the particular commodity, and by their fluctuation increasing or diminishing the difficulty by which the commodity is obtained. Political and historical considerations are included, such as the effect of different tariffs on prices, an effect that has given rise to endless disagreement among those who wish to arrive at the net result of the contradictory working of a force, that seems at the same time to put up the price of commodities and to increase the wages paid to the labourer. The problem of weighing good against evil results is further complicated by the fact that the labourer is always also a buyer, and so seems to gain with one hand and lose with the other, also by its effect on the shipping and transporting trade. Thus we see that a political measure can produce in its effect on prices a problem that, in its many-sided complications, has so far defied humanity to furnish a universally acceptable solution.

Now, as labour is a commodity bought and sold like any other commodity, anyone wishing to understand the cause of specially high or low wages gained by any special section of the community, men or women, must not be content with putting down these differences to the action of the law of supply and demand, but must examine carefully and weigh, on the one hand, all the human factors controlling and regulating the wish to use such labour by which the demand is governed, and also the forces that tend to an increase or decrease of the supply. Taken on the surface, without such an examination, the market of human work presents a strange and indeed baffling spectacle. Those who tell us that wages are entirely a matter of competition, that if there are fifty people wanting to do one piece of paid work they will undercut one another and so bring down the rate of payment, whilst if there are fifty pieces of work going begging, and only one worker available, that worker could command his own price, have not gone far in their effort to analyse and solve the manifold problems that present themselves to our minds. Taking an instance from the industrial experience of the upper and privileged classes, we find a member of the Government paid 5000*l.* a year for his work. Can we explain this by saying that there are so many Cabinet Ministers needed by the nation and so few people willing to do such work, that, in fact, the demand is so much greater than the supply that the Cabinet Minister, however incapable a worker he may be, can command a price for his labour of such proportionately large dimensions? On the contrary, when we look into the matter we find, first of all, there are six hundred men in the House of Commons, most of whom would eagerly desire such a position, and all of whom would consider themselves quite as capable of filling it with distinction as the present Cabinet. Then outside the House of Commons there are thousands all over the country ready and willing to compete for such work, and yet this competition is no danger at all to Mr. McKenna or Mr. Lloyd George, nor does it in any way reduce the remuneration attached to their present positions. This is, of course, an extreme instance, but cases crowd into the mind of so-called 'jobs,' posts that are paid so highly as to be out of all proportion to their usefulness to the community or the difficulty of finding someone to fill them adequately. They are, as it were, shelters built through history by the favoured few to keep out the competition of the gradually evolving and self-emancipating multitude. The multitude, as it struggles forward in its slow, sectional, yet inevitable advance, has swept away many barriers and filled with the strife and fury of competition many hitherto sacred spots reserved for generations as the heritage of a few distinguished names. But often this advance has only meant a widening of

the ranks of the powerful to admit a few turbulent newcomers into the inner ring. Still all around us we see the influence of the past and the unassailable position of the first-comers, social prejudice, class precedent, interfering with and impeding and changing the direction of the laws of supply and demand. A Government clerk whose work requires no special training will earn his traditional eight or nine hundred a year. He may be a very useful member of society, but it will hardly be contended that, if the laws of supply and demand had been allowed their unimpeded way, his clerical labour could have commanded so much larger a reward than the skilled and trained engineer who is glad to earn 3*l.* a week. If we look into history we shall find everywhere under many guises the same constantly recurring struggle between the buyer and seller of labour fluctuating to and fro, and inspired by the two great clashing human desires, the desire to buy cheap and the desire to sell dear. We begin in the primitive physical-force days with the result of that warfare which, in prehistoric times, gave power to the victorious fighter and caused the dominance of a few chiefs, who were thus put into the position of buyers of labour. Thus was evolved the victory that first enabled the buyers to compel the labour of slaves for the (then not so small) price of subsistence and a kind of safety; the buyer's victory, of course, lying in the fact that for that price he bought not only labour but entire submission and dependence, and the now rightly unsaleable and invaluable quality of human life, depreciated and dethroned from its real sovereign position of infinite possibility.

The victory of the seller who becomes a buyer can be seen again and again in the annals of the past. We can trace it in the person of the general of a victorious army: David, who kills his tens of thousands, whilst Saul kills his thousands, and, prevailing thus against his competitors, commands, as the price of his labour, the power and revenues of the head of the State; or, to take a more modern instance, Napoleon, who, because of his many victories, is able to sell his labour, at the same high price, to the French nation. In all such cases an astute use of the laws of supply and demand has placed the user beyond the power of these laws. For when the seller of labour wins in the battle, his first care is to shield the fruits of his victory from the levelling action of these laws. He becomes, like David, the Lord's Anointed, or, like Napoleon, the Emperor who distributes a catechism to instruct his subjects that his will is as the Will of God, with like penalties for the rebellious. So has grown into being 'the divinity that doth hedge a king' and has been able to protect dynasty after dynasty through so many vicissitudes of the world's history.

Again we trace the same victory on a smaller scale in every country where an aristocracy has been evolved out of the turbulent elements of society on its way to organisation. The subordinate officers, generals and captains, demanded and obtained a high position, with lands and money, as a price of their labours. When they had obtained it, they managed to shield it from competition by the introduction of the hereditary principle. In this way, not only the King, but the upper classes have, at all events in England, been able for hundreds of years to shelter themselves and their descendants from the frightful severity of the laws of supply and demand. They grasped in their hands, for a time, all political power, and laws were made by them to protect their property and uphold their position.

In the industrial struggle of later days we see the same forces at work. From the ranks of the sellers of labour has emerged a class of buyers. It is a question whether the original founder of every great industrial enterprise in England was not a member of the working or professional class, in other words, the sellers of labour. The truth of this fact will be seen in the evolution of the new rich middle class, who are divided from the old aristocracy by the traditions of a different origin, and whose position and influence as buyers of labour is as powerful as theirs, and guarded in the same way by the laws of property and heredity. This new feudalism is indeed one of the most powerful forces of the present age, and here again we see that the victory of the seller of labour has simply resulted in changing him into a buyer of labour. But the world moves on. The sellers of labour have begun to think of themselves as a permanent and valuable section of the community, and in the present day we are in the midst of a labour problem which, in its efforts after a new adjustment in the relations of capital and labour, is convulsing society, and which might be defined as the growing struggle on the part of the sellers of labour to protect themselves from the laws of supply and demand, without changing their position as labourers—the attempt, in fact, to substitute a trade-union rate of wages for the supply-and-demand rate. This relatively new claim of democracy is quite distinct from, and often indeed at open war with, the old claim of a free passage and an easy ascent between the ranks of the buyers and sellers. It is not enough for us nowadays that a grocer's assistant may become a capitalist and an employer of labour. It is not even enough that certain classes of 'professional' labour have established their right to high rewards. The same spirit that has enabled lawyers, doctors, and politicians to keep up their prices artificially is at present rapidly developing among the multitude of obscure and innumerable manual workers faced, in their struggle for existence, by the stubborn and

difficult fact of an enormous supply of labour and a relatively small demand.

The revolt has two sides, as there are two ideas, often antagonistic, struggling for supremacy among the somewhat chaotic elements that go to make up our present English labour movement, the sectional and the universal. The idea of sectional advancement inspires an attempt to protect certain portions of the working class from the competition of their fellows, so that at all events some of the workers should be sheltered from the severity of the laws of supply and demand. The Trade Union movement is, of course, responsible for the development of this spirit. And this is natural enough. As a trade union is a body of workers in one particular industrial process, it is limited in its sympathies, and the first instincts of such a body tend to create a sort of corporate selfishness, which works out in an effort to keep up wages by reducing the supply of labour. It is thus likely to develop into a disintegrating force, responsible for much antagonism between different sets of workers. In its essence it is an attempt of certain classes of sellers of labour to keep up their own prices at the expense of other workers, to evolve, as it were, a new aristocracy of labour. Its application in the repeated and ever-recurring attempt to cut off the supply of women's labour, by rendering the employment of women in certain trades impossible or illegal, either by trade union action or by special Act of Parliament, has given rise to a most deplorable condition of sex war in industry. The same remarks apply to the feud between skilled and unskilled, the regular and the casual labourer, with the difference that different sections of men find it impossible to use the terrible weapon of political disablement against one another. This latter method of interfering with the law of supply and demand is, of course, only possible in dealing with the unenfranchised. Politicians will not entertain a proposal that, if carried out, will alienate huge masses of possible voters. But, on the other hand, any trifling and hollow excuse of philanthropy or propriety is enough to form the basis of an attack on the livelihood and wages of women. Thus in the past few years we have seen Parliamentary attacks on the employment of women acrobats, pitbrow workers, barmaids, and florists' assistants. The law against the employment of women at night is of course a tremendous handicap in the wages struggle and is an immense help to men trade unionists, in the printing trades more especially, in their efforts to make impossible the competition of women in the better-paid processes. When we compare the wages of the compositor earning 40s. a week and those of the woman folder and sewer who never can hope to make more than 15s., it is idle to say

that this difference is due to the law of supply and demand, because it is really a result of artificially interfering with the action of this law; the compositors having protected their trade from its action by not allowing a great section of workers to compete, and thus strictly limiting the supply of labour. At the same time the competition in the lesser-paid processes is, of course, intensified, the supply is increased, the demand remains steady, and consequently wages go down. This result has not been obtained without fierce struggling among the workers, and it was only after a long but unequal fight that the Edinburgh compositors were able to get rid of the women who had been engaged for many years in the work. Another triumph of the same kind was scored last year by the brassworkers in the Midlands. In many ways these exclusions and repressions bring their own retribution. For years the mule-spinners were able to keep up their wages to 40s. a week by not allowing the competition of women. They have held persistently to this point, but the advance of civilisation has defeated them. The new process of ring-spinning has been invented, and is gaining ground every day; improved machinery, with women to mind the machines, is gradually taking the place of the old high-paid labour, which, of course, the employers are delighted to dispense with. The ups and downs of the struggle for sectional protection produce varying results, but to the careful observer the end seems inevitable. A house divided against itself cannot stand, and it is easy to see that no permanent solution of the problems of competition, satisfactory to the seller of labour, can be found along these lines of internecine warfare. It has been said that when thieves fall out honest men come by their own, but it is truer to say that when honest men fall out thieves come into what is not their own. When any set of workers are excluded from their trade a mass of unskilled labour is turned adrift on the market. It is unskilled because it is a rough practical truth that no working person is skilled in more than one trade. It goes to swell the supply of unskilled labour. So that while competition is reduced in the skilled trade, it is made proportionately more severe in the unskilled trades. And the net result is that the already well paid are better paid, and the badly paid are worse paid. The men whose trade is thus protected from the law of supply and demand earn artificially good wages, whilst the excluded section bring down the rate for all women.

But this is not the end. The mass of these workers struggling for industrial existence fall easy victims to the class of unfair and sweating employers, cheap processes and machinery are invented, and the men with their high prices and protected position suddenly find their whole trade cut away under their

feet by a multitude of helpless, outlawed, unorganised, and half-starved workers. The old individual aristocracy found the means to shelter their position by heredity and law, the new aristocracy of labour, sectional instead of individual, cannot find any means of permanently sheltering themselves from the ruthless laws of competition, from which they have temporarily escaped. Instance after instance crowd into the mind of cases in which the buyer has eventually defeated the seller in this unequal struggle. As taxation and the loss of political power is gradually reducing the fortifications of the feudal aristocracy, so surely will modern forces, such as the growth of machinery and the emancipation of women, break down the class distinctions that have gradually formed themselves inside the working class. As for the effect of the present state of warfare on the position of the women workers themselves, it will be seen that it accounts for a great deal of the undoubted hardship involved in their present industrial position.

The extremely low rate of remuneration earned by women has caused much discussion of late years. It is maintained that the reason why women's wages are so much lower than men's is because the supply of labour is so much greater than the demand; but it must never be forgotten that this is not because the supply is large, but because under present conditions the demand is bound to be small. There are not nearly as many women as men in the labour market, but most of the better-paid trades and processes are inexorably shut against their competition, and thus, whilst their labour is artificially forced into a few channels, it is inevitable that these channels should be swollen and overcrowded, and that in them the supply of labour should far exceed the demand. At present they are not allowed to be lawyers, clergymen, or politicians; the Stock Exchange is shut to them, so are all good Government appointments, and all the best work in the Civil Service, together with the best-paid trades and the better processes in the poorer trades. This artificial suppression of the demand for women's labour in the majority of paid employments is, of course, bound to have its effect on prices in the trades where they are admitted. It must be also remembered that as the demand for any commodity is determined by all the influences that condition human desire for that commodity, the demand for women's labour has been in the past, and still is, widely influenced by the world-old tradition of their inferiority and subjection. The factor of the social value of the labourer in determining the rate of his wages must never be left out of count. Trade unions by their combined action may do something to put up the industrial value of the individual. But it is easy to see that they can do nothing when confronted with an artificial

suppression of the demand. And this because they are the result, not the cause, of good employment. If men were not allowed to be bookbinders or mule-spinners there could be no societies of men in these trades.

The traditional inferiority and subjection of women has made possible the task of those trade unionists who hoped to keep up their own wages by keeping down the supply of labour, but such a position can only be temporary, depending as it does on the subservience and outlawry of a class that is gradually but surely gaining in independence, education, and force. Indeed, it is gradually being forced on the minds of many that the trade union position is inadequate to the growing needs and development of the times. The sectional protection it affords is indeed only temporary: it is a half-way house in the evolution of the individual into the universal. As the result of this conviction we see the stirrings of a new idea in the minds of many workers, an idea that among men has taken to itself form in those often clashing elements and ambitions that have gone to make up the Labour Representation movement, with the consequent evolution of a Parliamentary Labour party.

Without any particular or reasoned scheme of Socialism, which indeed seems alien to the present trend of ideas in England, workers of all classes have joined together in a new effort to add to the industrial value of the labourer, without cutting down the supply of labour, by indirect means, such as pressure on public bodies, especially Parliamentary departments, and also by that improvement in the status of the worker, his position and his education, technical or general, which is bound to open up new fields for his activities and increase his earning power. This movement, in spite of the fact that it is so much wider than the trade union movement, cannot be called universal, as because of its Parliamentary nature it has so far limited its action to protecting the interests of the enfranchised—often, indeed, at the expense of the still excluded class of women workers. The characteristic of the new idea of protection is that it is a political protection; therefore, as it is, it is only partial, but with the enfranchisement of women it would automatically become universal in its protective action. Hence the place and usefulness of the women suffrage movement in our industrial development, pointing the way as it does for the first time in history to industrial protection for the most defenceless class of workers. And surely, in view of the suffering caused by the present state of things, this is no vain dream. A society all of the members of which were protected from the ruthless working of the laws of supply and demand has perhaps never yet been seen on our planet, but none the less in one form or another it seems to be

the goal towards which our modern society is slowly evolving. Year by year one class after another is added to the list of those who are allowed to benefit by the growing movement towards universal protection. Meanwhile the problem of the unprotected is slowly growing more and more difficult, try as we may to tackle it with anti-sweating and minimum-wage legislation. Because as surely as more and more workers are protected from competition, so does competition become more acute among those who are left out. The position of the women workers is unique. They are, in fact, in the gradual evolution of an ever-growing and widening system of industrial protection, among the last victims thrown to the wolves of supply and demand. But it will be said that if protection is universalised it will cease to exist. So it will in the relations of one worker to another, because there will be nobody left to be protected from. But trade unionists need not fear this state of things. What the working class needs is not protection from one another, but protection from the evils of poverty. And this is the new ideal towards which all social and industrial reformers are slowly feeling their way.

What the world seems slow to realise is that no solution of the labour problem can be even approximately satisfactory that does not include in the general amnesty and balance, towards which evolution seems slowly working, that class of women workers who are at present the only class of the community shut out from all the age-long protection, political and social, devised by humanity to circumvent the ruthless cruelty of the laws of supply and demand.

EVA GORE-BOOTH.

'A NATIONAL MEDICAL SERVICE':

A REPLY TO DR. BREND

TWENTY years ago I should have agreed with every word in Dr. Brend's able and interesting article in the June number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Since then I have had twenty years' experience of general practice, and am no longer so susceptible to attractive theories. Dr. Brend occupies a professorial chair; and to one so circumstanced, the very heterogeneity of ordinary medical practice must appear as muddle and confusion. So, to University politicians, does the whole system of democracy seem condemned by the apparent disorder of so many of its manifestations. And just as these men of the study sigh for a benevolent bureaucracy, so do Dr. Brend and Socialists of his school dream of an army of wise and kindly State practitioners, elected and distributed throughout the country by some new department to be created in Whitehall.

To one who has little or no practical experience of poor people, or of doctoring among them, the idea of a State Medical Service is naturally attractive. The superstitions of the people, and the quackery associated almost universally with medical practice, are obvious enough. What more natural to infer than that by making the doctor financially independent of his patients he would no longer be compelled to pander to their prejudices, and would be free to say only what he knows to be the truth, and to do only what he thinks to be in the best interests of his patients and of the nation as a whole? One would have thought, however, that the slightest contemplation of a parallel service to that proposed, the salaried clergy, would have given our idealists pause. Individual thought and independent expression are scarcely characteristics of the Established Church. As a matter of fact, however, the problem is by no means so simple even as this.

An important part of the doctor's work is undoubtedly the uttering of hygienic truth, but it is not his only work or even his chief work. Dr. Brend speaks apprehensively of the possible division of the profession into rich men's doctors and poor men's doctors. It is the very fact of our society being divided into the

great classes of rich men and poor men that constitutes the real difficulty of the problem. For no one need imagine that rich people are proposing to place their interests in the hands of Parish Doctors in whose election and in whose dismissal they will have no appreciable voice. The scheme is one in which the appointing and dismissing is to be the function of well-to-do people : the people to be doctored are the poor.

Poor people have not many privileges, and there is a tendency among a certain school of well-meaning social reformers still further to manage their affairs for them. Almost universally, working people dread the Parish Infirmary and the Poor Law Medical Service, and will often pawn their last bits of furniture in order to exercise their liberty to choose a doctor of their own. In the first place, just like rich people, they have their own preferences and confidences. They know quite well that a doctor whom they have chosen, to whom they have voluntarily and deliberately gone for advice and help, is more likely to respond to their confidence than one to whom they have gone because there is no one else to go to. To all generalisations there are many exceptions; but poor people are well aware of the great difference in the attention and courtesy normally shown to them by independent or official doctors, such as the junior officers of hospitals and infirmaries, and medical referees whom they see in connexion with compensation cases, and that shown to them by their own doctors whom they have selected and whom they may dismiss at will.

No fallacy could be greater than that which underestimates the value and importance of those various qualities vaguely lumped as personality, which no examining Board can measure, but which play so great a part in effective medical practice. Now, it is these very qualities—human sympathy and human understanding—which largely influence people in their choice of a doctor. Young men with distinguished academic careers, whose knowledge of man has been principally derived from the dissecting room and the pathological laboratory, often wonder at the greater success, both material and clinical, attained by some less decorated neighbour. They are inclined to attribute his success to mere quackery and advertisement. No doubt these undesirable factors do figure in certain apparently successful careers. But they are not the usual causes of success, either in treatment or in money-making. In general, people do not place their lives in the hands of men whose reputations depend upon their own trumpet blowing. They choose a doctor because they or their friends have found by experience that he is a man who can be trusted to do his best for them. It is true enough that the laity are not in a position to judge academic knowledge. It is true

that they are not able to weigh differences and difficulties which account for Doctor A.'s patient dying and Dr. B.'s patient recovering. But they do observe and remember that when Dr. A. was sent for, in a case of abdominal pain, he didn't trouble to come until the next morning, and then scarcely looked at the patient, who was subsequently found to have died from appendicitis; whereas Dr. B. in similar circumstances always comes at once, makes a thorough examination, and, when in doubt, frankly acknowledges it and advises a further opinion being taken. They do notice and take into account the fact that whereas Dr. A., for all the letters after his name, rarely deigns to tell them what is the matter with them and never tries to explain their condition in terms they can understand, Dr. B. always takes them into his confidence as far as their possibilities of understanding allow, and goes into every kind of practical detail such as diet, bed comforts, and other like matters, which really make all the difference. Nor can they help noticing that while Dr. A. seems to regard them as so many cases to be dealt with, Dr. B. almost unconsciously feels and realises their difficulties and the limitations their poverty imposes upon them, and modifies his practical suggestions accordingly. And when one remembers the enormous part that the mind plays in almost all physical ailments, is it possible to over-estimate the importance of elements such as these? Not that poor people are such very bad judges of technical ability, even in the narrow sense. For in the long run, medical knowledge and practice being the ever-changing things they are, what better criterion of technical ability can one suggest than that afforded by results?

If medicine were an exact science like mathematics, or an art like surgery, it would probably be easy enough to organise an efficient State Service. But it is its very inexactness, its 'humanity,' which make it difficult to pigeon-hole. I am here speaking of the work of the general practitioner and of the physician. Of surgery, pure and simple, I will speak later on.

So inexact an art is that of medicine that throughout the ages almost every wit has had his dig at its professors. And among the healthy there is always a good deal of scepticism as to its claims. None are more sceptical than some of the cleverer doctors themselves. But when illness overtakes us it is surprising how scepticism vanishes, and with what impatience the doctor's visit is awaited.

Probably no class of men are more sentimentalised over and idealised by the romantic; probably the motives of no class of men are more suspected by the cynical. There is some justification for both these attitudes. The members of no other profession do so much work or render such great services without

payment or hope of payment as do the doctors. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that a reputation for benevolence is one of the great commercial assets of the individual successful doctor and of the profession as a whole. 'Look at the enormous amount of time and energy given by the doctors to the hospitals without fee or reward.' 'Yes,' says the cynic, 'because there happens to be no other road to consulting or specialist practice.'

The truth, of course, is that, as in nearly all the good-looking and bad-looking acts of man, the motives are quaintly mixed. In all but the very worst deeds there is generally some motive which is entirely admirable. And in all but the noblest acts some element of sordidness figures in the impulse.

Now, the real success of a salaried medical service must depend on the existence among the great bulk of practitioners of a degree of public spirit, indeed of religious zeal, which observation scarcely justifies us in assuming. That there are many doctors whose main impulses are altruistic is fortunately true, but such men do the best work and give the best service of which they are capable, under any system. None but the most optimistic, however, can for a moment suppose that such men form the majority. With the ordinary motive of a desire to please their patients removed, what motives have we left to induce this rather human majority to do more than the bare necessary routine work of their office? The work of most State services which are successful is performed in the light of a certain degree of publicity and is open to a certain degree of inspection. But the work of the medical practitioner is to a very large extent secret and confidential. No real inspection is possible, and the complaints of individual patients, unless they were of a very serious kind, would be likely to receive at the best but a smiling consideration from the medical hierarchy, before which such complaints would probably come. As things are now, any patient who loses confidence in his doctor, whether under the Insurance Act or otherwise, is not bound to formulate the grounds for his dissatisfaction, but is free to dismiss that doctor and select another. I am perfectly sure that the existence of this freedom of choice, carrying with it as it does certain financial rewards and penalties, is responsible for a large part of the attention given by doctors to their patients. This is no cynical view, but in discussing these problems it is folly to pretend that the bulk of us are uninfluenced by self-regarding motives.

To the scientist in his laboratory, and to some extent to the specialist in his consulting room, the excitement and adventure of his work are sufficient to call forth all his energy and zeal. But the differences between the thirty-seven cases of impaired vitality and defective metabolism seen by the general practitioner between

sunrise and sundown are not sufficiently exciting of themselves to provoke his disinterested enthusiasm. And yet, as things are at present, with the bulk of the people utterly ignorant of the rudiments of their physiology, he has a very important part to play in the lives of all of them. In a better ordered society, in which real education is general and hopeless poverty no longer exists, the intelligence and self-reliance of the individual, together with increased individual possibilities, may make this side of the doctor's work unnecessary. But no one who has lived on close terms with the poor people of our crowded industrial areas can question its vital necessity at present.

It is just this part of his work, this inexact, personal, almost priestly relation, which makes it impossible to regard the general practitioner or physician as a mere sanitary official. This is not to argue that his work is more or less important than that of a Medical Officer of Health. But it is utterly different. It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of the work already done by our medical sanitary service; and I, at any rate, am quite hopeful that by an extension of that service, and by a much wider view of its functions, and by a much greater public regard of its recommendations, such improvement will be brought about in the physical condition under which the bulk of the people have to live, that physicians in the conventional sense will become less and less necessary. But that is to talk of the future. At present nearly half of our fellow countrymen and women are so circumstanced that it is a practical impossibility for them to live reasonably healthy lives. Their conditions are so unnatural that their natural instincts prove but the falsest of false guides. Slum life is possible only by an extreme of artificiality, both mental and physical. Consequently, fresh and artificial difficulties are continually arising, with which the unfortunate victims, whose minds and bodies have been half starved from birth, are powerless to deal. Against these factors, the ancient helpers of the poor, the clergy, have proved almost incredibly futile. Little as he also has risen to the situation, it is probable that the better type of poor-man's doctor is at any rate becoming one of the most hopeful instruments of genuine social progress.

The position of the doctor has until now been weakened by the fact that, owing to the direct cash nexus between him and his patient, his advice has been open to the suspicion that it was liable to be determined in part by its probable effect on his own pocket. In the case of a struggling practitioner, with children to educate and a rather absurd and, for him, rather expensive social position to maintain, together with the knowledge that his power to meet his liabilities depended not so much on the number of patients who sought his advice as on the number of times he could

induce each of his patients to come to him for a prescription or tolerate a visit from him, the subconscious tendency to encourage hypochondriasis was only human. Fortunately, so far as the adult section of the industrial population is concerned, that temptation has been removed. Whatever one may think about the National Insurance Act, there can scarcely be two opinions among those with practical experience of working-class medical practice as to the enormous possibilities which it opens up on the medical side. Those effects are only just beginning to manifest themselves; but they are beginning.

In the first place, it has been made more profitable to doctor poor people than to doctor rich people; and in this material world that means that more and abler doctors will be tempted to the districts where they are most needed. In the second place, it has been made more profitable for a doctor to keep his patients well than to keep them ill. And, in the third place, the doctor is spared the dilemma of having to choose between demanding from his patients fees they cannot afford to pay, and undercutting his professional neighbour.

At the same time, the one good feature of ordinary competitive medical practice is retained, a feature that would no longer exist in a State salaried service; namely, the direct relation between the doctor's material success—in other words, his income—and the degree of confidence he is able to inspire in his patients. It is the absence of this feature in a salaried service which, in the present somewhat embryonic stage of development of the social impulse, constitutes one of its greatest dangers.

We hear a great deal now about the importance of psycho-therapeutics. More and more has the intimate relation between mental and bodily health been realised by theorists, though in practice it is no new thing. The successful general practitioner has nearly always been largely a psycho-therapist. Rarely have drugs played other than a small and symbolic part in his cures. By his insight into character and motives, by his familiarity with the current life and antecedents of his regular patients, by his quick intuition where anxiety or mental trouble is concerned, he has been able again and again to solve difficulties and to restore a balance. Few occupations call for such eternal vigilance, such ever-readiness, and such promptness of decision and of action, as does that of a busy general practitioner. At any moment of the day or night he may be called upon, and at many moments of every day and night he is called upon, promptly and energetically to deal with situations in which any hesitation on his part, or smallest false step, may spell all the difference between success and failure. No one can judge his abilities to deal with these situations, year in and year out, better than his

patients themselves. The qualities called for could be measured by no conceivable examination.

As things are at present, the esteem and respect of patients carry with them very definite rewards, and lead to a large proportion of the necessary work being done by those most competent to do it. Moreover, a doctor's capacity for good work, at any rate in the psycho-therapeutic field, is largely dependent on the peculiar confidence with which the patient regards him. Almost every doctor must have experienced the extreme unsatisfactoriness, to say nothing of unpleasantness, of attending a patient who has been driven to consult him owing to the absence of the doctor of his choice. Half one's feeling of responsibility to one's private patients—and this applies equally to one's panel patients under the Insurance Act—is due to one's knowledge of the fact that they have deliberately chosen one as a person to whom they feel they can with confidence trust their lives. The feeling is the very opposite of the official one. Plenty of men would be just as conscientious in their work if they were State servants told off to look after the people in the district, as natives are looked after in many of the Colonies; but, frankly, I do not think this would be true of the majority of us. And observation of hospital out-patient departments, and much more noticeably of Poor Law infirmaries, confirms this scepticism.

The work of general practice, then, is so vague and undefined, so full of endless detail—detail which varies from man to man and from hour to hour, which therefore cannot be classified or codified—that it is a very dangerous matter to remove the motives at present responsible for that work being done, without being absolutely sure that fresh and adequate motives will come into operation. Almost curiously, the chief opposition to the Nationalisation of General Practice comes at present from the medical profession itself. Personally, I think that, from an ordinary worldly point of view, the doctors stand to gain by it. It is their unfortunate patients who would be the losers—that is to say, poor patients. Rich patients would certainly refuse to hand over their lives to the official doctors. For a State service would mean an assured income, shorter hours, and the utmost independence of the wishes, prejudices, feelings or predilections of the patients. There would no longer be the fear that Mrs. Jones would call in Dr. Williams if one finished the rubber before bothering about her rather irrelevant attack of colic. Mrs. Brown's preference patiently to await the natural arrival of her child need no longer hinder the doctor from invoking what some old-fashioned people would consider the untimely and unnecessary aid of instruments, and getting back to his golf or his dinner. Unless his social conscience were strongly developed, there would

be no particular reason for again visiting that case of acute pneumonia in the evening, 'for after all one can do so jolly little'; and so on *ad infinitum*.

It must not be thought, however, that the case against the nationalisation of general medical practice is a purely negative one. There is a great deal to be said of a very positive character. Medicine, like philosophy, has its fads and its fashions, dependent upon the whims of powerful human personalities who arise from age to age and dominate medical thought and practice for a period, almost as do the founders of religions. The accepted practice of one decade is the ridiculed superstition of the next; and notions which have been held by the cleverest physicians of one century as unassailable are thrown on the rubbish heap as ridiculous and untenable by the most ordinary minds of the next. As Professor Richet says: 'Is there not reason to be a little uneasy as to the fate reserved for our own work? Have we any assurance that our own conceptions will not be treated with contempt by our successors four hundred years hence? It is therefore prudent not to be hard upon the past, because thus we may predispose those who come after to show us as little indulgence.'

Or again, as the *British Medical Journal* recently put it: 'Remedies and modes of treatment, like systems of philosophy or fashions in dress, have their little day, and cease to be. Back numbers are graveyards of dead theories, of which the various forms of quackery that survive are the ghosts.' All of which seems to lend some colour of justification to Voltaire's sneer: 'Medicine is the art of pouring drugs of which we know little into bodies of which we know less.'

Medicine therefore is as unsuited for that stereotyping process which is inevitably associated with State organisation and central control as philosophy or politics. Heterogeneity, indeed heterodoxy, is, at any rate at this stage, the very breath of life to medical progress. The difficulties which every new idea in therapeutics has encountered at the hands of the leaders of the medical profession, even under the free conditions of medical practice which have obtained up till now, give some idea of the almost insuperable barrier which would have confronted it had medical practice been controlled by an orthodox medical council salaried by the State. For nearly all new ideas in medicine have made their way largely through the intelligence of a sceptical section of the lay public, and their support has only been made operative through the comparative freedom of the pioneer physician. We all know what happened to the doctor who first advocated the open-air treatment of tuberculosis. We all remember the reception given to the first doctors who explained to the public that nearly all the drugs in the Pharmacopoeia were rubbish, and that

simpler and more rational personal hygiene afforded the only sensible line of treatment for three fourths of the ailments concerning which doctors are consulted. The drug sceptics have now, so far as doctors are concerned, almost won their battle. But even twenty years ago treatment by drugs would, under a State system, have been as much established as the Thirty-nine Articles. And what about the superstitions of to-day? The germ theory of disease, Organo-therapy. Are we so sure as to where these will stand in twenty years? And do not let us forget that if medical practice is nationalised, and placed under the control of a central department at Whitehall, with its own Minister in the Cabinet, mistaken theories of medicine will be a very much more serious matter even than they are to-day. For there is a considerable and influential school of scientific men within the medical profession, men engaged in research work, whose opinion would carry enormous weight with the Health Minister and consequently with the Government of the day, who favour, in what seems to them the interests of the national physique, and the health of future generations, compulsory measures such as inoculation and sterilisation, of a character utterly alien to our traditional conception, at any rate to the Christian conception, of human rights and human dignity. For, as some of us think unfortunately, the power of the doctor, especially of the experimenter, has in recent years grown by leaps and bounds, especially among that educated but conservative section of the public which clings to the forms of the official religion from which, so far as they are concerned, all spiritual vitality has gone. These people have great power; they constitute, indeed, the ruling classes.

Democracy is a word which has had many definitions, and each of those definitions has had many interpretations. One thing is certain, and that is that up to the present the voice of the people has been but very imperfectly heard in the councils of their representatives. So far, representative government, whether manifested in Parliament or in Boards of Guardians, has been used by the people as an instrument for attaining their purpose but to an infinitesimal extent. Of course, under the representative system, any Government which went more than a certain distance in a direction contrary to the popular will would bring about its own downfall. But the same might be said even of an autocracy. A system of government in which the voice of the people is never heard except in protest against the Government which oppresses them can hardly be called democracy. On the national scale democracy may be for ever impossible. Mr. F. W. Jowett, almost alone among English publicists, cries out optimistically from the wilderness his belief in it. It is in this connexion that one of the most interesting aspects of the scheme

of medical service under the National Insurance Act shows itself. The panel system, with its free choice of doctor, was not part of the original scheme of the Bill. It was adopted at the request of representatives of the medical profession, who probably had nothing further from their minds than a concern for democratic principles. Yet the result is one of the most interesting experiments in real democracy. It is left to every individual who comes under the Act himself to appoint the doctor he prefers, the doctor being remunerated out of the public funds in proportion to the number who have selected him.

We have here a most interesting and suggestive combination of the Socialistic principle of equality of rights with the individualist or competitive principle of payment according to popular demand for the services offered. This seems to me to be nearer to real democracy than almost any other practicable system. As things are at present, it seems clear that any form of workable Socialism, in the ordinary meaning of that term, would be capable of administration only by elected persons. Leaving aside all question of its success or desirability, such a system would certainly be undemocratic in practice. The panel system, however, is capable of application to many other forms of necessary services besides the medical and pharmaceutical. But this is a subject too large and too interesting in itself to pursue further in connexion with the present discussion.

In his anxiety to make out a case for a revolutionary change in the medical service, Dr. Brend, not unnaturally, dwells on defects under the present system. No one need deny the existence of these defects. My experience has made me very conscious of most of them. But many of these faults cannot by any stretch of imagination be held to have any direct relation to the system.

For instance, Dr. Brend says, truly, that

Overcrowding, the lack of good and sufficient food, and ignorance often of the simplest conditions that make for health, have combined to produce in large numbers of the working classes a weakness of the system which manifests itself in anaemia, dyspepsia, coughs and colds, and 'debility,' all fertile conditions upon which tuberculosis and other grave maladies may supervene. The two factors—viz. freedom to consult a doctor on the slightest pretext and the existence of a large amount of slight illness—have given to contract practice in towns, whether through club, institute or panel, its characteristic feature—that of many surgery consultations . . . as compared with the home visiting required. . . .

It is this feature of contract practice which probably, more than anything else, is responsible for the defects. There is a constant procession passing through the doctor's surgery of cases of dyspepsia, rheumatic pains, and simple coughs, more than 90 per cent. of which really require only a few minutes' consideration. Then comes the exceptional case in which there is something seriously wrong. But there may be nothing on the surface to indicate that it differs from the dozen that have gone before.

The uneasy consciousness of a crowded waiting-room is present in the doctor's mind, and if a detailed examination were made in every case the numbers could not be got through. The patient accordingly receives his purgative, pill or bottle of cough mixture, and goes home perhaps to die in a few days from an acute abdominal affection, or haemorrhage from an undiagnosed phthisical cavity in the lungs. Then follows the coroner's inquest, and the doctor is held up to public obloquy for making a 'lightning diagnosis' and scamping his work.

But surely this is a criticism not of any particular system, but a charge of human fallibility. Dr. Brend is assuming that this busy practitioner has 2000 insured persons on his list. That he does not consider this an excessive number is shown by the fact that elsewhere in his article he suggests that, under a State service, the whole of the insured persons and their dependents could be treated by a staff of 10,000 general practitioners. This would mean something over 3000 persons to each doctor. So that it is not the mere number of patients he is objecting to. Surely, whatever the system of doctoring, the proportion between the number of serious cases and the number of so-called trifling ones would be the same—unless, indeed, as I very strongly suspect would be the case, the State doctor were inclined to discourage people with minor ailments from coming to him at all. But who except the doctor is in a position to decide which are the minor cases and which the major? And there seems no reason for supposing that the State doctor, having seen his nine cases of dyspepsia, is going to be any more alert in spotting the tenth serious one than is the panel doctor. I am firmly convinced that the probability is all the other way.

Dr. Brend, regarding the problem with the serenity and detachment of a mathematician, notes that, under the present system, some doctors work very hard, while others are 'by no means fully occupied.' Presumably under the State system this is to be put right, and doctors whom none or few will voluntarily consult are to be given 'authority over ten cities.'

The panel system has been in operation a little over a year, and can hardly be expected to show fully of what it is capable; but there are already signs of a great change for the better in the efficiency of doctoring among the poor. The days of the rather sordid doctor's-shop of the slums are numbered. The change threatens to be revolutionary. Probably few people have any idea of what the better panel practices are like. The majority picture a dingy little waiting-room, with an even smaller hutch behind it in which a doctor disposes with velocity of patient after patient, giving to each the minimum of consideration and time, his sole aim being to see as many as possible in the hour. Nothing could be less like reality. One of the largest panel practices with which I am acquainted would bear comparison with Dr. Brend's

suggested clinic. Five practitioners have combined to provide for the insured persons on their lists the best medical and surgical treatment which they are able to give. They include doctors who have specialised in ophthalmic work, in electro-therapeutics, in massage, and in gynaecology, and special afternoons are devoted to these branches of work. Afternoons are set apart for minor operations under anaesthetics, and a dental surgeon is engaged on one afternoon a week. A dispenser, a secretary, and three fully trained medical and surgical nurses form part of the staff. There are an *x*-ray equipment, radiant-heat and other electro-therapeutic apparatus, and a gymnasium for remedial exercises. It is difficult to see how a State service of general practitioners could provide anything more practically efficient. This type of practice is, by the forces of imitation and competition, likely to multiply.

There are four essential conditions of a satisfactory curative and advisory—as distinct from a sanitary and administrative—medical service. One condition is that it shall be made at least as remunerative to attend poor people as to attend rich people, so that men of parts shall be as willing to practise in the slums as in the snobberies. A second condition is that poor people shall be placed in as good a position effectively to choose the doctor in whom they have confidence, and to dismiss him when he proves offensive, inattentive or incompetent, as is enjoyed by rich people. A third condition is that there shall be placed within the reach of every doctor and of all his patients such specialist opinion and treatment—including dental treatment—such nursing and such hospital accommodation as are found necessary to supplement the knowledge and skill, and the means at the disposal, of the average general practitioner. A fourth condition is that the remuneration of the doctors, whilst proportionate to their relative work and responsibility, shall not be in direct ratio to the amount of illness in their localities. The doctor's financial interest should be in the direction of good health, not of disease—in other words, his financial interest and the public well-being should coincide in direction. Of these four conditions the National Insurance Act, as I have said above, has fulfilled the first, second, and fourth. It is already evident that the best financial openings for able young doctors are in the poor quarters of industrial towns: poor people now have the right of selecting almost any doctor resident in their area, without having to consider whether they can afford to pay his fees—and incidentally the apparently unfair competition due to undercutting is abolished, since all the doctors under the Insurance Act are paid at the same rate: and, since the panel doctor's remuneration is the same whether his patients are well or ill, it is clearly to his advantage to reduce sickness to a minimum and

to become an enthusiast for sanitary reforms and in the promulgation of sound hygienic notions.

It is in its non-observance of the third condition that medical service under the Insurance Act has shown its weak point. Until this is remedied the service will remain open to the charge of inefficiency and inadequacy.

Here, then, is an opening for one branch at any rate of Dr. Brend's proposed salaried service. For the arguments that have been advanced against the officialisation of general medical practice scarcely hold at all in the case of specialists. If the medical service under the Insurance Act is to be as complete as its advocates promised it should be, hospital accommodation and the services of ophthalmic surgeons, dental surgeons, gynaecologists, and operating surgeons must be made available to all the people. In London and certain other large towns the voluntary hospitals largely, though by no means entirely, fill the gap. But in many provincial places the absence of any such provision is responsible for much suffering, physical inefficiency, and unnecessary loss of life. In each district, therefore, there should be adequate hospital accommodation and salaried specialists who, in these days of motor cars, might cover a fairly large area. This genuine State-salaried specialist corps would co-operate with the panel doctors much as specialists co-operate with general practitioners in practice among the better-to-do classes. Collectively, they would form as nearly perfect a curative and advisory service as any that could be devised. They would be, by the very nature of their work, distinct and separate from the sanitary and administrative service which would be working entirely in the public as distinct from individual interests; and Heaven save us from Dr. Brend's scheme for lumping these diverse services together under the paralysing authority and administration of the Local Government Board. There is always a danger, in the formulation of political schemes by arm-chair theorists, of scrapping the results of practical experience in favour of an apparently logical uniformity.

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THE LOUVRE ENLARGED

THE superficial persons who chatter about pictures and the old-fashioned connoisseurs who judge them by standards that have gone by are about equally likely to misconceive both the place of the Louvre amongst other National Museums and its particular and pre-eminent function. To many men this greatest picture gallery of France—and therefore of the world—is chiefly a store-house piled with relics of the remoter Past, which have been by slow and painful process assembled from far-off lands. To those of us who have been able to put ourselves at some more modern and truer point of survey, the Louvre is first and most of all the lasting abiding-place of the works, numberless and varied, which witness best to the creative genius of one great people. Just as there are Titians and Rubenses at the Prado, just as there are Rembrandts at the Hermitage, and more than one Velasquez in London, so at the Louvre there must be an unsurpassed Raphael, a divine Giorgione, an incomparable Holbein, an overpraised Lionardo. Foreign things, I mean. But not in these possessions lies the Louvre's greatest honour. More and more, as Time passes, and opportunities have fortunately multiplied, is it the Louvre's distinguished business, and its happy capacity, to present to few, in every possible manifestation of range and of genius, the pictorial art of men who, from Poussin's day to Courbet's, were born under the skies of that one land, the land of France.

The space of half a century carries us already pretty far back in the history of public galleries. Public galleries, even in the most civilised and most productive of cities, are not an old institution at all. Half a century ago the relative position of the Louvre and of our English National Gallery was very different from what it is to-day—different, I mean, particularly in this matter of the proportionate representation of the art of the soil and of the art of other lands. Half a century ago the great Lacaze Collection was still in the hands of its maker. It is hardly more than forty years ago that—Lacaze dying—there took effect the great bequest by which the Louvre was endowed with

her first immense accession of riches in the matter of French Art. The French Art shown at the Louvre before the period of that memorable acquisition—though it included quite admirable examples of Watteau and of Chardin, of Poussin and of David, and, to boot, worthy enough representation of smaller people—had much of it been gathered painfully together, piece by piece, with funds not illiberal, but not great. Moreover, inclination had turned then—as with us too it was the fashion for it to turn then—towards other sources of supply. Præ-Raphaelite practitioners were ousting from favour the masters of Bologna. They must be represented. With us at least they were represented in superabundance. What the Lacaze Collection brought to the Louvre, in addition to good and lateish foreign work—Flemish for instance, with a strong grip of reality—was an extraordinary accession of Eighteenth Century production: Watteau, the faultless and exalted, and his amiable pupil, Pater—Pater, whose *Désir de plaire* symbolises by its very title the happy craving of French nature and of Eighteenth Century Design—Fragonard, with his *Chemise enlevée*, his palette of cream and flesh-colour and pale rose; and then Chardin, sober without austerity, sedate without harshness, of whose *accords*, like music wonderful and complicated, the Lacaze *Goblet d'Argent* is perhaps at once the gravest, noblest and most resonant example.

The second great bequest of chiefly French paintings was that of the Thomy-Thierry Collection, housed at the Louvre (alas! in chambers dreadfully inaccessible to the aged and tired) some ten or a dozen years ago. It was on that occasion that 'the Romantics' entered the Louvre in force—'the men of 1830,' as they are called—Rousseau, whose work was far from being strictly romantic in conception—Rousseau, who painted forest landscape and great open country with an observation worthy of Hobbema—almost of our noble Crome—Jules Dupré, who worked a little in England, who was Constable-like in his broad, rich vision of storm-swept sky and lowland; Diaz; whose art had notably two sides, one of which turned to you the embodiment of his striking but in itself somewhat monotonous record of the sunlight's piercing through dark green woods and illuminating just here and there a tree trunk, and the other of which realised the nude, or semi-nude, with a curious grace, with no particularly penetrating modelling, but with an innocent, agreeable flexibility of form, for which it may be Diaz obtained a hint from Correggio, and passed on a hint to Fantin. Of that second or last-named side of Diaz's Art, I confess myself the more enamoured. Therein it is—and the *Fée aux perles* of the Thomy-Thierry Collection is a conspicuous instance of it—that it is dowered with facility, suavity, rhythm.

More or less contemporaneously with the advent at the Louvre of the Thomy-Thierry Collection, there came, to be rejoiced at, the full, that is the adequate representation of a genius who was not Romanticist at all, but Realist, and yet essentially Conservative—the great Courbet. One small but absolutely admirable picture by Courbet—the portrait of Champfleury, a dark and finely drawn head almost in profile—was indeed in the Thomy-Thierry Collection itself; but sterling and fascinating though one finds this restricted canvas, it is, by its very theme, only partially representative. To represent Courbet adequately there was required, besides, first, either a vigorous landscape of the Vosges or Jura—Courbet's own countryside—or else a *paysage de mer*. And next there was required a treatment of contemporary life, and, for choice, of peasant life. Both these requirements have been fulfilled by the presence of *La Vague* and of *Enterrement à Ornans*. No nobler sea-piece than *The Wave* has ever been painted, and no more splendid and justified Realism than that of the *Enterrement à Ornans* has ever been conceived. The *Enterrement à Ornans*, did it stand quite alone, would secure for Courbet—with all open-minded students—his place as one of the great painters of the world. We are sure of that to-day. Yet it is but a generation and a half ago that this colossal churchyard scene—the priest and peasants and the black-draped mourning women, gathered, for the last offices, under the grey sky of the Doubs—provoked in Paris a demonstration of disapproval only less great than that produced by Manet's *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*. Under those circumstances one can condone—though of course one must also lament—the frame of mind that may account for the general absence of Courbets in the collections of England. And one turns, with cordiality of praise, to the attitude of the modern German picture-buyer in this matter. Germany, I am assured, has many Courbets; and not a few of them are those substantial nudités—figures of volume and tangibility, as distinctly as splendour and grace—which are the joy of great and healthy craftsmen: Courbets which it is safe to surmise and to declare would have been accorded the praise of the finest Fleming and the most august Venetian: the praise of Rubens and Titian. Just that one side of Courbet's art and practice is lacking still, at the Louvre, to the full representation of this modern giant's power. Nothing else.

We come now to the third occasion on which, in the heart of Paris, the representation of French Painting has been widened and fortified. It is only a few weeks ago that an apartment carefully appointed—an apartment of some three or four pieces—was filled by the collection of Isaac de Camondo, and thrown open to the public sight.

It has pleased M. de Camondo to include in his vast gift pictures, prints, bronzes, lacquer work, from the furthest East—the 'Extrême-Orient.' Happily, very happily, it pleased him too, to remember the French Eighteenth Century—its artistic objects as well as its pictures, so that we have French furniture and tapestry and earthenware—a screen of Louis the Fifteenth's, a 'cartel en faïence polychrome' wrought at Strasbourg, a Rouen dish, and Falconet's urn-shaped clock with his suave, elegant group of the Three Graces, which—to quote Diderot's *mot* about it—showed everything except the time. Then there are certain very notable drawings from the Goncourt Collection—La Tour's *préparations* for his own portrait and for that of Mlle. Dangeville; Watteau's perfect *Le Printemps*; and there is a Perronneau on canvas which rivals almost any La Tour. But, exceptional in quality though these things are, the main interest of the new possessions at the Louvre is felt to lie in the collection of the very Moderns; and, were I asked to say whose in particular, I should say, I think, in works of Degas, Boudin, Jongkind. Each of these three may have, I hope, his share of comment. But before apportioning that, let a few words be said about one or two more or less important Moderns who are represented in some respects less happily.

Renoir is an Impressionist for whom I should never for my own part venture to predict immortality. Personally I cannot feel that in his long career he has got much beyond showing first that he is individual and next that he is clever. He is not an imitator—that is already something; but it is at least a little doubtful whether his work discloses penetration or high beauty. It may be that a certain want of sympathy with the types of his habitual choice makes a little difficult for some of us a just appreciation of him. In portraiture—the portraiture of the mature—he is apt to be the recorder of a soulless *bourgeoisie*, horribly well endowed as to material things. His children are sweeter and more subtle. Vivacity does not fail him in the depicting of a popular assembly; and though he is not generally a colourist delicate or noble, I have seen his colour enjoyable and good—especially in certain pieces of Still Life. But I think it is admitted that Renoir is not represented at his best in those examples of his work which, late in his own lifetime, have, in virtue of the De Camondo bequest, arrived at the Louvre.

Claude Monet—allowing for some occasional and rather recent disappointments—is on the whole a greater and more impressive figure. If some of his experiments have failed, others have brilliantly succeeded, and by the time that he began to make what were obviously experiments at all, he had already behind him—put down justly to his credit—a number of successful and

never imitative achievements. Pupil of Boudin in his early youth—in Boudin's middle age—the time came when he was himself not quite without influence on the practice of the great and influential master. Visions of sparkling sea, beheld in ever-shifting illumination from the high cliffs of Varangeville, remain in my mind as among the most entirely sufficing examples of Claude Monet's success, and of his power of imparting to scenes not unfamiliar something which was very much his own. If it is reckoned—and if I myself confess to feeling—that his representation in the De Camondo Collection is not quite of the most fortunate, that is in part at least because the order of work that I have praised is less visible there than the order of work which he has accomplished more lately. But I should be sorry indeed if that later work—wonderful visions, sometimes, of the sculptured façades of great churches, Reims or Rouen, smitten by the sun—had been banished altogether. However one may happen to rank this piece or that, Claude Monet is, there is no doubt, a justified innovator—he has annexed, for Art, some novel territory.

The great Edouard Manet is another Modern of whom the representation is not ideal. But, whatever might have been assembled from Edouard Manet's brush, it would have remained necessary for the student of his work still to betake himself, and to betake himself again, to that particular *corps de bâtiment* of the Louvre given over nominally at least to Decorative Art, in which is lodged that Moreau-Nelaton Collection which includes the typical, or shall I say the 'final,' Manet—*Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*. *Lola de Valence*, painted when the artist was eight-and-twenty, is subject to the disadvantages that attend his Spanish time. At that time he was not the real Manet. But *Le Fifre*—a boy in uniform—has thorough individuality; and *Tige et fleurs de pivoine* has the high elegance of the sweep of Manet's brush in a great period; and there is one landscape—if landscape it may be called—a moonlit harbour, the harbour and the quays of Boulogne, which shows supremely, among the pieces now exhibited, the decisiveness of his matured performance, and the exactitude, abrupt and assured, of each swift yet considered stroke.

It was saying a little too much, perhaps, to say of Eugène Boudin that he is one of the artists represented best among the Moderns of the De Camondo galleries. To be extremely accurate, what was meant was this—Boudin, unlike too many others, is not represented at the Louvre by any unsatisfactory work. When—some ten years ago—I was first privileged to write about him in the *Nineteenth Century*, he was, in this country, an unknown painter. Since then, one or two exhibitions of certain of his

works in London, further writings, and the presence of two quite finely characteristic pieces in the National Gallery, have done something more to apprise Englishmen that here was a great artist whom it behoved them to put more or less in his proper place. That is the tack that France has been on, for not ten years, but thirty.

Well, Boudin's representation amongst the De Camondo treasures is effected agreeably, though partially, by the presence of three of his *Plages*. The portrayal of the fashionable beach, as he saw it a few years before the war of 1870 and a few years after it—everything in France is roughly dated, to this day, as '*avant la guerre*,' or '*après*'—the portrayal of the fashionable beach—Trouville or Deauville nearly always—is a side or phase of Boudin's practice which finds increasing favour. The lapse of more than one generation since it was accomplished has made it, now, historical as well as piquant. Beautiful it has always been; and partly for the reason that it hardly ever went beyond the scale on which Boudin's hand could be relied upon to work most deftly. Furthermore, it was always landscape: exquisite, air-filled landscape, in a world of space now sunlit; under skies now turquoise, now suddenly lead-coloured. Nature, and the dominance of Nature, was not to be banished, was never really to be put into the background, because the cabin of the bather gleamed on the left, and on the right perhaps—it might be as the centre of a little group—a seated gentleman was absorbed in his *Figaro*, or Madame de Pourtalès opened wide a sunshade of silvery mauve. The exhibition of these pieces—three of them—is delightful, entirely; and, seeing these, no serious student—nobody but the haphazard lounge before noble canvases—runs any risk of forgetting Boudin's rank. He is the unparalleled recorder of the shore and sea, of Havre or Fécamp or the Bordeaux river, of quay and jetty, lighthouse and massed sails, and Channel waters now quietly sleeping, or—as in our *Squall from the West* in the National Gallery—now raised to the expression of drama or of tragedy. The *Plages* of Boudin, like his none too abundant, but potent and engaging visions of the lush meadows of Calvados or of the Seine Inférieure, peopled with heavy cattle—are a series of delightful episodes: a worthy part—not exactly a large one—of a great career.

Degas is now represented at the Louvre, not only by the happiest and most varied choice, but very extensively. There is here no foolish insistence upon the uglier portion of his work as being the more virtuous, and, by reason of the very extremity of its ugliness, the more lasting. In many and many a piece in the De Camondo Collection, the quite masterly draughtsmanship which never fails Degas, and the penetrating glance into charac-

ter and movement which has nourished that draughtsmanship, and kept it at so high a level, are shown in studies, brilliant and learned, of Humanity and Horse-flesh—washerwoman, ballet-girl, jockey, and racehorse. Observation is here so accurate, execution so consummate, that there would be nothing to say in modification of a eulogy now happily general. Degas is a master. All that these pieces aim to be, they emphatically are. They are documents, records, slices—I will not say tit-bits in every case—cut dexterously from the joint of Life. What a carver! It is permissible withal—but almost ungrateful—to suggest that there are times when the wish arises that not the carving knife but the joint itself might be changed. Look again, and the desire perhaps vanishes. It was weak, unworthy. You may not want these things, each one of them, before you, day by day, as a personal possession. But few things in our time have been wrought with a vision as keen, a craftsmanship as courageous and certain, and, to boot, a sense of Style as dominant and dignified.

Even to-day there are occasional picture-seers to whom the best of these things of Degas's come as a revelation. Advanced connoisseurship finds in them of course no novelty. But the Jongkind drawings arouse in many a fairly qualified amateur something of a surprise—which means, that if the De Camondo Collection contains anything that is to affect—to seriously alter—the rank of any artist, now or in the near Future, with the public, it is in the exhibition of these Jongkind drawings that the occasion is to be found. 'Who was Jongkind?' there are many amongst us here, who will to-day ask—many who, with red hand-books and deeply rooted sense of righteousness, have seen the minor Primitives in Tuscan cities. 'Who was Jongkind?' He was simply one of the most astounding sketchers that the world has produced. Born at Latrop in the Low Countries, about 1820, he came early to France; returned to Holland as a mere visitor—he had become of the French school—then was again at Honfleur, in the society of Boudin; accompanied the great Frenchman to Rotterdam and, I think, Antwerp; moved later into Central France, or again travelled; finally settled at the Côte St. André, near Grenoble, and decayed slowly.

Jongkind had not much sense of beauty of form; he had hardly any sense of beauty of colour. But in a dozen lines, and in a few deliberate blotches, made with economy and learning, he suggested his theme, and transported us, when once we understood his shorthand, to the lands of low horizons, marshes and water-meadows, windmills and sleepy streams and tidal waters, which he was fondest of suggesting. The pretension of a few exaggerating admirers—in Paris, perhaps, principally—that Jongkind was a great or complete or variously attractive painter,

must be abandoned. His work was fragmentary, though with an unflinching sense of the *ensemble*. He etched a few plates, of which one of the most ingenious conveys to us the interesting dreariness of Honfleur, and the most satisfactory—the most truly masterly—is a vision, for once actually noble, of Antwerp from across the Scheldt. But he will live by his abrupt, rough water-colours—the best of them, or most of the best of them, wrought between 1858, or thereabouts, and 1870—and he was capable of strong, significant work until some period not very early in the Eighties. At the Louvre, the *Sortie de Honfleur* (1869) is a conclusive summary of its announced subject. Again, to 1869 belong his *Seine at Argenteuil* and the drawing, brilliant and vibrating, of *Fishing Boats at Dordrecht*. And four years later comes *Le Port de Marseille*, and, four years after that, *L'Isère à Grenoble*. Subsequently, an unwise life, as much as growing years, deprived him hopelessly of steady vision and of magic hand.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

ENGLISH LETTERS TO ETIENNE
DUMONT

A MAN exclusively occupied in his generous recognition of the talents of others; a man devoting his useful life to partially successful efforts to conceal his brilliant personality beneath what he believed to be their giants' robes: such was Etienne Dumont, codifier of the laws of Geneva, where he was born in 1759 in the Rue des Belles Filles, now less picturesquely bearing his name. It is incomprehensible that no discerning biographer has been attracted by his striking character; stranger that no busybody bookmaker has perceived how from first to last Dumont's existence was a sequence of interesting events populated by interesting people.

Space lacks for pausing over the eloquent young preacher so impressing the Empress Catherine that she sent him from Petersburg to Potsdam to discourse of 'Unselfishness' (!) to iron Frederick of Prussia. There can be no question here of the brief, close-knit union with Mirabeau. We know now how many of these perorations, magical in the ears of the world, came from silent Dumont's pen, before the rich, resonant voice uttered the burning words which shook thrones. A bold rebuker of wickedness in high places; a deft weaver of the web of political intrigue; donor to English literature of the work of a philosopher too cryptic to speak without an interpreter; an alien, yet summoned to the counsels of Wilberforce and Romilly; most welcome of all the guests at Holland House because, as the capricious hostess records, he alone failed to bore her after a two-hours' tête-à-tête; originator of the clever framework for the *Tales of Fashionable Life* which brought fame and fortune to modest Maria Edgeworth: surely these are reasons justifying a curious glance at the masses of English letters Dumont kept carefully. To him friendship was indeed 'the bread of the heart,' and, in triumphant contradiction to cynical conclusions, he found in it few disappointments. He was unwearied in the service of his friends, and with one exception they were unswervingly loyal and grateful. There was a touch of true romance in his meeting with the ardent Romilly, who lived for humanity and died for

love. They wandered together in that exquisite, unspoilt mountain world we can never know. High among glittering ice-needles and blue-eyed gentians, they vowed brotherhood like young Greeks, faithful to the end, as Romilly's will bears touching testimony. Yet only two letters from him are to be found in the *Correspondance Dumont*. There is something in them of boyish pedantry, with the clear revelation of the enthusiastic nature of their writer.

Grays Inn, London, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your last letter has given me very great concern. I had flattered myself with hopes of great happiness in your society and friendship which I am now obliged entirely to abandon, or, what is little less, to defer for three long years. In the meantime the efforts which will be made to keep you in the country where you are going, the entreaties of your relations, opportunities of establishing yourself for life, and a thousand other circumstances which I foresee may happen, almost fill me with despair. Do you still intend to keep up your English? If so may I cherish some feeble hope of seeing you at some time or other in England? But if you abandon the language of Pope and Milton for the jargon of the Russians, and this is the last English letter I shall write you, I shall be very apprehensive of never seeing you again. I do not say this with the smallest intention of dissuading you from going to St. Petersburg. The reasons you give are I confess unanswerable, and I am only sorry to be convinced by them. . . . In the meantime I accept with joy your offer of keeping up our correspondence. I shall be very impatient to receive from you an account of the Russians who are so variously spoken of here, and an account of the progress they have made in their civilisation—whether they possess in any degree the taste for the fine arts they are so eager to obtain, whether their progress in Happiness has kept pace with their improvement. On my part I shall be happy to send you an account of the state of our politics that will interest you. At this moment according to Rousseau the people of this country are again free; whether they are making so bad a use of their liberty as he says they do every seven years, and by which they deserve to lose it for ever, I do not know, but I think not. The elections everywhere have gone in favour of Pitt's friends and against Foxes. Those who affect to see much further into Futurity than the generality of mankind Pretend that Pitt and his party once fixed in power will consult the good of the people as little as Fox and Lord North. It may be so, but I am always averse to disturbing men till I see better reasons for it than that others have been rogues. Should however these discouraging predictions prove true I have always the consolation that so many lessons will at least have taught the People to depend for their safety not upon the professions of any men or parties, but upon the certain security of shorter Parliaments and more equal Representation. . . . Be assured I am your faithful and obedient S. Romilly.

In the same year Romilly writes anxiously in fervent French, decidedly better than Lord Brougham's, as will be shown :

MON CHER MONSIEUR,—Je n'aurais pas différé si longtemps de vous écrire, si j'avais eu aucune nouvelle intéressante à vous communiquer. Mais on ne parle et ne pense en ce moment que de notre malheureux

politique . . . le peuple veut toujours le bien, mais il est presque toujours le dupe de ses chefs. Cet Infame Fox, qui ose se dire l'homme du Peuple, vient de proposer dans le Parlement un nouveau bill pour régler les affaires de la Compagnie des Indes Orientales par lequel il leur ôtera toute l'administration de leurs affaires et le donnera au Ministre. C'est-à-dire il l'usurperas lui-même. Ce n'est pas que j'ai beaucoup de compassion pour cette Compagnie qui a été si longtemps le Fléau des Indes, et l'approuve de l'Angleterre, mais que cet ennemi déclaré de l'influence de la Couronne soit lui-même l'homme qui ose ouvertement proposer de l'éteindre, qu'il soit soutenu dans cet entreprise par les Burke et les Cavendish, les Portland, c'est qu'on ne saurait comprendre si on n'était pas initié dans les mystères de la politique moderne. Il n'y a ici qu'un cri d'indignation contre cette Proposition. Les fonds de cette compagnie ont baissé cent pour cent sur les champs. Cependant Fox qu'avec Lord North a deux tiers de la chambre Barré (je ne dirais pas à ses gages mais très sûrement à ses ordres et sûr de faire approuver son bill par les communes et pour les Paires, nous n'avons pas grand confiance en leur patriotisme.

In this letter there is an effort to persuade Dumont to undertake the education of the sons of a 'genuine disciple of Rousseau,' who, like Mr. Edgeworth with the unlucky Richard, was determined to bring them up in the true principle of *Emile*. Though he had abandoned his Russian project, and unaccountably ceased to have any idea of exercising his great gift of pulpit oratory, he was not tempted by this dreary prospect. His was to be a more brilliant destiny than that of drudge to a type of faddist then alarmingly prevalent. For in the same year he went to Bowood as tutor of Lord Henry Petty, and to the end of his days it was his second home.

That fine old English gentleman, Lord Lansdowne, then Lord Shelburne, at once realised his exceptional talents, and judged wisely in his estimate of their value to one destined to take so high a place in contemporary politics. The courtesy of his first note makes it plain he feels he is dealing with no ordinary man.

I will only trouble you at present to assure you I feel myself much obliged, by whatever degree of confidence you place in my character, that I shall be glad to receive you in my house and family, and to do everything in my power to make your station there agreeable and comfortable.

Beyond a later remark, 'I am glad of the opinion you have formed of Henry's character,' there is nothing to indicate their original relations in either of the letters, written as to a most intimate friend. When Dumont was in Paris Lord Lansdowne sent him an impressive appeal to 'use your great influence with the French Government to obtain the release of Monsieur Saint-foix, for mercy makes Governments strong.' In his last days, tormented by acute gout, and by such drastic remedies as leeches,

he writes from Bath to remind Dumont 'there is always a room for you.'

As for Lord Henry, there is far more even than the voluminous correspondence to attest his enjoyment of Dumont's delightful society. Quite a library of little note-books, closely written in Dumont's clear hand, are filled with amusing descriptions of the many journeys they took together in a harmony unruffled by discomforts of all kinds. One began in August 1805, when they left Holland House 'in a new carriage called a diligence.' They went through Wales, where it always rained, and where spurious bards, singing 'wretchedly,' were no compensation for dirty inns and roads so execrable they could sometimes only progress at the rate of eight miles a day. They found Holyhead a 'sort of Wapping.' 'The boats are comfortable. Prices a guinea a head, ten shillings for servants, two pounds for carriages.' They took no food, hoping for the 'ordinary passage of twelve hours,' 'but, being becalmed, the passengers must have starved had they not caught about twenty pretty good fish.' They found 'nothing magnificent in Ireland' except the custom-houses, 'palaces given over to venality and corruption.' 'The curse is the Absentee'; and, indeed, the travellers saw Dublin exactly as it is portrayed in *Barry Lyndon*, remarking, as he did, that most of the owners of the fine houses lived in Bath. Theirs was a pleasant progress from country house to country house, where, it is obvious, the tutor was welcomed and courted as eagerly as his attractive pupil. They once met 'Lady Sarah Napier with some remains of the beauty which might have made her queen of England,' and both found the ladies 'prettier and less shy' than in London. The intimacy never slackened. Lord Henry writes from Cambridge in French which somewhat recalls the French of the handsome apology of Pendennis to Mirobolant, modestly announcing that he has now the first prize for English declamation. This obliges him to 'prononcer un discours,' and he wants advice.

Il s'agit d'en déterminer le sujet . . . et je voudrais profiter de vos conseils. J'ai beaucoup le désir d'en trouver un qui sera bon et original. . . . Il me semble que celui dont nous parlions il y a quelques jours en venant de Bowood, 'Les maux de la Société et les moyens par lesquels ils sont affaibli, offre quelque chose de très intéressant. . . . Je ne vous fais point d'apologue pour la demande que je vous adresse parceque je sais que la bonté que vous avez toujours eu pour moi vous engagera volontiers de prendre cette peine.

This was in early days, when two singularly able men were on the threshold of their friendship. As illustrative of its steady continuance, an example coming from Bowood in 1814 may be quoted. It refers, of course, to the Code de Genève.

MY DEAR DUMONT,—I was very glad to get your letter, and so good an account of yourself, and although the new constitution, the construction of which you have witnessed, may not be all you desire, it must be a great satisfaction to you to assist at the formation of any independent government that seemed but a short time ago gone to the tombs of all the Capulets. It is now I am afraid one of the very few republics that will be permitted to survive. I trust that your senatorial functions will not make you forget the expediency of travelling before the depth of winter and that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you here before Christmas. You will not find that English literature has been making much progress in your absence. . . . A great fragment of a great poem of Wordsworth's which nobody has read, and I expect nobody will read, is the only work of any note—indeed, I believe that half our authors and a still greater part of our readers are on the continent. There is besides an excellent novel attributed to, but not avowed by Scott which contains a picturesque description of the Highlands and feudal manners, and the circumstances dependent on the rebellion of 1745.

This remark has interest in the centenary of *Waverley*.

In 1815 the then Lord Lansdowne urges his friend's return :

I wish I could flatter myself with adding to the temptation which I hope you will feel to return to England with the Romillys, who would be so much more welcome to us if they brought you with them. . . . The only thing of interest in the literary world, Walter Scott announces a triumphant poem on the Battle of Waterloo, and, like the good literary labourer he is, has gone to the continent to collect material.

In 1816 Lord and Lady Lansdowne are starting for one of those delightful leisurely tours we know no more.

A feature will of course be Geneva with all its accompaniments, among which the pleasure of seeing you will be the greatest attraction. By the way, Sir Humphrey Davy has added to his fame by inventing a lamp free from all danger of explosion in the Mines, which from the dreadful frequency of those will form one of the most important of his discoveries. Lord Byron has been singing the history of his own domestic misfortunes (separation from his wife), in these little poems, which are very beautiful, and uniting the attractions of good poetry and scandal from the best authority, bid fair to be the most popular of his works.

All this and much more, in an admirable handwriting on invariably gilt-edged paper, show that the affection of the boy for his tutor matured into a friendship worthy of both.

Lord Brougham was just as impatient for Dumont to return to England, and just as determined to go to Geneva to see him. He, too, writes in French to solicit Dumont's good offices for one of the stream of Englishmen emigrating to Geneva to educate their children :

Est-ce que vous avez abandonné l'Angleterre? Les Romilly nous donnent l'Esperance de votre retour mais je commence à avoir quelque crainte. En attendant j'ai le projet moi-même, de venir vous voir en fonction comme chef de partie chez vous.

People were ready to take trouble then to prove friendship, and the invariable rule was that, if Dumont did not come, his devotees started for what Jane Austen called 'Switzerland.'

His keen interest in literature is further attested by one of Lord Holland's agreeable letters, full of literary news :

There is another Scotch novel by Scott, which I hear, for I have not read it, is better than *Waverley*, or *Guy Mannering*. They call it *Landlords Tales*. That diligent poet as well as Southey and Croker are indefatigable, they write reviews, registers, newspapers, all in the same spirit of vinegar and misrepresentation. I conclude you have at last found a country where Bonaparte's triumph did not impress, and where his fall has not improved the state of things. We have been much entertained by an account of his conversations in a small book written by a Mr. Warden Surgeon of the *Northumberland*, which took him to St. Helena. Perhaps the system of his persecution of a free press will not allow such a book to come on the continent.

There are no letters from Lady Holland ; nothing but her handsome testimony that Dumont was never a bore, to make it clear that, when his place was temporarily vacant in those centres of wit and wisdom, Bowood and Holland House, his loss was genuinely felt. But if such men as Lord Lansdowne, Lord Holland, and Lord Brougham missed him when he was busy at Geneva with his patriotic duties, they were not unreasonable enough to expect him to devote himself exclusively to their interests. This selfish attitude of mind was left for surely the most selfish of philosophers, Jeremy Bentham. Well might the exasperated Maria Edgeworth write to Dumont : ' His conduct to you, of which I heard much from Lord Lansdowne, provokes me so much that if I heard Mr. Bentham was sunk up to the chin in the frozen Ocean I should not care.'

The world will never know, and is probably content to remain ignorant, as to how much Dumont really contributed to the treatises of the crabbed sage for whom he slaved. But there ought to be room found for a slim volume of Bentham's letters, if only to show the unfairness of the undervaluing of Dumont's labours in the notice of Bentham in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. This rose-coloured picture of Bentham's personal fascination is hardly endorsed by the formidable correspondence, full of erasures, with as many words underlined as if he had been one of the young ladies satirised by Mr. Henry Tilney. Some of the letters are oddly reminiscent of Carlyle in his surlier moods, and all are alike dissatisfied.

I am in a rage with all—all. God Almighty predestined me to be the *âme damnée* of France. I am fighting our people for her *à toute outrance*. . . . My kingdom like other people's kingdoms is not of this world, but when I get to Heaven I will make as many laws as I please

... and they shall none of them have more than one Judge. As for Juries I will have none of them though the twelve apostles offer to make the first.

Parts of the letters are written in good French, but this does not prevent voluminous enclosures for translation. 'You will wonder at the disorder in which you find my papers. It was never supposed that anyone would see them but myself before they went to the Printers.' Like Mr. Edgeworth, Bentham always uses a capital for this frequently used word. 'Therefore do not consider yourself injured because you are puzzled, but take them as they are in God's name. You will do well to make what use you can of such part of the matter as stands in tabular form.'

Sheet after yellowed sheet reiterates the same story—manuscripts sent in wild confusion to Dumont, and returned in clear, elegant French, ready, in the best sense of the word, for publication in Paris. 'I spent several hours in the chaos yesterday,' remarks Bentham, complacently, 'and dug up out of the ruins fifteen or twenty pages. Observe that this chaos was not my own doing, and if it vexes you, how much more must it vex me!' Thanks are rare, and gratitude apparently non-existent. Plainly Dumont worked simply because he believed in the message Bentham had to deliver. But that Bentham could not exist without his patient slave, the following proves :

May 21st, 1800.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—If you have a half-pennyworth of pity in you I will give you a penny for it. I am as melancholy as a cat, and crying like a child even while I am writing to you. Half a century ago I was crying because they would not let me go and play, and now I am crying because they won't let me make or so much as offer a code, and because Romilly has vexed me. The enclosed is a letter I have written to him. I have self-command left to send it to you. What I could have done instead was to call upon you, but that requires exertion, and want of exertion is a malady that has been struck into me. I thought to have sallied forth this morning but there came a few drops of rain. Now therefore if you have a mind to get a penny for your half-pennyworth of sympathy you will take a walk and come to me in the morning the earlier the better. You will come, I know you will. An idle fellow like you what could he do better? . . . Mr. North's paper is much too valuable to lose and must go through the press though the author were to have his house on fire and be hamstrung . . . but the unwarrantableness of his expectations have thrown me into a rage.

When Dumont is in Paris, Bentham's litany of supplication is incessant, and his indignation considerable if his weighty questions are not promptly answered. 'I am looking into Virgil's description of Hell for the perfidious squad that I may know where to find you.'

In points of most importance you have done all along for the best. Better than anybody. . . . Go—don't call me 'Master,' thinking to coax me, you are a naughty boy, and I give you up. Don't tell me of *pensées détachées*. Do you think I am to give up connected works for a manufactory of P.D.'s? There are *pensées* enough if you think it worth while to detach them. . . . Don't go and kill yourself about my scrawls or your ghost will haunt me. You deserve to be flogged, you say when you leave Paris, you take care not to say when you will be visible to me. . . . As to French stile (*sic*) perfect ignorance. Seriously though whatever parts there may be in it of yours, with very few exceptions I have not been able to distinguish them from my own. . . . Oh but my dear Dumont I have need of you. . . . You are a sad fellow and I am disappointed in you. Put not thy trust in Princes said holy David. If he had been a prophet as well as a king he would have said in Frenchmen. Here's Russia going to the devil whilst you are doing nothing in a place where nobody does anything.

All these lamentations are accompanied by masses of copy to be edited in a most comprehensive sense. These were duly returned, although Dumont was performing precisely the same onerous tasks for Barré and others, not to speak of his exacting connexion with Mirabeau. Bentham so rarely wrote about anything but himself and his works, one letter deserves quotation as an exception to his complete egotism :

July 1805. The Admiral has just received certain advice that the French fleet of the line is off to the West Indies with Nelson at their heels and are in high spirits. My brother is going to Russia about it. Going? In a way you would never have imagined on the part of the government on the suggestion of Mr. Pitt. A gap has been discovered in our Navy and to fill it up they have recourse to Russia to build us ships. . . . Number as far as a dozen or so—two ships of the line—my brother to make arrangements for the purpose. . . . It occurred to him that in his interview with Mr. Pitt he might have an opportunity for mentioning you as a person well qualified to do business at the Russian court by means of your connections there. . . . As for myself you have treated me so unkindly and unfaithfully I should not have written at all but to send you the copy of Mr. Colquhoun's letter to show you the difference between a zealous friend and a lukewarm one. Nepean (the head of the Admiralty) described you as 'one of the first characters of the age.' I am not sure if you had any equals but if you had they were few.

Mr. Bentham, who resolutely refused to budge without his wife and family, eventually chartered an entire ship for the voyage for two hundred guineas. But Dumont was not tempted to be among the passengers, and incur the further wrath of his philosopher.

Bentham's letters are fuller than ever of intricate notes, when he writes in 1817 :

There is neither common honesty or commonsense in your backsliding—For backsliding it is. Commonsense, because although you are a tolerably

good boy and have some pretensions to a chuck under the chin you are but a boy, I had almost said an infant and unless you will come and sit in the lap of your old grey-headed monster you will be taken up by some of the harpies you speak of and damned body and soul. If you are Numa, reprobate as you are, am I not the nymph Egeria? . . .

Well might Bentham's own words apply to himself : ' Morality made Easy. As there are but two persons in the world, I. Self, II. Mr. All-Besides '—with the addition that for him the second was of absolutely no consequence. If the entire correspondence ever leaves the dusty portfolios at Geneva, the amount of difficult work proved to have been done for Bentham by this busy, popular man will appear almost incredible. Yet upon an undated scrap of paper, quite at the end, is this sentence : ' Dumont and Russia having failed me so that in my quality of author as of man I seem destined to go out of the world without posterity.' It was fortunate Dumont was indifferent to recognition ; but if literary justice existed, his name would be linked with Bentham's in an indissoluble bond.

John Stuart Mill often acted as Bentham's secretary to Dumont, and speaks cordially of

the pleasure with which I embrace every opportunity of holding converse with you, for there are few I love and esteem more. It was peculiarly gratifying to me to hear of the steps which the people in the different parts of Switzerland are taking for the improvement of their legislation and above all in your own part of it which is an example to the whole, and where I deem it (you will not accuse me of insincere flattery in saying so) a matter of such importance to the grand course of legislation that they have you for the leading performer.

When the war-ravaged ' little Cantons ' were starving, it is pleasant to find ' by far the most popular preacher now in Edinburgh, the Rev. Sydney Smith,' sending sixty-six pounds as the result of his eloquence for the Swiss cause. Dumont was very intimate with the handsome ' Bobus,' whose abundant correspondence is affectionate, but rather dull. There is no trace of the wit with which his brother irradiated every topic alike.

DEAR SIR [he writes].—Thank you for the armfuls of valuable material you have sent for my sermon, I only wish they had fallen into better hands ; a certain proportion should be observed between the value of the article to be wrought and the skill of the artificer, and the topaz and the amethyst are not made for the fingers of the bungling lapidary. Dirt and honesty are the characteristics of this place, and an inclination to relieve distress. If the day is fine we shall get a few guineas which I will transmit to you with infinite pleasure because I pity the Swiss and I love them. Mr. Stuart has with his usual goodness exerted himself in every possible way, but to tear money from the Scotch is not to rob them of the superfluities of life but to rob them of mutton, bread, and broadcloth, of aliments and vestments, of that which covers the stomach from without, and cheers it from within. Mrs. and Miss S. beg to be kindly

remembered to you. I cordially join you in everything you have said in their favour—an experience of two years has made them the objects of my sincere regard. The scarcity here has exposed us very much to the danger of insurrection which has been hitherto warded off by the Military charity of the Magistrates and Aristocrats who have frightened and appeased the mob by offering oatmeal or death. My brother's progress in life will of course be uncertain as he is dogged with the heavy impediment of an honest independent mind, an obstacle which has sunk many a young man in that profession, and which it requires eminent talents to overcome. He had long promised to make me a Bishop, but by his persevering integrity I observe that event to be removed to a lugubrious distance. But whether Bishop or simple Priest I shall always remain with deep respect the servant of Mr. Dumont, S.S.

The date of the single significant letter from Wilberforce is indistinct, but is easy to fix on account of its contents. It is another striking illustration of the value of Dumont to his friends in their difficulties :

MY DEAR SIR,—Our respected friend Sir S. Romilly was so obliging yesterday as to assure me we should have an opportunity of forwarding a small parcel to you and this confirmed what I before however knew from your obliging declaration through Brougham, that you would permit us to call on you for your Friendly Contingent towards the completion of the force to be provided for the attack on the slave trade. Mr. Clarkson has drawn up an epitome of the evidence taken before the House of Commons in the slave trade inquiry, and to it he has prefixed and subjoined some serious Expostulations. All this it appears to me will do very well, but I am informed by a friend of mine that the gentleman who was employed to translate it into French has executed his part of the business very indifferently, and it was probable it would require alteration. I have scribbled, though I am conscious much too hastily, a few of the remarks which I hope may be useful additions to Mr. Clarkson's. May we request you to have the goodness to correct the imperfect French and to abstract and superadd if you think proper, the remarks I enclose together with a copy of the extracts marked? May I beg you to have 200 or 300 printed (all our measures are of course at the expense of the African institution) and to send 100 to Vienna. This I scribble more asleep than awake. . . . Instead of apologising I will allege 'the Cause,' and assure you of my cordial respect and regard.

It is a pity space forbids the inclusion of one of the lengthy missives sent from Bombay in 1806 by Sir James Mackintosh to the friend to whom he clung tenaciously. They are most interesting, if gloomy, pictures of the state of India, and of the difficulties which beset even his judicial mind in dealing with religious questions. 'I am a great friend to the missionaries because I look on their success to be the only means of breaking down the infernal system of casts,' is, however, a remark worth remembering. Sir James Mackintosh not only talked like a Macaulay minus the 'glorious flashes of silence,' but wrote with an equal fluency. We know he sent poor Maria Edgeworth to bed prostrated by her

very admiration, 'blasted by excess of light,' as she herself relates. Great sheets of foolscap, covered with his fine clear script, attest his eagerness to communicate with Dumont, and an attachment which never weakened. 'I hope Bentham will soon put his book on Evidence into your hands, and that you will soon put it into ours,' is a significant sentence.

Tell him I never sit in a criminal court without being mortified by the consciousness how little I can apply his forces. I beg you to accept Lady M's kindest remembrances as well as mine. We still live in hopes of being introduced and cheered by you in some excursion to some part of the Continent if Buonaparte leaves any we can visit.

By judges, divines, politicians, and philosophers, Dumont's society was alike courted. The group of friends surrounding him is intellectually very remarkable, and further question as to his relations with the distinguished women of a day of distinction cannot but rouse the eternal curiosity as to the secrets of the heart. The answer is unexpected, yet definite. If Dumont ever loved, he got over the pleasing fever betimes, for there is but a faint tradition regarding a Russian lady, dating from the days of his share of fickle Catherine's for once honourable favour.

He was never a sentimentalist at the apogee of the romantic school. In vain does a certain Madame Blancheney write prettily to say 'Votre lettre m'a guérie d'une forte migraine,' which is an agreeable antithesis to Mademoiselle Aïssé's enforced renunciation of medicines because they made her distant chevalier ill from sheer sympathy. She is as insatiable as Bentham: 'Si vous aurez pu me voir mon aimable ami courant à la poste chaque matin toujours trompée dans mon attente,' is her cry, at least testifying to the amiable friend's extreme popularity.

The story of the intimacy of Maria Edgeworth with Dumont has been told at full length,¹ and it was published after Miss Constance Hill's study of the Edgeworth 'Circle.' But although the letters then published for the first time strongly support the probability of something more tender than mere friendship being felt by the excellent gifted little lady for Dumont, Miss Hill gives a contrary opinion as coming from the family itself. It is a delicate point, and there is room for two opinions.

'Mon sincère et inalterable ami,' is always her name for him, though he disappointed her bitterly by never visiting Edgeworthstown.

Abuse your letters as much as you please, only let me have them, and frequently, and allow me to judge them for myself and permit me to like them, for indeed I cannot help it. Yet I acknowledge I prefer you

¹ Rowland Grey, 'Maria Edgeworth and Etienne Dumont,' *Dublin Review*, 1909.

to your letters . . . Now every bit of my letters I wish to be for you and you alone. Reasonable or unreasonable I know my little self, and I know that I could not write to you if I thought any creature were to see my letters.

This is all charmingly unlike the markedly impersonal tone of the correspondence in her biographies, which contain none of Dumont's replies. Were these burnt because she would not leave them behind her? and is not her very silence when he passed away eloquent? To him, and to him alone, did she confide the last words of the amazing Father she loved devotedly: 'Be worthy of me, Maria, do not bewail me.' There is deep pathos in the fact that, for all her sense of humour, they appeared to her sublime and not ridiculous. To some of us such simple womanly revelations are more arresting even than the books we are so confident Scott and Macaulay overpraised because we are too dull to perceive their merits.

Eliza Smith supplies a plentiful number of sheets, written half in French and half in English, and if she is not as witty as Sydney, she is livelier than 'Bobus.' It is amusing to find her in Italy, cordially thanking Dumont for his comforting assurance that her countrymen are 'awaiting the invasion of the Corsican Usurper with courage and gaiety.' 'Oh je reconnais mon sang,' is her comment. 'But suffering humanity must shudder at the consequences of that invasion.'

Caroline Fox, if she very wisely refused to marry Bentham, certainly did much to prove her honest liking for Dumont. Her shrewd, lively, intimate letters, in a clear flowing Italian hand, are many. The first relates to her efforts to procure a situation for a *protégée* of Dumont's in 1817:

The truth is the present is not a favourable moment for obtaining a high salary. The nobility and gentry feel the pressure of the times in common with all classes in England. Retrenchment, if necessary, generally begins with the objects most out of sight, as the salaries of Tutors and Governesses.

Again, in August, she writes from Little Holland House:

MY DEAR MR. DUMONT,—Soon after this reaches you, you may expect the arrival of two old English friends whose chief, and I may say only satisfaction at Geneva will be to shake hands with you and find you as they hope in the enjoyment of health and every other comfort. You will be surprised perhaps to hear that Miss Vernon and I have taken the heroic resolution of setting out by ourselves, and that making our route by Brussels and the Banks of the Rhine and loitering nowhere on the road we expect to reach Geneva in about a fortnight. Our time indeed will not admit of our taking more than a Bird's Eye view of the country

we pass through, but in that we shall find beauty enough to repay us. The cause of our being so limited in point of time is that we have promised to meet my brother and Lord Holland in Paris and they will be leaving it in the middle of October if not sooner. The Romillys encourage our undertaking and assure us we can accomplish it in six weeks with ease. Lord Lansdowne commends and admires our enterprise, and says we shall deserve the thanks of the community if we can seduce you from your patriotic labours and persuade you to come to England. Our intention is to set out very early on Monday morning, and get to Dover that night. A letter will reach us at Frankfurt or Schaffhausen if you will be good enough to give us any hints for the remainder of our journey especially relating to the expenses of Voitures when we enter Switzerland, for being ignorant and inexperienced persons in our mode of procedure, we shall not know to what to agree. We intend to stop only two nights in Brussels, and shall stop no longer than necessary till we reach Geneva. I suppose Schaffhausen will require two nights to see the fall. God bless you dear Mr. Dumont.

Schaffhausen, Sept. 23rd.

DEAR MR. DUMONT,—Enfin nous voila à l'entrée de votre beau pays, several days later than we wished or hoped, when we wrote to announce our enterprise owing to the impediments which the King of Prussia threw on our path. Unluckily we fell into his route at Aix la Chapelle and there *bon gré, mal gré* they kept us three nights not allowing us even to hire a Voiture *jusqu'à sa Majesté avait passé*. This you will allow was a trial to the patience of Ladies setting out on their travels, but it has been really the only contretemps we have had . . . so little is our ardour cooled by inconveniences and difficulties we cannot persuade ourselves to take the straight road to Lausanne, and I am afraid if we stay two days as we probably shall, it will be impossible to reach Geneva before the 30th . . . the object which carries us there will induce us to shorten rather than lengthen our stay as we cannot remain for ever. . . . You delight us by saying you are tempted to Paris. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. Once there we shall feel sure of you in England. Lord H. will forgive us for keeping him waiting if we are the cause of your coming too. God bless you dear Mr. Dumont—in ten days we shall meet.

There is certainly not much in the tone of these pleasant letters to suggest that Miss Fox was really the original of Miss Crawley, but there is plentiful evidence to show she well understood the art of friendship in which Dumont was unsurpassed. His portraits, even in Geneva, are scarce enough to prove personal vanity absent from his strong sane character. For his was the heyday of the miniature, and of those eyes painted on ivory, which were absurdly set as jewels to adorn white necks and arms. That his were large and fine is seen in a study by Madame Meunier Romilly, afterwards engraved in London. It shows an imposing personality, although he was not handsome.

He died at the age of seventy-one, active and useful to the last. For a fitting epitaph we may turn to the first page where

his name occurs in the autobiography of Sir Samuel Romilly and read :

His vigorous understanding, his extensive knowledge, and his splendid eloquence qualified him to have acted the noblest part in public life, whilst the brilliancy of his wit, the cheerfulness of his humour and the charm of his conversation have made him the delight of every private society in which he has lived, but his most valuable qualities are his strict integrity, his zeal to serve those to whom he is attached and his kind and affectionate disposition.

LILIAN ROWLAND-BROWN
(*Rowland Grey*).

A VANISHING VIRTUE

It is a dictum of Burke's that the deep foundations of character, individual and national, are laid in things which 'pass with the majority of men for a romance.' Of the many profound sayings of that great political thinker, this is one of the most profound, and at the present time we have urgent need to apprehend it. There is one virtue which lies at the root of all greatness, personal and collective. And that virtue men are ceasing to believe in and to practise. They treat it as out of date; they regard it as a romance. It is the virtue of obedience.

The complete idea of man embraces the two concepts of personality and solidarity—they are two terms of one and the same idea. As an individual person, man belongs to himself. No man can possess the same authority over another that we possess over an inferior species. No man is simply a chattel. A person must never be used as if he were a mere thing. But man does not exist in isolation. 'Unus homo nullus homo.' Society is to him what the soil is to the plant. Hence the associations which incorporate individual persons in collective entities: the family, the tribe, the nation. Hence, too, the conception of humanity which is, in Pascal's phrase, 'the human race considered as one man, continually existing and learning.' But I am concerned, at present, not so much with mankind as a whole as with the societies, smaller or larger, in which we exist for the purposes of civilised life. Now the bond which knits them together is justice enforcing obedience through law. Hence the dictum of St. Augustine that the general pact of human society is to obey rulers: 'generale quippe pactum est humanae societatis obedire regibus suis.'¹

And here we get to ethics. This bond by which the State unites men is a moral bond. The obligation of obedience to law is only the conception of moral good and moral evil, manifesting to the soul its necessity. That necessity is categorically imperative, to use the phrase of a great master. 'The words "I

¹ *Confes.* l. iii. c. 8. I do not know whether Lord Tennyson had this passage in his mind when he wrote, in *Morte d'Arthur*: 'Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.'

ought,"' writes Kant in the *Critique of Pure Reason*, 'express a species of necessity which nature'—of course he means physical nature—'does not and cannot present to the mind of man. Understanding knows nothing in nature but that which is, or has been, or will be. It would be absurd to say that anything in nature *ought* to be other than it is, in the relations in which it stands: indeed, the word 'ought,' when we consider the course of nature, has neither application nor meaning. Whatever number of motives nature may present to my will, whatever sensuous impulses, it is beyond their power to produce the moral ought. 'The moral faculty enunciates laws which are imperative or objective laws of freedom, and which tell us what ought to take place, thus distinguishing themselves from the laws of nature, which relate to that which does take place.'

Let us pursue the matter a little further. Whence does this ethical ought derive its sovereign and compelling power? From this, that it is the expression of supreme reason. There is an admirable saying of Goethe that morality is an everlasting search for an appeasement (*ein ewiger Friedenversuch*) between our personal claims (*Anforderungen*) and the laws of an invisible kingdom. This invisible kingdom is the realm of Eternal Law. That 'nothing is that errs from law' is absolutely true. Consider the domain of the physical sciences. The very word science implies law. If the universe were the realm of chance, science could not exist. And the wider and the more exact our science, the profounder is our apprehension of the fact that throughout the physical universe law reigns, dominating the organic and the inorganic, the smallest things and the greatest, the most complex and the simplest, the most mutable and seemingly capricious, and the apparently most fixed and stable, penetrating all spheres of knowledge, all realms of existence, all time and all space. Now the essence of law is necessity. And in the physical order this necessity is expressed by the word 'must,' a word borrowed, indeed, from the metaphysical order, for, in strictness, physics cannot get beyond the word 'is.' The laws of nature may, indeed, be regarded as necessary, but only *ex necessitate consequenti*, as the schoolmen say—that is, as proceeding from a necessary Being; as what they are, because He is what He is; as an expression of His supreme reason, as emanating from Him who is the truth, of whom all truth is part. And so viewed, they may be considered as divine, and precisely because they are divine do they dominate us.

But physical laws are not the only laws which rule us. Man is something more than matter in motion and belongs to another world than the physical. He belongs to that invisible kingdom of which Goethe speaks, and is subject to its laws. As

physical law rules throughout the universe, so does moral. There is an ideal order of right, embracing and harmonising all private rights, the ultimate foundation of all human justice, and binding upon the human conscience. It is founded on objective reason, and therefore it is universal, like the verities of mathematics. It is part of the nature of things. Its principles are the ultimate bases of right and duty, and it finds them beyond the phenomena of sense, by means of our imaginative faculty, in the inner world of consciousness, of volition, of finality. Independent both of theologies and theogonies, it claims obedience, not as an instrument of happiness or agreeable feeling, but as a thing absolutely good and an end in itself. Such is the moral law, obedience to which is the condition of moral liberty, just as obedience to physical law is the condition of physical liberty. The rule of what should be, as distinct from what is, it is its own evidence, its own justification. And conscience is the entering into the individual of this objective law of right; its practical judgment or dictate; the witness in ourselves, written on the fleshly tables of the heart, in virtue of which man is what Aristotle called him, 'an ethical animal.' It is, Aquinas tells us, 'the participation of the Eternal Law in the rational creature.'

I am afraid that what I have just written has a somewhat scholastic sound. My apology must be that it is necessary to my argument. There are some writers of name—the late Sir Leslie Stephen was eminently seen among them—who have applied themselves to controverting the absurd proposition that the moral law is the creation of Christianity. It has always filled me with pity to see earnest and able men thus wasting time and energy in arguing about the shadow of an ass, as the old Greeks would have said. Assuredly, the moral law is not the creation of Christianity, and none of the great Catholic moralists have contended that it is. It is independent of that religion and of any other. But, as assuredly, Christianity came into the world as an apostle of the moral law, preaching it in ampler measure than mankind had before known, and investing it with diviner sanctions: exhibiting it as the key to the problems of existence: revealing the nature of its obligation which the wisest of the ancients had acknowledged but could not explain; pointing to it as the means whereby man

the nobler mastery learnt
When inward vision over impulse reigned.

Christianity changed the lives of men by changing the ideal of life, and it changed that ideal by proclaiming the supreme value of obedience. Henceforward the rule of action was not to be the individual will, perverse or corrupt, but the Divine Will,

good and acceptable and perfect. St. Augustine sums it up in seven words : *Nolle quod volebam et velle quod volebas*. Christ was to be the Great Exemplar. To follow 'the blessed steps of His most holy life' was 'the system of moral discipline'—this phrase, too, is St. Augustine's—set before the neophyte. Now on that life, from beginning to end, obedience is written. His own last words, 'Not My will but Thine,' sum it up; and they became the law of His followers. On almost every page of the Epistles and Gospels there are indications of that unquestioning sacrifice of the individual will which dominated the primitive Christians. It is not too much to say that the virtue of obedience, which, indeed, in some sort involves all the others, was esteemed by them the highest. *Factus est obediens* : He became obedient—yes, unto death—it is written of the King; and this principle of obedience was to be the fundamental law of His subjects. In every relation of life, from the highest to the lowest, they were 'bound to believe and to do.' I need not dwell upon what is so familiar.

Thus did the new religion recreate the individual. And thus, too, did it create anew civil society. The true foundation of civil society—no other will be found enduring—is the family. Now the family rests upon marriage. And marriage rests upon the sexual instinct. Those of my readers who are familiar with Schopenhauer will doubtless remember a passage in which he enlarges, in Rabelaisian vein, on this truth—he calls it the pearl of his system. It is, as he presents it, a pearl fit to be thrown before swine. But Kant had long before him written : 'Nature pursues her vast design : beauty, modesty are only her instruments, nay, her baits.' Such is the explanation—indubitably a correct one—of the attraction exercised over men by women, however pure and refined. It has been the work of reason and religion to invest this animal instinct for the perpetuation of life with an ideal character, and to make of it the great bulwark of civilised society, potent

Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought and amiable words,
And love of truth and all that makes a man.

Yes : 'the work of reason and religion.' Reason had attained to the true norm of marriage, admirably stated in the jurisprudence of ancient Rome : '*Conjunctio maris et feminae et consortium omnis vitae : divini et humani juris communicatio*.' The Catholic Church consecrated, as holy matrimony, this lifelong and indissoluble union of two personalities, and proclaimed their spiritual equality, 'for in Jesus Christ there is neither male nor female.' But while insisting upon woman's spiritual equality with man,

it insisted also on her economic subjection to him. The sexes are interdependent, but in the family the husband is king, and his wife is the first of his subjects—obedience her primal duty. St. Paul puts it with much emphasis : indeed he could hardly be more emphatic : ' Wives, be subject to your husbands, as to the Lord.'² The ground of that subjection is exhibited by Nature herself. It is both physical and psychical. I will not dwell upon the physical side of the matter, which surely must be evident to all who will not shut their eyes to the most obvious lesson of woman's corporal constitution. But on the psychical side is it not as evident? Taking women in general, we assuredly must say that in them sentiment predominates over sense, imagination over reason : that in the logical and scientific faculties they are vastly inferior to men ; that their emotions are strong, while their will is weak ; that they are markedly deficient in the power of comprehending truth and justice under the pure form of principles and ideas apart from persons and things. Spiritually equal to man, woman, in these respects, is unequal, and in this inequality is the ground of her natural subjection to him. Yes, natural subjection, as has been pointed out by St. Thomas Aquinas, with his usual terseness and force.

There are two kinds of subjection [he writes]—one servile, the other economic or civil (*oeconomica vel civilis*). The latter is the kind of subjection whereby woman is naturally subject to man, because of the larger discourse of reason which man naturally possesses.³

According, then, to the teaching with which the Catholic Church indoctrinated Christendom, the wife is the first of her husband's subjects in the little kingdom of the family. Her loyal obedience to him is a religious duty. The same duty was held by the new faith to be equally obligatory upon children. Here again Roman jurisprudence had anticipated Christian teaching. The doctrine of the *patria potestas*, however exaggerated in archaic times, is rooted and grounded in the nature of things, and, like the doctrine of marriage, was touched and hallowed by Christianity. The Church exhibited the father as the direct and indefensible representative of Him ' of whom all paternity in heaven and earth is named,'⁴ and as alone ruling

² The Bible in these days is not so much read as it once was, so a further quotation from the Pauline injunctions to the Christians of Ephesus may not be amiss. ' As the Church is subject (*ὑποτάσσεται*) to Christ, so let wives be to their own husbands in everything.' ' Let the wife see that she reverence her husband,' or, as the Vulgate, more correctly rendering the Greek, has it, '*uxor autem timeat virum suum.*'

³ *Summa Theologica*, 1. q. 92, a. 1, ad. 2.

⁴ Such is the Vulgate reading of the verse in the Epistle to the Ephesians, *πατρία* being taken as equivalent to *πατρός*—whether rightly or not has been matter of much discussion.

by immediate divine right. His duty towards his children is declared to be the bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Their obedience to him is to be rendered, not grudgingly or as of necessity, not merely mechanically, but by a loving sacrifice of the individual will. Jeremy Taylor well observes, in *The Great Exemplar* :

A sacrifice without a heart was a sad and ominous presage in the superstition of the Roman augurs, and so it is in the service of God, for what the exhibition of a work is to man, that is the presentation of will to God. Without this our exterior service is like the paying of a piece of money in which we have defaced the image: it is not current.

Thus did Christianity recreate the family, by hallowing the virtue of obedience which is its binding tie. It did not owe to Christianity its religious character: no, it possessed that character already. But the Catholic Church transformed it by bringing it under 'the obedience of Christ.' The work of the Church for the State was similar. Of course, the politics which it found in the world rested upon religious sanctions. M. Fustel de Coulanges, in his *Cité Antique*, goes so far as to say—and, indeed, is perfectly warranted in saying—'the true legislator among the ancients was not man, but the religious belief which was in man.' Hence the dictum of Plato that to obey the laws was to obey the gods. Law was merely religion regulating society. It had never entered into the minds of the sages of antiquity that an irreligious State could exist. The Catholic Church recreated the public order, as it had recreated the family. The existing sanctions of religion remained, but they were transformed. A community of Christians became a Christian community; surely an eminently reasonable proceeding.

A State [Dr. Arnold observes] may as justly declare the New Testament to be its law as it may choose the institutes and code of Justinian. In this manner the law of Christ's Church may be made its law, and all the institutions which that law enjoins, whether in ritual or discipline, may be adopted as national institutions.⁵

That is just what the Catholic Church did in the Roman Empire, thereby forming Christendom. In the new order, as in the old, civil authority was emphatically clothed with the compelling majesty of religion. It was held to proceed from the *θεῖος νοῦς*, the Divine mind, which is the true foundation of human society. For such society, and not savage isolation, is natural to man, and is therefore to be attributed to the Author of nature. Not, of course, that civil rulers possess an immediate Divine right. Their power comes to them from its Divine source, *mediante populo*, whatever the form of the polity—largely a matter of

⁵ *Introductory Lectures on Modern History*, p. 53.

indifference—in which it is exercised. In obedience to it, we obey the Great Original whose authority is stamped upon the mandates of the magistrate, upon the statutes and ordinances of a realm. For the true source of the legislation whereby we live as civilised men is not arbitrariness or caprice.

A human law [St. Thomas Aquinas teaches] bears the character of law so far as it is in conformity with right reason, and, in that point of view, it is manifestly derived from the Eternal Law. But inasmuch as any human law recedes from reason, it is called a wicked law, and, to that extent, it bears not the character of law, but of an act of violence.*

Or, as he elsewhere puts it :

Laws enacted by man are either just or unjust. If they are just, they have a binding force in the Court of Conscience from the Eternal Law whence they are derived. Unjust laws are not binding in the Court of Conscience, except perhaps for the avoiding of scandal or turmoil.'

The obedience, then, which, according to Christian teaching, is due to the civil ruler, is by no means unlimited. It is conditioned by the higher authority of that internal judge whose sentences of right and wrong are irreformable—Conscience, which is 'the consciousness of God.' No grosser blasphemy is conceivable than Mayor Bailly's claim, upon a memorable occasion, 'When the law speaks, conscience must be silent.'

These considerations are not out of place at the present moment, when our ears are dinned with representations of the duty of submitting to any law for which the votes of the majority of a legislature may be bought. Men are under no moral or religious obligation to yield obedience to legislation believed by them, in good conscience, to be unjust, as robbing them of the rights and privileges of a nationality to which they have ever been loyal, and delivering them unto the will of their hereditary enemies, who have been persistently disloyal to it. To pretend that such an obligation exists is to mock them, the more so when it is notorious that the legislation which it is sought to impose on them is the result of a corrupt bargain between party politicians bent on retaining office by any means, and men whose avowed object is the dismemberment of the Empire. Such a law is an act of violence; it is a wicked law, and the constitutional form in which it is hypocritically clothed merely adds to its wickedness. Whether it should be resisted by force is a question to be decided by those against whom it is directed, and the considerations for deciding the question are purely of expediency. The State is an association of moral beings. To say that, is to say that its power

* *Summa Theologica*, 1, 2, q. 93, a. 3, ad 2.

† *Ibid.* q. 96, a. 4.

has moral limits. And grave infringement of those limits invalidates its moral claim to obedience.⁸

This by the way. My present point is that the new order called Christendom, both in public and in private life, rested upon the virtue of obedience, invested with the august sanctions of Christian religion: obedience for conscience sake. I do not know where this is more strikingly brought out than in the *Church Catechism*, which, though written after Christendom had been rent in twain, represents, faithfully enough, many of its ideas and traditions. The words 'bound to believe and to do' are the keynote of that beautiful and venerable document. 'Action in those days,' says Carlyle, 'was easy, for the divine worth of things was acknowledged; loyalty still hallowed obedience and made rule noble; there was still something to be loyal to.' And now, as we look around the world, what trace do we find of that virtue? Assuredly, it is everywhere vanishing. It is looked upon, in Burke's word, as a romance—all very well, perhaps, in an age of chivalry, such as the medieval period, but out of date in this twentieth century. Quite another principle has taken its place, and rules the minds of men at large. Of course, it survives in various relations of life for the simple reason that it is there indispensable. The soldier obeys, the sailor obeys, the public functionary obeys—with ever lessening readiness indeed. But it has ceased to be the common and universal law of human existence, as the old Christian tradition has become inoperative. I met a young gentleman the other day who, I was informed, had done very well at Oxford, and was told by him, in the course of conversation, that he believed in Humanitarianism, Utilitarianism, and the greatest happiness of the greatest number.⁹ Naturally, I was tempted to write him down an ass, in spite of his academical successes. I proceeded, however, blandly to inquire whether he could derive any ethics, any rule of life, from these fine things. He imparted to me his conviction that he regarded all objective standards of right as infringing a man's inalienable prerogative, that he desired the freedom of a purely

⁸ The fine verses of Schiller in *Wilhelm Tell* may fitly be quoted here:

'Nein, eine Grenze hat Tyrannenmacht:
Wenn der Gedrückte nirgends Recht kann finden,
Wenn unerträglich wird die Last—greift er
Hinauf, getrost den Muthes in den Himmel,
Und holt herunter seine, ew'gen Rechte
Die droben hängen unveräusserlich
Und unzerbrechlich, wie die Sterne selbst.
Zum letzten Mittel, wenn kein andres mehr
Verfängen will, ist ihm das Schwert gegeben.'

⁹ I learn that he is dead, poor fellow. I wonder whether the sphere in which he now finds himself is administered on the principles of Utilitarianism, Humanitarianism, and the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

personal morality. I suggested that this was his reading of Rousseau's doctrine of the sovereignty of the individual. He told me that, as a matter of fact, he had never read Rousseau, but that he judged the doctrine of individual sovereignty, in thought and action, a sound one. Our conversation was here interrupted, and I went away feeling that my young friend had expounded to me, not amiss, the notion—he would probably have called it an idea—which, at this day, dominates a vast section of the popular mind. Rousseau's doctrine of the sovereignty of the individual, intended, primarily, at all events, for the political order, has, naturally enough, invaded the moral, and has been fatal—as it was bound to be—to the maintenance of a definite ethical standard. How find such a standard within the narrow limitations of our merely personal desires, our conflicting experience, our purblind vision?

And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

They are the words of truth and soberness. Assuredly Plato was right in holding that a common faith in unseen and supersensuous realities is the true foundation of any human community. Only such a unitary creed can save men from becoming absolute individualists with whom anarchy takes the place of obedience. For them, their spiritual perceptions extinguished by egotism and cynicism, the animal side of our nature usually becomes the only reality. Here, too, as in the political order, the sovereignty of the individual means the triumph of the passions over the reason, of which law is a function.

So much as to the influence of a false and pestilent individualism on contemporary society generally. As might be expected, it has made itself specially felt with regard to the relations of the sexes. Obedience, as we have seen, is the bond of the family as the Catholic Church has established it on the basis of monogamy, holy and indissoluble. Against that obedience what calls itself modern thought rebels. It is worth while to note how the clear eyes of the saintly Keble, sixty-five years ago, discerned the connexion of the attack on marriage with numerous other manifestations of a spirit of anarchy. In his pamphlet *Against Profane Dealing with Holy Matrimony*, published in 1849, he writes :

No thoughtful person can regard this matter of the marriage laws as standing by itself: it belongs to a much greater and deeper movement, showing itself now nearly all over Christendom by tokens very various, but most curiously tending the same way—i.e. towards lawlessness.

In the sexual sphere the full realisation of that lawlessness would be found, I suppose, in what is called free love, but I am aware that among champions of revolt against the authority of

Christian wedlock there are agitators who content themselves with demanding increased facilities for divorce, or the recognition whether of polygamy or concubinage. The late Mr. Parnell, as we learn from a most interesting work, much read recently, held that 'the marriage bond does not bind when love ceases to exist,' and, as we all know, he acted upon his theory, displaying much contempt for the view which public opinion might take of his action. 'There will be a howl,' he said, 'but it will be a howling of hypocrites.' It is indeed right to add that he qualified the word 'hypocrites' by observing: 'Not altogether, for some of these Irish fools are genuine in their belief that forms and creeds can govern life and men; perhaps they are right, so far as they can experience life; but I am not as they, for they are amongst the world's *children*: I am a *man*.' That was Mr. Parnell's construction of the sovereignty of the virile individual in sexual relationship.

Hardly less—probably more—significant than the attack from without on the family as established by Christianity is what I may call the dry rot within it. The authority of the husband as its king and governor is derided and denied. The words in the Anglican Marriage Service with which the wife promises to obey are, I am told, not seldom omitted. Equality is to take the place of subjection for woman. Of course, reason itself declares that on the physical and psychical¹⁰ inequality of the sexes, and on the willing obedience of the weaker, the happiness of both depends. It is the lesson which Shakespeare has worked out, with consummate art, in *The Taming of the Shrew*. It is the picture which is traced for us in the beautiful lines of Pope:

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules,
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys.

Certain it is that when the true position of the husband as the ruler of the family is invaded, and his rightful authority impugned, not only is the dignity of the wife impaired, but the filial tie is relaxed, and the moral level of society sinks. I shall touch again on this shortly. Here I observe that the law of obedience to the husband is not the only law which is disdained by 'the new woman,' as the phrase is. She seeks emancipation, too, from those prescriptions of decency to which she has hitherto paid obedience, and which have been rightly regarded as the best defence of her chastity. I will cite only two examples. There surely are few things more immodest than what an old author

¹⁰ Psychical. I remember some words of George Sand in which this is well put: 'Que la femme soit différente de l'homme, que le cœur et l'esprit aient un sexe, je n'en doute pas.'

calls those 'garish and wanton dressings'¹¹ in which—far too naked to be ashamed—she now exhibits herself for the admiration of men, or those lascivious dances the only conceivable object of which is to stimulate passions, active enough in most of us without artificial irritants. Of other phenomena, equally unpleasant, which attend the so-called emancipation of woman, the time would fail me to speak. The general aim of her revolt seems to be freedom to practise 'all that harms distinctive womanhood.' What a portent is the athletic woman with her perpetual motor activity, which, as a recent writer in *The Times*¹² has well observed, 'may indeed develop her stature, but certainly does not fit her for motherhood, and in many cases leads to complete nervous breakdown and to neurasthenic sterility'—the natural consequence of her defiance of the laws of her corporal constitution. Consider, too—but briefly—the platform woman as she perorates, pruriently, in the name of what she calls 'purity,' concerning things which it is a shame for her even to speak of. Prurience, indeed, seems to be a distinctive attribute of the new woman. My last remarks have reference, of course, only to adult members of the family. Let us turn for a minute to the children. St. Paul—I must plead in extenuation of my so frequently referring to him my conviction that the world just now urgently needs his teaching—when warning St. Timothy of perilous times to come, mentions, as a note of them, disobedience to parents. Assuredly it is a special feature of these times. The boy is infected with the notion of his own sovereignty. Why should I obey? he asks. And the *argumentum ad baculum*, the application of the rod of correction, which in a saner age would have replied to his query, is seldom forthcoming. I was talking a day or two ago to the vicar of a large London parish, who told me that the children were his great difficulty. 'They are utterly indisciplined,' he said, 'the parents don't keep them in order: the word is "Let them please themselves; let them do what they like." Parental authority can hardly be said to exist.' In this connexion we ought not to forget how much the State, in our own country among others, has done to undermine that sacred authority, and to destroy filial obedience, by infringing the right of the father to determine the religious education of his children.

¹¹ A recent writer, in a work which seems to be much appreciated—published a few months ago, it has already gone through five editions—thus describes an experience of a young bride, brought up in the country, at her first dinner-party in Paris. 'Dès l'entrée dans le salon je reconnus que je n'étais pas assez habillée, ou, plus justement, assez déshabillée. Je portais, an effet, une robe montante, tandis que toutes les femmes qui se trouvaient là étaient aussi décolletées qu'on peut l'être, si l'on accorde que le cou prend naissance vers l'estomac, et beaucoup plus, en toute conjoncture, que la bienséance ne le permet.'—*La Confession d'une Femme du Monde*, par E. Lechartier, p. 51.

¹² Of May 13.

So much as to the vanishing of the virtue of obedience from the family. Now let us turn to the public order. The old conception of the function of the State, as we have seen, was the uniting of men by a moral bond. And precisely because the bond was moral was obedience claimed for its laws. The task of the lawgiver—let me be permitted to recall what I have said in an earlier page—was to formulate for the guidance of society the concepts of right revealed by reason—reason inherent in human nature and prescribing what men should do and should not do. The first lesson a subject had to learn was obedience, a reasonable service to be rendered for conscience sake. Is it possible to imagine any conception of the State more alien from the modern mind? The view of law now most widely prevalent is empirical. An action is supposed to be wrong because it is forbidden, not forbidden because it is wrong. Indeed, the old notions of right and wrong have well-nigh disappeared. Thus Lord Morley of Blackburn tells us, in his book *On Compromise*, 'Moral principles, when they are true, are at bottom only generalisations from experience.' But 'generalisations from experience' can only counsel; they cannot command; they cannot bind with the sacrosanct authority of right. And so the axe is laid to the root of the conception of positive law as a function of reason, a dictate of Eternal Justice which should rule human life. Its ultimate source is supposed to be a majority in a legislature—a majority usually obtained by impudent intrigue and cancerous corruption. Carlyle is well warranted when he writes in one of his *Latter Day Pamphlets* :

Truly one of the saddest sights, in these times, is that of poor creatures on platforms, in parliaments, and other situations, making and unmaking 'Laws,' in whose soul, full of mere vacant hearsay and windy babble, is and was no image of Heaven's Law: whom it never struck that Heaven had a Law or that the Earth could not have what kind of Law you pleased. Human statute books accordingly are grown horrible to think of. An impiety and poisonous futility every Law of them that is so made: all Nature is against it.

It is not surprising that with the old conception of positive law as a function of justice or right reason, the belief in the duty of obedience to it has vanished too. If men obey at all, they obey not for conscience sake, but, as St. Paul puts it, 'for wrath.' To the demand for obedience to it the answer is given, 'On what compulsion must I? tell me that.' And compulsion is becoming ever more and more difficult to apply, owing to the effacement of the idea of justice and the progress of a sickly sentimentalism and spurious humanitarianism. It is no wonder that systematic and successful defiance of the law is spreading. To the so-called 'militants,' whatever our feeling about them, must be allowed

the praise, or dispraise, of supplying an excellent example of this. Their professed aim, to secure votes for women, I shall not discuss; it is beside my present subject. I will merely remark in passing that I find it difficult to imagine a lower depth than the existing degradation of the electoral suffrage. And so, for myself I would say 'Votes for women' by all means; nay, and for dogs and horses too, whose political opinions, indicated I suppose by barking and neighing, would certainly be of equal value with those of most human animals performing at ballot-boxes. It is not because of their political ideals that the militants interest me, but because of the striking example furnished by them of the impotence to which law has been reduced. Obedience to law! ¹³ Why should they render it? They break, burn, bludgeon at their own sweet will and are none the worse for it, except by the loss occasionally of artificial teeth or of a handful of hair in their scuffles with the police or the mob. It is not for them 'great harm to disobey.' They are quit of the law's penalty, at all events for a season, by a few days' voluntary fast.

To sum up then. The fact is indubitable that the obedience which has been for so many generations the bond of European society is vanishing—nay, has already in great measure vanished—from among us, because the virtue has gone out of it, because the moral force which gave it validity has become inoperative. Can any substitute be found for that moral force? An experiment in search of one is being conducted, with more or less completeness, in several European countries, and especially in France. It is sought to supply the place of religious and philosophical dogma, in the education of the coming generation, by the teaching of merely physical phenomena, of the functions of matter and force, beyond which, it is said, we can know nothing. It seems to me absolutely certain that this experiment is foredoomed to failure. The two great postulates of the school which directs it—a school which usurps the name of modern thought—are the sovereignty of the individual and physiological fatalism. How is it possible rationally to combine these two postulates in the mind of the man to come—the present child—and to deduce from them a rule of conduct? You ascribe to him unlimited dominion in the world of ideas. In the world of fact he is the servant of events, of his organism, of the past which is in him by heredity. Such is the type of man who is being reared up in France and alas! I fear in England too; void of the idea of God, which is exhibited

¹³ I cannot refrain from remarking that the parallel which is sometimes drawn between the refusal of the people of Ulster to submit to legislation depriving them of their political status, and the defiance of the criminal law by the suffragettes, appears to me the *ne plus ultra* of stupidity or dishonesty, or of both combined.

to him as odious and ridiculous; emancipated from the moral law, which is replaced for him by calculations of profit and loss, of utility, of agreeable feeling; handed over to the blind impulses of egotism, to the savage instincts accumulated in his brain by long centuries of evolution. Such is the human animal which is being prepared in schools called secular or laic, his feelings undisciplined, his passions unchained, the restraints of reason and religion thrown off: lord of himself nominally, slave to himself really—to his lower self, the self of the ape and tiger, of the wild beast within him. It seems to me that to escape from this slavery, the will, the intellect, must be regulated by some idea, must be controlled by some principle. But can that idea, that principle be found in physical science? Impossible. What does physical science yield us? Facts, facts, monotonous—whatever the diversity of their manifestation—by reason of their perpetual succession, of the identity of their origin; facts, some co-ordinated in the regions where physicists have penetrated, others not as yet so co-ordinated, but all mere mechanical phenomena, none possessing a shred of spiritual element or moral force. It is in vain to seek refuge in formulas: to invoke the Absolute, the Divine, the Ideal. The Absolute, what is it for physicists but the highest of abstractions? What the Divine for them but a decorative epithet? For if the Divine is not a Being, it is a mere word. What the Ideal, apart from transcendent reality, but a subjective conception, quite arbitrary, the private and personal product of your brain or of mine? No; for an idea, a principle that will regulate, will control the will, the intellect, we must seek elsewhere than among the phenomena of the physical universe. True, there you find, everywhere, causation, conservation of energy—law on a scale infinitely great and infinitely little; but it is a law which, taken by itself, does not speak of righteousness or make for righteousness: a law which is neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral. In that invisible kingdom of which Goethe speaks we find an order which is the counterpart, in the ethical and spiritual sphere, of the material order in the phenomenal: an order where causation and conservation of energy equally prevail: an order which is absolutely ruled by the moral law: an order which is as true a reality as the other, or rather a truer; for all phenomena are impermanent, all integrations are unstable, but the Law of Righteousness, unwritten and unchanging, is not of to-day or yesterday: it abides for ever.¹⁴

¹⁴ I perhaps need hardly say that I have in my mind Antigone's appeal to the *ἄγραπτα κἀσαφῇ θεῶν νόμιμα*, of which she declares:

οὐ γάρ τι νῦν τε κἀχθές, ἀλλ' αἰεί ποτε
ἦν ταῦτα κοῦδεὶς οἶδεν ἐξ ὅτου 'φάνη.

In Cardinal Gasquet's beautiful and touching address upon the occasion of his receiving the *biglietto* which announced his elevation to the Sacred College, there occurs a sentence that may well be quoted here :

The mission of God's Church remains ever the same: it stands for peace and security and individual rights: and amidst the clash of interests so apparent in the world of to-day, it alone, with the principles of religious authority and democratic liberty, can secure the due observance of law and order necessary for the safety of society.

These words of a master of historical studies seem to come to us as an echo of an utterance of Simon Peter two thousand years ago at Capernaum: 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.' Yes: 'words of eternal life': living and lifegiving words: words permanent and universal which shall not pass away: words which triumphed over pagan syncretism in the decadent Roman Empire: words which are as potent now as they were then, to revivify the great virtue of obedience, to restore and preserve that moral discipline without which social integration is impossible.

W. S. LILLY.

AMERICAN HUMOUR

It is a somewhat venturesome task to write upon humour in an entirely serious and critical strain. Too often articles upon such a topic resolve themselves into the mere narration of well-worn jokes and stories. The fun of these runs thinly to its impotent conclusion, and behind the mask of the critic is detected the anxious grin of the second-hand story teller.

Far too little, indeed, has been done towards the scientific analysis of humour. Our psychologists and philosophers have given it but a passing word as to something too light in texture to warrant a substantial examination. Kant, for example, has said that all those things excite laughter in which there is a resolution or deliverance of the absolute captive by the finite. These at least were the things that made Kant laugh; and the admission is a very honourable one. Schopenhauer, too, if I remember rightly, has said that all those concepts are amusing in which there is the subsumption of a double paradox. This, I think, no one will readily deny. But at the same time, it is still to be desired that some competent analyst of the aesthetic should lay down a general theory of the humorous which may supply a practical criterion of what is, and what is not, amusing. Till this can be accomplished, criticism must be confined to such fragmentary and partial discussions as the present.

American humour enjoys a peculiar distinction. It belongs among that quite limited number of the products of the American continent in which the word American carries with it a sense of prestige. There is some doubt as to the merits of American manufactures and American manners. There is even more in regard to the religion, the politics, and the criminal law of the great republic. But American humour has always enjoyed in England a gay and hilarious popularity. The literary critics of England gave to Mark Twain his first recognition as a man of letters while yet the over-sophisticated intellect of Boston persisted in viewing him as a Nevada journalist. Artemus Ward, during his brief career, was the joy of English audiences, puzzled and enraptured with the very mystery of his humour. The works of Mark Twain, of Lowell, of Holmes, and Bret Harte, have

been so widely read that American humour has long since been looked upon as a thing notoriously established, needing no further endorsement of its excellence. To many, indeed, it has become a tradition—the object of a wilful and indiscriminating admiration.

The distinction enjoyed by American humorous writing becomes all the more notable when one realises the peculiar position it occupies in the general body of American literature. The quantity of American literature—worthy of the name—produced in the last one hundred years is notoriously small. Its quality is disappointingly thin. It is an evident fact which had better be candidly confessed than courteously concealed that we people of America have not shown ourselves a literary people. Taking us altogether, black citizens and white, we outnumber the uncoloured people of the British Isles by two to one. We have long outnumbered them, and a count of heads, dead and alive, for the whole nineteenth century would stand largely in our favour. Yet the great bulk of our reputable common literature of the past one hundred years has been written by the novelists, essayists, poets, and historians of the British Isles.

This literary sterility cannot be explained by lack of inspiration. What can be imagined more inspiring to the poet, or the novelist, than the advance of the outposts of American civilisation into the wide valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi, the conquest of the plains and the prairie, the first vision of the snow-clad mountains, or the mad rush of the treasure-seekers to the river valleys of the golden West? Yet of all this, how little stands chronicled, or worthily recorded, in the imaginative literature of the age: only the feeble reproduction of reality offered in the pages of such mediocre writers as Fenimore Cooper, whose Indians forget their native taciturnity to adopt the language of a New York State assembly-man, and whose youthful heroines speak the chiselled diction of the Massachusetts school-teacher. Or consider a moment the inspiration that should have been afforded by the great struggle against slavery, and the death grapple of the civil war: what have we of it as serious literature, save perhaps the pathetic prospect of Uncle Tom's dismantled cabin, and the assurance that John Brown's soul moves forward at a constant rate of acceleration? Of this relative literary sterility on our side of the Atlantic there can be no denial. Explain it as we will, we cannot avoid the blame of it. We have the people, reckoned at least after the fashion of the census-taker; we have the inspiration, and for the production of ink, natural resources unsurpassed in the history of mankind. Shakspeare wrote on sheepskin with a quill pen; Chaucer was without the aid of dictionary or spelling-book; Cicero used wax tablets, and the broken half of a pair of scissors; the Hebrew psalmists wrote upside down by candle-light—yet

these, and their like in London garrets, have made the literature of the world; and we of America, with our fountain pens, and linotypes, and electric presses, cannot in a hundred years turn out more real literature than the patient scribe of a mediaeval scriptorium might copy in as many weeks.

Now, in this literary dearth there has been one salient exception, and this exception has been found in the province of humorous writing. Here at any rate American history, and American life, have continuously reflected themselves in a not unworthy literary product. The humorist has followed, and depicted, the progress of our Western civilisation at every step. Benjamin Franklin has shown us the humour of Yankee commercialism and Pennsylvanian piety—the odd resultant of the juxtaposition of saintliness and common sense. Irving has developed the humour of Early Dutch settlement—the mynheers of the Hudson valley, with their long pipes and leisurely routine; Hawthorne presents the mingled humour and pathos of Puritanism; Hans Breitmann sings the ballad of the later Teuton; Lowell, the Mexican war, and the slavery contest; Oliver Wendell Holmes, the softer side of the rigid culture of Boston; Mark Twain and Bret Harte bring with them the new vigour of the West; and, at the close of the tale, the sagacious Mr. Dooley appears as the essayist of the Irish immigrant. No very lofty literature is this, perhaps, yet faithful and real of its kind, more truly and distinctively American than anything else produced upon the continent.

The basis of the humorous, the amusing, the ludicrous, lies in the incongruity, the unfittingness, the want of harmony among things; and this incongruity, according to the various stages of evolution of human society and of the art of speech, may appear in primitive form, or may assume a more complex manifestation. The crudest and most primitive form of all 'disharmonies' is that offered by the aspect of something smashed, broken, defeated, knocked out of its original shape and purpose. Hence it is that Hobbes tells us that the Prototype of human amusement is found in the exulting laugh of the savage over his fallen foe whose head he has cracked with a club. This represents the very origin and fountain source of laughter. 'The passion of laughter,' says Hobbes, 'springs from a sudden glory arising from a conception of some eminence in ourselves, as compared with the misfortunes of others.' It seems but a sad commentary upon the history of humanity to think that the original basis of our amusement should appear in the form which is called demoniacal merriment. But there is much to support the view. 'The pleasure of the ludicrous,' says Plato, 'originates in the sight of another's mis-

fortune.' Nay, we have but to consider the cruder forms of humour even among civilised people to realise that the original type still persists. The laughter of a street urchin at the sight of a fat gentleman slipping on a banana peel, the amusement of a child in knocking down ninepins, or demolishing a snow man, the joy of a schoolboy in breaking window panes—all such cases indicate the principle of original demoniacal amusement at work.

Even in reputable modern literature we can find innumerable examples of merriment of the lower type created in this fashion. We are all familiar with Bret Harte's poem about the circumstances which terminated the existence of the literary society formed at the mining camp of Stanislow. The verse in which the fun of the poem culminates runs :

Then Abner Dean, of Angels, raised a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone hit him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

Now this humour of discomfiture, of destructiveness and savage triumph, may be expected to appear not only among a primitive people, but also in any case where the settlement of a new country reproduces to some extent the circumstances of primitive life. One can therefore readily understand that it enters freely into the composition of the humour of American Western life. The humour of the Arkansas mule, of the bucking broncho, of the Kentucky duel, is all of this primitive character. Mark Twain's earlier and shorter sketches contain much material of this sort. An excellent illustration of it is found in the essay called 'Journalism in Tennessee.' The following extract therefrom, a little abbreviated for the sake of condensation, may be offered in citation :

The Editor of the Johnson County *Warwhoop* was dictating an article (to Mark Twain, the Associate Editor) on the Encouraging Progress of Moral and Intellectual Development in America, when 'in the midst of his work somebody shot at him through the open window and marred the symmetry of his ear.' 'Ah,' he said, 'that is that scoundrel Smith, of the *Moral Volcano*; he was due yesterday.' He snatched a navy revolver from his belt and fired. Smith dropped, shot in the thigh. The Editor went on with his dictation. Just as he finished a hand grenade came down the stove pipe, and the explosion shattered the stove into a thousand fragments. However, it did no other damage than to knock out a couple of my teeth. Shortly after a brick came through the window and gave me a considerable jolt in the back. The chief said : 'That was the colonel, likely.' A moment after the colonel appeared in the doorway with a dragoon revolver in his hand. 'I have a little account to settle with you,' he said; 'if you are at leisure we will begin.' Both pistols rang out at the same moment. The chief lost a lock of his hair, and the colonel's bullet ended its career in my thigh. The colonel's left shoulder was chipped a little. They fired

again. Both missed their men this time, but I got my share—a shot in the arm. I said I believed I would go out and take a walk, as this was a private interview. Both gentlemen begged me to keep my seat.

It will, of course, be readily seen that the humorous quality of the above is of a mixed character, but the discomfiture of the associate editor enters largely into it.

Now, this primitive form of fun is of a decidedly anti-social character. It runs counter to other instincts, those of affection, pity, unselfishness, upon which the progressive development of the race has largely depended. As a consequence of this, the basis of humour tends in the course of social evolution to alter its original character. It becomes a condition of amusement that no serious harm or injury shall be inflicted, but that only the appearance or simulation of it shall be present. Indeed, Plato himself adds, as a proviso to the definition which I have quoted above, that the misfortune which excites mirth in question must involve no serious harm. Hence it comes about that the sight of a humped back or a crooked foot is droll only to the mind of a savage or a child; while the queer gyration of a person whose foot has gone to sleep, and who tries in vain to walk, may excite laughter in the civilised adult by affording the appearance of crooked limbs without the reality. This is perhaps what Kant meant by the resolution of the absolute. On the other hand, perhaps it is not.

When the development of humour reaches this stage its basis is shifted from the appearance of destructiveness and demolition to that of the *incongruous*. Man's advancing view of what is harmonious, purposeful, and properly adjusted to its surroundings, begins to cause him a sense of intellectual superiority, a tickling of amused vanity at the sight of that which misses its mark, which betrays a maladjustment of means to end, a departure from the proper type of things. The idea of contrast, incongruity, of the false semblance between the correct and the incorrect, becomes the basic principle of the ludicrous.

To this stage of the development of the ludicrous belongs the amusement one feels at the sight of a juggler swallowing yards of tape, or of a circus clown wearing a little round hat the size of a pill-box.

Much of the humour of the farce and the pantomime, the transformation scene of the musical comedy, and the medley of the circus ring is of this class. Just why such appearances should excite laughter, why the sense of pleasure experienced should manifest itself in certain muscular movements, is a physiological, and not a psychological problem. Herbert Spencer tells us that the thing called a laugh is a sort of explosion of nervous energy,

disappointed in its expected path, and therefore attacking the muscles of the face. Admirers of Spencer's scientific method may find in this plausible statement a pleasing finality, though why the explosion in question should attack the face rather than other parts of the body still seems a matter of doubt.

Now, this principle of intellectual pleasure excited by contrast or incongruity, once started on an upward path of development, loses more and more its anti-social character, until at length it appears no longer antagonistic to the social feelings but contributory to them. The final stage of the development of humour is reached when amusement no longer arises from a single 'funny' idea, meaningless contrast, or odd play upon words, but rests upon a prolonged and sustained conception of the incongruities of human life itself. The shortcomings of our existence, the sad contrast of our aims and our achievements, the little fretting aspiration of the day that fades into the nothingness of to-morrow, kindle in the mellowed kind a sense of gentle amusement from which all selfish exultation has been chastened by the realisation of our common lot of sorrow. On this higher plane humour and pathos mingle and become one. To the Creator perhaps in retrospect the little story of man's creation and his fall seems sadly droll.

It is of this final stage of the evolution of amusement that one of the keenest of modern analysts has written thus: 'When men become too sympathetic to laugh at each other for individual defects or infirmities which once moved their mirth, it is surely not strange that sympathy should then begin to unite them, not in common lamentation for their common defects and inferiorities, but in common amusement at them.' This is the sentiment that has inspired the great masterpieces of humorous literature—this is the humour of Cervantes smiling sadly at the passing of the older chivalry, and of Hawthorne depicting the sombre melancholies of Puritanism against the background of the silent woods of New England. This is the really great humour—unquotable in single phrases and paragraphs, but producing its effect in a long-drawn picture of human life, in which the universal element of human imperfection—alike in all ages and places—excites at once our laughter and our tears.

From this general setting of the subject let me turn to the more immediate consideration of American humour as such, and inquire what special sources of contrast and incongruity, what particular modes of thought and expression might well be engendered in American life, and reflected in American writing. Perhaps the most evident, and the most far-reaching, factor in the question is the circumstance that we Americans are a new

people, divorced from the traditions, good and bad, of European life, and are able thereby to take a highly objective view of European ideas and institutions. Our freedom from the hereditary and conventional view has enabled our writers to take an 'outside' view of things, and to discover many contrasts and incongruities hidden from the European eye. We have been able to view the older civilisation from a distance, and to judge it on its merits. The objective view—the deliberate insistence in judging things as they are, and not as hallowed tradition interprets them—forms the essential 'idea' of much of what is considered typically Yankee humour. It is one of the leading qualities in the humour of Franklin's *Poor Richard*, of Major Downing, of Sam Slick, and of Hosea Biglow. It is connected essentially with the development of Yankee character, and of the Yankee view of the outside world.

'A strange hybrid, indeed' [said an English writer half a century ago] 'did circumstance beget in the new world upon the old Puritan stock, and the earth never before saw such mystic practicalism, such niggard geniality, such calculating fanaticism, such cast-iron enthusiasm, such sour-faced humour, such close-fisted generosity.'

This peculiar vein of Yankee character has nowhere been better exploited for purposes of humour than in James Russell Lowell's *Biglow Papers*. Here we have New England wisdom detached from the conventional view of things; how complete and surprising this detachment may sometimes appear is seen in the poem on the Mexican war, intended as a protest against the rampant militarism of the Southern Expansionists, in which occurs the following verse :

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old ideas o' wut's right an' wut aint;
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war and pillage,
And that eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint.
But John P.
Robinson—He
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

A great deal of Mark Twain's humour rests upon a similar basis. The humorous contrast is found by turning the 'artistic innocence' of the Western eye to bear upon the civilisation of the old world. The result is amply seen in those two most amusing of American books, *The Innocents Abroad*, and the *New Pilgrim's Progress*. A few words from a preface written by Mr. Hingston for an English edition of the *Innocents* admirably develop the fundamental basis of the contrast here utilised as a source of humour.

From the windows of the newspaper office where Mark Twain worked (the office of the *Territorial Enterprise*, of Virginia City, Nevada) the American desert was visible: within a radius of ten miles Indians were encamped among the sage bush: the whole city was populated with miners, adventurers, traders, gamblers, and that rough-and-tumble class which a mining town in a new territory collects together. He visited Europe and Asia without any of the preparations for travel which most travellers undertake. His object was to see things as they are and record the impressions they produced upon a man of humorous perception, who paid his first visit to Europe without a travelling tutor, a university education, or a stock of conventional sentimentality packed in a carpet bag. He looked at objects as an untravelled American might be expected to look, and measured men and manners by the gauge he had set up for himself among the gold-hills of California and the silver mines of half-civilised Nevada.

It will be understood that a humorist enjoying the special advantage of so profound an ignorance was in a position to make amazing discoveries. I regret that the limited space at my disposal prevents an elaborate citation from Mark Twain's descriptions of Europe. But perhaps his reflexions upon the old masters and their works in the picture galleries of Italy may serve as illustrative:

The originals [he writes] were handsome when they were new, but they are not new now. The colours are dim with age; the countenances are scaled and marred, and nearly all expression is gone from them; the hair is a dead blur upon the wall. There is no life in the eyes. But humble as I am and unpretending in the matter of Art, my researches among the painted monks and martyrs have not been wholly in vain. I have striven hard to learn. I have had some success. I have mastered some things, possibly of trifling import in the eyes of the learned but to me they give pleasure, and I take as much pride in my little acquirements as do others who have learned far more and who love to display them fully as well. When I see a monk going about with a lion and looking tranquilly up to heaven, I know that that is Saint Mark. When I see a monk with a book and a pen, looking tranquilly up to heaven and trying to think of a word, I know that that is Saint Matthew. When I see a monk sitting on a rock, looking tranquilly up to heaven with a human skull beside him and without any other baggage, I know that it is Saint Jerome. When I see other monks looking tranquilly up to heaven but having no trade-mark, I always ask who these parties are. I do this because I humbly wish to learn. I have seen thirteen thousand Saint Jeromes, twenty-two thousand Saint Marks, sixteen thousand Saint Matthews, and sixty thousand Saint Sebastians, together with four million of assorted monks undesignated, and I feel encouraged to believe that when I have seen some more of these various pictures and had a larger experience I shall begin to take a more absorbing interest in them.

As a subdivision of this Yankee humour which finds its starting-point in the unprejudiced wisdom of the detached mind, is to be reckoned another mode of literary expression characteristic

of the New England cast of thought. This is the production of a humorous effect by the affectation of a deep simplicity, a literary quality which perhaps had its root in the shrewdness in bargaining, highly cultivated among a people pious but pecuniary. No one was a greater master of this style than Artemus Ward. Ward was perhaps a comedian rather than a humorist. His early death prevented his leaving any great literary legacy to the world, but his lectures in New York, and London, of forty years ago are still held in kindly recollection. It was his custom to appear upon the platform in what seemed a deep and embarrassed sadness; to apologise in a foolish and hesitating manner for the miserable little 'panorama' lighted with wax candles which was supposed to offer the material of his lecture; to regret that the moon in the panorama was out of place; then in a shame-faced way to commence a rambling 'Lecture upon Africa,' in which, by a sort of inadvertence, nothing was said of Africa till the concluding sentence, when, with a kind of idiotic enthusiasm which he knew so well how to simulate, he earnestly recommended his audience to buy maps of Africa, and study them. The following little speech, made in explanation of his panorama, may be taken as typical of his style:

'This picture' [he used to say] 'is a work of art; it is an oil painting done in petroleum. It is by the Old Masters. It was the last thing they did before dying. They did this, and then they expired. I wish you were nearer to it so that you could see it better. I wish I could take it to your residences and let you see it by daylight. Some of the greatest artists in London come here every morning before daylight with lanterns to look at it. They say they never saw anything like it before, and they hope they never shall again.'

Somewhat similar in conception is the wilful simplicity of his statement: 'I was born in Massachusetts, but I think I must have been descended from an old Persian family, as my elder brother was called Cyrus.' On one occasion he startled a London audience by beginning his lecture with the words: 'Those of you who have been in Newgate'—the audience broke into laughter. Ward looked at them in reproach, and added—'and have stayed there for any considerable time.' Of a cognate character is the ultra-simple announcement which he printed at the foot of his lecture programme: 'Mr. Artemus Ward must refuse to be responsible for any debts of his own contraction.'

Among more modern writers, Mr. Edgar Wilson Nye has fully availed himself of this truly American principle of the deliberate assumption of simplicity. The episode of his visit to the Navy Yard in the days before Mr. Roosevelt, when the American Navy

was a proper target of national scorn, is a fine example of a humorously wilful misconception of the purpose of things :

'The condition of our navy,' says Mr. Nye, 'need not give rise to any serious apprehension. The yard in which it is placed at Brooklyn is enclosed by a high brick wall affording it ample protection. A man on board the *Atlanta* at anchor at Brooklyn is quite as safe as he would be at home. The guns on board the *Atlanta* are breechloaders; this is a great improvement on the old-style gun, because in former times in case of a naval combat the man who went outside the ship to load the gun while it was raining frequently contracted pneumonia.'

But let us return from the humour of simplicity to the main form of Yankee humour of which it is a part, the humour based on that freedom from traditional ideas and conventional views, characteristic of a new country. It will readily be perceived that, unless sustained and held in check by the presence at its side of an elevated national literature, this form of writing easily degenerates. Freedom from convention runs into crudity and coarseness; and a tone of cheap vulgarity is introduced calculated grievously to discredit the literature to which it belongs. It is unfortunate that even the work of the best American humorists is disfigured in this way. It would be offensive here to cite in detail such conspicuous examples as the account of the Turkish bath in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. An excellent example of what is meant is offered by Mark Twain's *Cannibalism in the Cars*. In this little sketch the vein of real humour may be obscured in the minds of many readers by the gruesomeness of the setting. I cite a part of it, not to excite laughter, but to illustrate the point under discussion. The story is that of a number of Congressmen, snowed in, in a railway train, and, after a week of confinement, driven by hunger to the awful extremity of choosing one of their number to die that the rest may live. The fun of the piece is supposed to lie in the contrast offered by the awful circumstances of the event, and the formal legislative procedure which the Congressmen, trained in American politics, apply to the case from sheer force of habit :

'Gentlemen,' said Mr. Richard H. Gaston, of Minnesota, 'it can be delayed no longer. We must determine which of us shall die to furnish food for the rest.'

Mr. John S. Williams, of Illinois, rose and said, 'Gentlemen, I nominate the Reverend Jas. Sawyer, of Tennessee.'

Mr. Wm. R. Adams, of Indiana, said, 'I nominate Mr. Daniel Slote, of New York.'

Mr. Slote: 'Gentlemen, I decline in favour of Mr. John A. Van Nastrand, of New Jersey.'

Mr. Van Nastrand: 'Gentlemen, I am a stranger among you; I have not sought the distinction that has been conferred upon me, and I feel a delicacy —'

Mr. Morgan, of Alabama (interrupting): 'I move the previous question.' The motion was carried. A recess of half-an-hour was then taken, after which Mr. Roger, of Missouri, said: 'Mr. President, I move to amend the motion by striking out the name of the Rev. Mr. Sawyer and substituting that of M. Lucius Harris, of St. Louis, who is well and honourably known to us all. I do not wish to be understood as casting the least reflexion upon the higher character and standing of Mr. Sawyer. I respect and esteem him as much as any gentleman here; but none of us can be blind to the fact that he has lost more flesh during the week that we have lain here than any of us.'

The Chairman: 'What action will the house take upon the gentleman's motion?'

Mr. Halliday, of Virginia: 'I move to amend the report by further substituting the name of Mr. Harvey Davis, of Oregon. It may be urged, gentlemen, that the hardships and privations of a frontier life have rendered Mr. Davis tough. But, gentlemen, is this a time to cavil at toughness? No, gentlemen, bulk is what we desire—substance, weight, bulk—these are the supreme requisites now—not latent genius or education.'

The amendment was put to the vote and lost. Rev. Mr. Sawyer was declared elected. The announcement created considerable dissatisfaction among the friends of Mr. Harvey Davis, the defeated candidate, and there was talk of demanding a new ballot, but the preparations for supper diverted the attention of the Harvey Davis faction, and the happy announcement that Mr. Sawyer was ready presently drove all animosity to the winds.

We sat down with hearts full of gratitude to the finest supper that had blessed our vision for seven days. I liked Sawyer. He might have been better done perhaps, but he was worthy of all praise. I wrote his wife so afterwards. Next morning we had Morgan, of Alabama, for breakfast. He was one of the finest men I sat down to—handsome, educated, refined, spoke several languages fluently—a perfect gentleman.

Enough, I think, has been quoted to illustrate my meaning, and I spare my readers the references to 'soup,' to 'juiciness,' and to 'flavour,' in which the subsequent part of the article abounds.

Let us pass on to consider another broad division of American humour, the Humour of Exaggeration. It is not to be supposed that we Americans hold any monopoly of this mode of merriment. It is at least as old as Herodotus, whose efforts deserve all the credit attached to a praiseworthy beginning. Nay, even before Herodotus we find the humour of monstrous exaggeration fully exploited in the primitive literature of Norway. 'The great giant of the Eddas,' says one of the Sagas, 'sits at the end of the world in Eagle's shape, and when he flaps his wings all the winds come that blow upon man.' The suggested parallel to the American eagle is too obvious, and I pass it by. It is at least supposable that this element of exaggeration entered largely into all primitive folk song: it is likely that many passages in Homer, and the Ancients, which to the scholars of the day are mere misstatements of ignorance, were greeted in their time by the loud guffaws of barbarian listeners.

But though there is no monopoly of exaggeration in America, the circumstances of our country and its growth tend to foster it as a national characteristic. The amazing rapidity of American progress, and the very bigness of our continent, has bred in us a corresponding bigness of speech; the fresh air of the Western country, and the joy of living in the open, has inspired us with a sheer exuberant love of lying that has set its mark upon our literature. Examples of the literary quality thereby inspired might be quoted in hundreds, but one or two must suffice. An old American newspaper of the year 1850 at once illustrates and satirises this mode of national thought thus :

This is a glorious country. It has longer rivers and more of them, and they are muddier and deeper and run faster, and rise higher and make more noise and fall lower and do more damage than anybody else's rivers. It has more lakes, and they are bigger and deeper and clearer and wetter than those of any other country. Our railway cars are bigger and run faster and pitch off the track oftener and kill more people than all other railway cars in any other country. Our steamboats carry bigger loads, are longer and broader, burst their boilers oftener, and send up their passengers higher, and the captains swear harder than the captains in any other country. Our men are bigger and longer and thicker; can fight harder and faster, drink more mean whiskey, chew more bad tobacco than in every other country.

A beautiful illustration of the same vein, not altogether unconscious, is found in Daniel Webster's speech to the citizens of Rochester :

'Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you. I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high. This is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Caesar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high. Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece in her palmyest days had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high. *Men of Rochester, go on.*'

It is notorious that this form of American fun has always proved somewhat difficult of comprehension to our British cousins. 'I was prepared,' said Artemus Ward, in speaking of one of his English audiences, 'for a good deal of gloom, but I did not expect to find them so completely depressed.' It is interesting to note that the Right Hon. John Bright, one of the auditors of the lecture, said next morning : 'The information is meagre, and is presented in a desultory manner : indeed, I cannot help questioning some of the statements.'

This divergence of national taste is really fundamental in British and American art and literature, and it forms the line of division between the British and American conception of a joke. The Englishman loves what is literal. His conception of

a 'funny picture' is the drawing of a trivial accident in a hunting field, depicting exactly everything as it happened, with the discomfited horseman dripping with water from having fallen into a stream; or covered with mud by being thrown into a bog. The American funny picture tries to convey the same ideas by exaggeration. It gives us negroes with boots that are two feet long, collars six inches high, and diamonds that shoot streaks of light across the paper. The English cartoonist makes a literal drawing. He may draw Mr. Lloyd George as a chimney-sweep or a nurse-girl or as a bull-terrier, but the face is always the face of Mr. Lloyd George. The American cartoonist, on the contrary, reduces Mr. Roosevelt to a set of teeth with spectacles, Sir Wilfrid Laurier to a lock of hair, and the German Kaiser to a pair of moustachios. In either case, the object sought may be attained or missed. British literalism in comic art or literature easily fades into insipid dullness; pointless stories of 'awfully amusing things,' told just as they happened, make one long for the sound of a literary lie. American exaggeration in comic art runs to seed in the wooden symbolism that depicts a skating accident by a series of concentric circles. American exaggeration in literature passes the bounds of common sense, and becomes mere meaningless criminality.

It has been impossible in the short compass of this article to say much of the part of American literature which moves upon the highest plane of humour, in which the mere incongruous 'funniness' of the ludicrous is replaced by the larger view of life. In plain truth, not much of what is called American humour is of this class. The writings of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the works of Mark Twain (not as cited in single passages or jokes, but considered in their broad aspect, and in their view of life), present the universal element. But the generality of American humour lacks profundity, and wants that stimulating aid of the art of expression which can be found only amongst a literary people. The Americans produce humorous writing because of their intensely humorous perception of things, and in despite of the fact that they are not a literary people. The British people, essentially a people of exceptions, produce a higher form of humorous literature because of their literary spirit, and in spite of the fact that their general standard of humorous perception is lower. In the one case, humour forces literature. In the other literature forces humour.

Nor can it be fairly said that the future of humorous writing upon our continent looks bright. It is hard to see how the prevailing neglect of letters, the prevailing attempt to reduce education to a mechanical, visible, proveable process that often kills

the spirit within, the prevailing passion for specialised study that substitutes for the man of letters of the Oxford type the machine-made pedant of our American colleges—it is hard to see how all this is likely to aid in the creation of a great national literature. Without such a literature humorous writing cannot stand alone. The original impetus which created American humour has largely spent its force, nor is it likely that, in the absence of a widespread literary spirit, anything else will be left of the original vein of Yankee merriment except the factory-made fun of the Sunday journalist.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

SOME RECENT EXPERIENCES IN ALBANIA

THE traveller to Scutari through Montenegro has his first sight of Albania from the top of the pass over Monte Loftchen. As the carriage crosses the pass and the cold wind blows up from below, one sees ahead, beyond the brown mountain tops of Montenegro, the snowy peaks of Albania, stretching eastwards from the Lake of Scutari into Servia.

The Lake of Scutari is reached next day at Rijeka, from where a small steamer winds its way down the neck of the lake between the water lilies to Vir Bazar. Here another small steamer is waiting for Scutari. It was from the deck of this steamer last April that I had my first view of Scutari itself. We had two or three tourists on board, besides Montenegrins and Albanians, and a party of fifty French soldiers. The lieutenant in charge had been at Scutari for ten months with the International detachment, and said he had now exhausted the possibilities of the town.

'We came up for a month last year,' he said, 'to turn the Montenegrins out—French, English, German, Austrian and Italian detachments. And here we have been ever since. What is there to do here? Nothing. But here we must stay until the Government at Durazzo is something more than a name. When that will be, heaven knows.'

The English soldiers at Scutari made the same complaint with varying degrees of bitterness. 'We are catching malaria in the bazaar,' they said. 'We left Malta at a few hours' notice, and all our kit is there. The officers are getting extra pay, but we are not. We should like to see the last of Albania.'

Everyone grumbles at Scutari, but everyone is far better off there than in any other part of Albania. They have troops of five nations to defend them. They have, what Albanians are always crying out for, an English Governor. Colonel Phillips maintains order in Scutari with a firmness and tact that extort admiration even from the grumblers.

No one is allowed to come into the town armed, and as no countryman can travel without his rifle, he brings it to the

entrance to the town and there deposits it in the guard-room. He receives a ticket for it, which he presents on leaving the town, just as the Londoner presents the ticket for his umbrella on leaving a museum.

There is a system of justice in Scutari. When I was there a French officer acted as magistrate. Captain Richards, of the Marines, is in charge of the police and the prison. I was told that under his auspices the prison had become a much harder place than under the Turks. The much-abused Turks at any rate allowed prisoners coffee and tobacco, but under the new *régime* they were allowed no comforts of any kind.

The attempt at a European form of government stops at the gates of Scutari. Across the river Kiri, the countrymen are living just as they lived under the Turks, without any form of government, and without any other security than the rifles over their shoulders. All the way through Malsia, the mountainous country of the Malissori tribes, I was asked again and again : 'When are we going to have a government here?'

I asked them what it was they wanted from the Government at Durazzo.

'We want roads,' they replied. 'Now that Djakova and Prisrend have been taken from us, we must take our produce into Scutari. It is a long way over the mountains. A road would save us a day or two each way. The Government should give us roads.'

'Why don't you make a road along by the river?' I asked.

'How can we? We have no tools and no money to buy them. Besides, we have no time. There is always war. The Montenegrins may come to-morrow and kill us.'

Besides roads the people demand schools. They do not like to see their children growing up as unable to read and write as they are themselves. But where schools have been opened in Mirdita I found it was difficult to get the children to attend regularly. They were wanted to mind the flocks.

A third, rather unexpected, demand is for gendarmes. 'We are tired of fighting,' they say. 'We want the Government to bring order into the mountains. We would sooner obey police than be always shooting each other.'

Of course they would not obey the police if there were any interference with a member of their own family. They demand authority, but they have no idea of what respect for authority means. With their rifles over their shoulders they feel themselves to be the arbiters of their own cause, and the most ragged Malissor carries himself like a prince. They are Catholics, and a good priest may be able to handle them, but none knows better than he how slender is his authority. In cases of blood feud,

for instance, it is forbidden for him to interfere, except as mediator.

Hatred of the Slav seems to be the main political feeling in Malsia, as is quite natural among a people living on the Border and subject to constant raids. Probably the Slavs on the other side of the frontier have as good reason to hate the Albanians, but they have the advantage of a regular army to protect them.

There is little idea here of a Greater Albania. The people recognise the flag with the double-headed eagle, representing the Tosks of the south and the Ghegs of the north; but Albania for the Shala man means Shala, and for the Shoshi man, Shoshi. How can it be otherwise, when there is no means of communication with any other part of the country? North Albania is very mountainous and communication would be in any case difficult; but roads could at any rate be laid along the course of the rivers, which all fall towards the Lake of Scutari. With roads from Scutari up the chief river valleys the condition of the people would be transformed. The more fortunate are nearly self-supporting. When their crop of maize is successful, they may have enough to last them till the next harvest, and enough for seed as well. The sheep provide them with cheese, and with maize-bread and sheep-cheese to eat, and an occasional lamb or kid, the mountaineers can live very well. For clothing they have the wool from their flocks, which the women spin and weave at home. An overcoat is made out of a whole sheep-skin with two arm-holes cut in it.

There remain salt and coffee to be purchased, as well as pots and pans, and in bad years maize for seed and food. This is what sends the trains of women and donkeys toiling into Scutari over the mountain tracks, laden with faggots to sell for a franc or two apiece. Without roads it may take two days to go, a day in the market and two days to return—a loss of nearly a week over a journey that should take a day or two at the outside. The amount of wood that can be carried over the mountains hardly pays for the journey, whereas with a road many times the amount could be carted in a few hours.

The Malissori are poorer than the Mirdites. They have never had a prince or leader, and have fought among themselves, burnt each other's houses and crops, raided each other's cattle, till it is a marvel how they manage to live at all. The Mirdites on the contrary have their Prince, Prenk Bib Doda, for whom and for whose family they have unbounded respect. They have also the advantage of possessing in the Abbot of Oroschi, Monsignor Doci, one of the most enlightened men in Albania. Exiled from Mirdita with Prenk as a young man, Doci travelled in Europe, America and India, and when he came back to Mirdita as the mitred abbot of Oroschi, he introduced an European energy

into that corner of Albania which made it a little oasis of civilisation in a Turkish desert.

The abbey and the church he rebuilt on the southern slope of the mountain. Above he planted an oak-wood to keep off the north wind. Under the shelter of the wood and the hill, he planted his vines and fruit trees; and to-day the Abbey of Oroschi stands in a verdant garden. The abbot's table seats seventy guests, for whose accommodation he has twenty-five furnished rooms, with a special suite reserved for Prenk. Anarchy in Mirdita is tempered by the influence of the Abbot and of Prenk, who is said to have almost exterminated the blood feud in his territory. In Maltsia it still rages unchecked.

I intended travelling from Mirdita southwards through Essad Pasha's country to Durazzo; but while I was at Oroschi Essad was arrested and the revolution broke out. I therefore took ship from San Giovanni di Medua to Durazzo.

The contrast between the mountains and Durazzo is extraordinary. One steps from an atmosphere of barbaric ignorance and credulity into a hotbed of intrigue, such as must be almost without parallel in Europe. Every newcomer in Durazzo is supposed to be a spy or a foreign agent, and when one remembers that at least six countries are known to be intriguing in Albania, and that five, at any rate, have territorial designs upon it, the general atmosphere of suspicion is hardly remarkable.

In Durazzo I first met the Nationalists, the men who stand for an independent and European Albania. They have many of them been to the United States, Egypt, or Roumania, and have come back, now that Turkish rule is over, full of patriotic ardour, and anxious to bring their country up to the level of the rest of Europe as speedily as possible. The fact that they have about 500 years to make up does not damp their optimism. All the Nationalists that I met were devoted to the person of the Prince.

In Durazzo also I first found the Mussulman element, which under the influence of the priests holds rather aloof from the present *régime*. I spoke to some who looked wistfully away from the town towards the rebel lines at Siak.

'Here is Christian Albania,' one said, pointing to Durazzo, 'and there is Mahommedan Albania,' including all the interior with a sweep of his arm.

In Valona I found some relief from the miserable intrigues encountered at Durazzo, but the town seemed even more Turkish and dirty. However, the municipality was replacing the cobble stones in the streets with cement pavements. The work was only just begun, and appeared to be at a standstill for the moment. Heaps of lime, sand and stones lay in the streets, and one crossed on planks. With all this war and disturbance the work has no doubt remained unfinished.

In Valona all the Nationalists told me to go to Koritza—'the finest town in Albania,' I was told. So I set off on a pack-horse for Berat. The horse carried two mail-bags, and over these a thick quilt was thrown. It was like sitting on a couch, and as the horse was a good ambler, the seat was as comfortable for fast travel as for slow. All the way from Valona to Berat I saw the effects of the blight of war and unsettled government. Apart from one low ridge of hills which we crossed—an ideal pasturage—the country was one great plain. It might be growing corn and beef to feed the whole of Albania and more besides, but for the most part it is growing nothing but inferior grass, on which a very few horses and cattle are to be seen. Doubtless there was more stock before the war, but at present it is almost impossible to get milk. A great part of the plain is a swamp, through which our train of horses had to find its own way. There is no road.

We passed a few villages, round which there were fields of corn and maize. The huts were built of mud and wattles with thatched roofs. A good deal of the mud had fallen from the walls, leaving great holes. The stone-built, storied houses of the Malissori were palaces compared with the hovels on the plain of Berat. The water was muddy, and I saw houses near Valona surrounded by moats of liquid manure.

Berat and Koritza themselves are well built, healthy towns, especially Koritza, which lies about 3000 feet above sea level. Both contain a large proportion of educated Nationalists. Koritza is indeed the real capital of Albania. It is the centre from which the patriotic Nationalist movement springs. Nearly all the young men have been to America and have come home with religious fervour exchanged for intense patriotism.

'In America,' one of them told me, 'they never ask us whether we are Christian or Mahommedan, but always what country we come from. We go there calling ourselves Orthodox or Mahommedan, and come back calling ourselves Albanian.'

In both Berat and Koritza the Mahommedan Church tends to be Nationalist, as a counterpoise to the Orthodox Church, which represents Greece and teaches all its devotees that to be Albanian is to be Mahommedan and to lose the Faith. In Berat almost all the pupils in the Government school are Mahommedan. The Orthodox children are forbidden to come. In Pogradetz, on Lake Ochrida, out of eighty pupils twenty-six are Christian. It is not that the Orthodox population is Greek-speaking. It speaks no Greek at all, but the Bishop of Koritza is a Greek, and the idea is made to permeate the whole Church that to be Orthodox is to be Greek. 'God,' the people say, 'understands no other language.'

In June all was quiet in this region. The Albanian and

Greek troops were watching one another further south, but there was no actual fighting. Koritza, however, was still suffering from the shock of the revolution of April, when Greek troops attached to the Epirote army made a desperate attempt to capture the town. Several hundred people were killed during the five days' fighting, and there were ghastly stories of massacres. The schools had not been opened since, but the government was otherwise being carried on in an efficient manner, with regular posts, telegraph and telephone in working, and an adequate gendarmerie service.

Throughout the south I was surprised at the progress that the Government had made in the towns. I believe it was due to local action rather than to the Government at Durazzo, but in any case the Turkish *régime* had been left behind. At Valona I met several judges of the criminal and appeal courts, and was told how the criminal code was to be modelled on that of Italy with English procedure. The new code was not actually in use, but it had been thought out. At Berat I saw the first sign of road-making that I had met with anywhere in Albania. The municipality was employing the refugees from Epirus to metal the old Turkish roads for a franc a day. It was a pleasure to walk the streets of the town, although the work had been done without any European advice.

At Berat there were both elementary and normal schools. The normal school had turned out a great many young men as qualified teachers. They had formerly studied in Turkish and Greek schools and required only a few months' training. The elementary school, staffed by some of the most patriotic Nationalists I met in Albania, had made great strides in the five months it had been opened. The pupils gave me information on the population and products of British India which took my breath away. It is lamentable to think that all this has been blown to the winds during the past few days. Koritza has been captured by the Greeks; Berat by the rebels from the north under the Turkish flag. The schools are broken up, the Government is dispersed, and the population has fled. Many of the leading Nationalists have been killed in trying to defend an Albania which is the creation of the Powers, and which the Powers alone can keep inviolate.

Albania of the south was, until the present troubles, well on the way to becoming an up-to-date State as far as the towns were concerned. Albania of the north was, and is, in a state of complete barbarism, from which, however, it might be wakened in the course of a generation, such is the natural intelligence of the people. But there is also a third Albania—Mahommedan Albania—which occupies all the central part of the country. Here

the influence of the priest or hodja is paramount, and is an influence directed against reform of the old Turkish *régime*. In the demand for roads and railways, for unsectarian schools, and above all in the demand for the Latin alphabet, the hodjas detect the trail of the Christian. The Prince is Christian and many of his counsellors are Christian, whereas Albania, as they say with truth, is Mahommedan, and has a right to a Mahommedan *régime*. It is this third Albania which is now menacing Prince William's throne.

For over a week, in the closing days of June, the revolutionaries kept me a prisoner in Elbasan as a suspected Dutch officer in the service of the Prince, and I was the unwilling listener to many a recital of their wrongs. I was travelling back from Koritza to Valona through Elbasan when I was captured. No one in Koritza dreamed of a rebel advance on Elbasan, but on my arrival I found the town menaced by a strong force, and next day it was attacked from three sides. Heavy firing took place all day long among the olive-woods, but there were few casualties.

On the following day we learned that our defenders had fled during the night and that the rebels were to enter the town. Just before sunset they came in—nearly 1000 strong—under the Turkish flag. The long column of rough mountaineers wound along the narrow streets into the town to the scream of bugles. A group of hodjas and a Greek priest walked at the head of the procession, for in Elbasan the rebels were co-operating with the Greeks against the Government.

The procession halted at the Prefecture, bolted and barred after the departure of the Governor. The men streamed into the garden before the house, and, standing in the middle, the chief hodja, an old man with a long white beard, led them in prayer. Then cheers were given for the Sultan, and the Turkish flag was run up over the porch. The door was opened and the crowd swarmed in, occupying all the rooms that the leaders did not succeed in retaining for themselves. Even these were not free from intrusion, as I found out next day when some of the men took me in the street and brought me before their leader.

Though the most thorough search failed to disclose any arms or incriminating documents upon me, the men persisted that I was a Dutch officer and had been firing at them with a cannon. The defenders had a cannon which the rebels had captured, and which they have since been using against Berat. The leaders said that, the state of feeling against me among the people being what it was, they could not consent to my leaving the Prefecture. A spokesman of the men said that I might think myself lucky to be allowed to stay there in peace. The real power, I saw, was not in the hands of the nominal leaders, educated men, wearing

European dress, but in the hands of the men with the guns. What they commanded was done, unless the hodjas could persuade them differently.

The lack of respect for any authority was impressed upon me as I lay in the Prefecture day after day, surrounded by a swarm of men, all of whom acted as self-appointed gaolers, till they were tired of it and left me in the hands of someone else. They liked to give me bread and a handful of cheese or a piece of cucumber, and I think rather resented it when the leader sent me in a meal of meat from a restaurant. They were kindly in a rough way, but their incessant talking, their cross-examinations of me in Albanian and Turkish, and their restlessness at night, made me very glad to get a room to myself after a few days.

Discussion of the political situation was rather difficult, but I was given very clearly to understand that Turkey was good and all other countries bad. When I was allowed to sit on the balcony where the Turkish flag was flying, men would come and point to it, saying 'Osmanli good. Prince of Wied bad.' Their distrust of the present *régime* seemed to be centred in antipathy to the Prince. But as I watched the new government being set up in the town on the ruins of the old, and saw how the new officials were conducting their work, it seemed to me that the issue was a far greater one than the unpopularity of the Prince. Prince William's *régime* is European, or is in danger of becoming so, now that Essad Pasha has gone. The *régime* that the insurgents set up in Elbasan was Turkish. Ex-gendarmes, wearing Prince William's uniform, pinned a star and crescent badge on to their arm when they took service with the rebels. Coffee and cigarettes were brought to every person of quality who came to transact business at the Prefecture. The officials wrote in Turkish on scraps of paper held in the palm of the left hand, while they sat cross-legged in their chairs. The hateful Frankish 'do it now' system had been swept away, and the old Turkish 'wait till to-morrow' *régime* re-established.

After the Commission of Control at Durazzo had satisfied the insurgents that I was an English journalist, they brought me from Elbasan to Tirana and from there to Siak, a village just outside Durazzo, where several of their leading men were assembled. They said their one desire was that England should know and appreciate their just demands. There were more Mahommedans under the British Crown than under any other, and under British rule the Mahommedan religion was respected. They wished for similar treatment, but under no circumstances, they said, would they consent to remain subjects of Prince William of Wied.

'After all the blood that has been shed at his orders,' they

said, 'we can never recognise him as our King.' They declared that at the beginning the Prince refused to see a deputation which wished to lay their grievances before him. Then, when they went in force, they were fired on with a cannon. 'We can never obey a King who has shot down his own subjects,' they said. 'Send Prince William away and we will obey the Commission of Control, and then afterwards we will vote for a King. But we will have no more kings sent from Europe.'

If the Prince were to leave the country, I believe that the revolution would collapse, and the Commission of Control could establish its authority over all the country occupied by the rebels. At any rate the rebel leaders assured me their men would go home directly Prince William left the country and handed over the government to the Commission. How long they would be content with government by the Commission is another matter. The Commission, if it could succeed in pulling together and governing as a united body, would govern in a European way, and while Mahomedans and Christians might each be sure of just treatment, such questions as that of Latin or Arabic alphabet, or the use of Turkish or Albanian in public offices, would be bound to be settled in the way desired by the Nationalists and in opposition to the wishes of those standing for the old Turkish régime.

Tact might overcome these difficulties as far as the natives were concerned, but foreign intrigue is always ready to supply fresh grounds for distrust. How far foreign intrigue is responsible for the present revolution I could not determine, but I know that the man who was leading the rebels in Elbasan was an agent of the Young Turks, and that he was frequently visited by the Greek Bishop of Koritza, whom the rebels found imprisoned in Elbasan for his share in the Koritza revolution in April. At Siak I saw many coloured Italian cartoons illustrating the rebirth of Turkey and the discomfiture of the anti-Turkish Powers. This was the only evidence I saw of the common allegation at Durazzo that Italian intrigue was at work among the rebels; but when I was captured, the Young Turk agent advised me to say I was Italian, because, as he said, 'Italy is our friend.'

If foreign intrigue could be stamped out of Albania, there would be no question of the future of the country, but unfortunately government by the Commission of Control will not diminish intrigue. The only safe course would be for the Commission to leave large executive powers to some English, German or Dutch official. But this is just what the Commission would not do. The trouble is that neither Austria nor Italy wants a strong and independent Albania, but an Albania under Austrian or Italian influence as the case may be. Russia does not want an Albania

at all, but a Greater Serbia. France supports her. There remain only Germany and England, and every Englishman or German who visits the country is constantly appealed to for help. 'England and Germany are our only sincere friends,' one is told. 'They, and they alone, can save us.' Then with shame one has to confess that just because England is disinterested and remote, she will not go out of her way to help a little country like Albania, whose friendship is of no use to her.

England and Germany between them undoubtedly could save Albania from the foreign intrigues which will otherwise choke her before many years, but it seems useless to expect that they will do so.

Freed from the danger—or the temptation—of foreign intrigue, the Government of Albania, with adequate means at its disposal, could set about establishing order in earnest. In a few years Albania might be a country at peace with itself, and well on the road to being at least as cultured as any of the other Balkan States.

ANTHONY DELL.

THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA

SOME FACTS FROM THE INDIAN CENSUS

THE Report on the Census of India, taken in 1911, is a treasury of interesting and valuable information regarding a large number of questions concerning that great Empire, its vast area, its political and natural divisions, and its varied physical features and climatic conditions, and concerning its peoples and tribes, their languages, creeds, customs and political conditions. It presents the census statistics, compares them with those of previous enumerations, and deals with the main facts and the conclusions to be drawn from them. Considering how all the information gathered together has had to be compressed, and that much of it has had to be given in scientific language, it is wonderful how readable the whole volume is; and there is no student of Indian things who will not find certain parts of it intensely interesting.

To many the most interesting parts of this Report will be those that deal with religion. The chapter devoted specially to that subject by no means exhausts it. Religion in India affects in a very special manner the whole social system, and the everyday life of the people. There is therefore no chapter in the volume that does not throw, for the careful reader, some light on the religions of India. This subject is vast and complicated; and, even when the whole Report has been carefully studied, it may be admitted that the treatment of it is not exhaustive. But it is wonderfully full and clear, and conveys a view which impresses the reader as being both just and accurate, and also as definite as is possible under the circumstances.

It is my purpose to discuss some facts regarding the progress of Christianity in India as revealed in this Report. I propose, therefore, only to say a word or two regarding the other religions of India, by way of introduction. The Report points out that if there is any difficulty in the way of obtaining an accurate return of religions or creeds it is not due to any objection on the part of the people to state what their religion is. No one in India seems to have any objection to making such a statement. The difficulty exists in this, that 'with the exception of the exotic religions,

such as Christianity and Muhammadanism, there is no such thing as a definite creed. The Hindu word *dharma*, which corresponds most closely to our word *religion*, connotes conduct more than creed. In India the line of cleavage is social rather than religious. The question is less what a man believes than whether his manner of life involves ceremonial impurity: that is, whether one can eat with him or take water from his hands without loss of social status. An excellent account is given of 'the complex congeries of creeds and doctrines' included in the term 'Hindu,' which denotes race, social organisation, and country, as well as religion; of the uncertain relations between Hindus on the one hand and such religions as the Brahmos, Aryas and Sikhs on the other; and of the strange fact that, while no non-Hindu can be received into Hinduism as a convert, whole tribes of Animists may be, and have been, absorbed (as tribal castes) into that system. The religions of India itself—that is, those that are not exotic—are by no means mutually exclusive: there is no definite creed.

It is not to be supposed for a moment that no Hindu has a definite creed. But the mere fact that he is a Hindu does not of itself give any definite idea of what his creed may be. He may be a monotheist, a polytheist, or a pantheist. He may be a worshipper of the great gods, Shiva and Vishnu, or of the spirits of trees or rocks. He may propitiate his deity by bloody sacrifices, or think it wrong to take life under any circumstances. He may have a beautiful ritual of prayers and hymns, or indulge in unspeakable orgies. He may have some very clear articles in his own creed; or it may be throughout of the vaguest and most indefinite description. Yet he is a Hindu. It is not about his creed that his neighbour will inquire. It sometimes takes a Christian foreigner a long time to realise this; and great mistakes as to the nature of Hindu religion have resulted from the failure to do so.

The population of India is 315 millions. Hindus (including Brahmos and Aryas) number over 217.5 millions. Muhammadans number 66.6 millions. Buddhists and Animists have each over 10 millions; Sikhs 3 millions; Jains $1\frac{1}{4}$ millions; Parsis only 100,000; and Christians over $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions. The total population has increased by 7.1 per cent. since 1901: Hindus by 5 per cent., and Muhammadans by 7; Sikhs and Buddhists by 37 and 13 respectively. About two thirds of the increase of the Sikhs is due to difference in classification: half a million of persons were classed as Sikhs in 1911, because they desired it, who would have been classed as Hindus in 1901, because of nonconformity to the rules of Guru Gobind Singh. The low rate of increase among the Hindus is noteworthy. It is now well known and admitted that Hindus are less prolific than other communities.

owing mainly to early marriage and compulsory widowhood. This fact should not be overlooked in comparing the figures of 1911 with those of 1901 in regard to the number of Christians.

Putting out of account European and Anglo-Indian Christians, we find that the number of Indian Christians in 1901 was 2,600,000, and in 1911 it was 3,500,000. This gives an increase of 34.2 per cent. The rates of increase, for the four decades from 1872, have been 22.0, 33.9, 30.8, and 34.2; so that the number of Christians has multiplied nearly threefold between 1872 and 1911. Returning to the figures of 1911, as compared with those of 1901, the increase in the number of Christians is 900,000. If the natural increase among Christians were to be taken as 7 per cent. (the figure for the whole population), it would be only 182,000, leaving 718,000 of the increase to be set down to conversion. This would not, however, be an accurate estimate. The report shows that early marriage and compulsory widowhood among large sections of the community tend to keep down the population: Christians are freed from these customs. The standard of comfort and the manner of life are also proved to be important factors in producing variations of population; and the report shows that Christians have, as a rule, the advantage in these respects. This will be referred to later on; but it is mentioned here as indicating that there is good ground for supposing that the natural increase of the Indian Christians would be at a higher rate than that of the population generally. It would not, however, be much higher. And it is clear from these figures that the increase by conversions has been very remarkable.

Perhaps this is more easily seen when the figures for the various Christian denominations are considered apart. The Roman Catholics have the greatest absolute increase (289,000); but, as two fifths of the Indian Christians belong to this denomination, the percentage is only 24. Much larger percentages of increase are shown for the Presbyterians (235 per cent.), Salvation Army (176), Methodists (123), Baptists (53), and Lutherans (41). The very high percentage (257) recorded for the Congregationalists is due mainly to their having been largely returned in 1901 under the heads 'Protestant' and 'Unsectarian.' On the other hand, the low percentage (9) shown for the Anglicans is due to the numbers in 1901 having been unduly swollen by the addition of persons returned simply as 'Protestants.' The very high figures shown for some denominations—among which are to be found certain Missions which are particularly strict as to the admission of converts—indicate clearly that the increase by conversions has been great. It is not desirable, neither is it usual, for Missions to count heads and make much of numbers; but it is desirable, in view of complaints of the want of success and tangible results

in Mission work, to note carefully what is the unbiassed testimony of the official Census in this connexion. There can be no mistake what that testimony means. It may be summarised in a sentence: 'Though the total number of Indian Christians is still small, it is increasing very rapidly.'

The greatest success of Christian Missions is among aboriginal tribes and among what are called 'low-caste' Hindus, many of whom are aborigines absorbed into Hinduism. There are, every now and again, cases of conversion among those of high caste, good social status and sound education; but these are by no means as numerous as the individual conversions and the mass movements towards Christianity of aborigines and lower-caste Hindus. There is, however, great encouragement to the Missionary Churches and Societies to continue their work among the higher classes of Hindus, and to maintain vigorously their education policy, both in colleges and schools. The difficulties in the way of conversion form the main obstacle to this part of the work. The penalty of the renunciation of Hinduism is social ostracism. The high-caste convert literally loses all that he values in the world if he is to follow Christ fully. The claim of Christianity is an exclusive claim. The convert has to receive the Sacrament of baptism, and has to associate with the disciples of his Lord in the breaking of bread. This effectually separates him from the old social organisation, and often from all who are nearest and dearest to him. It is a sacrifice which means more to the Hindu than perhaps the most sympathetic European can understand. No wonder that some who make this sacrifice are among the best and strongest of the Indian Christians, men for whom the Western Christian has as great an admiration and respect as for any Christian friends of his own race.

Not only is the sacrifice great. It is also one of which the necessity is not always clear. I have known men of high principle who have argued—and persuaded themselves—that it is not necessary. They say that they accept the teaching of Christianity, they recognise Christ as Saviour and Lord; but that they feel their obligation to influence and help their own people. They fear lest their power to discharge this obligation will be lost if they entirely separate themselves from old friends and old associations. And why should they? Christianity, they argue, is a spiritual religion; and the ceremonies of Christianity are accidental rather than necessary to such a religion. They may believe what they will, and may yet remain Hindus. As Hindus, they can influence the faith and life of their fellows: outside of Hinduism their influence is lost. Hardly any story of the conversion of a high-caste Hindu does not contain this phase. To many the call to a public profession of faith in their Lord becomes so strong

as to overcome this argument and lead to full obedience to the commands of the New Testament. But to many more this phase is practically permanent; and they remain 'secret disciples,' waiting in hope—often too long deferred—of ultimately leading many with them into the Church of Christ.

The Census Report tells us plainly how 'Christian thought influences large numbers who remain Hindus, and Christian ideals and standards are everywhere gaining vogue.' The marked tendency to monotheism among the educated classes, the familiarity with the language and principles of the Bible shown in their conversation and in their books, magazines, and newspapers, the influence of Christian thought on social questions and relations, are all illustrations of the influence which Christianity is more and more widely exercising. All this, as well as the addition to the Indian Christian Church of some of the strongest and most esteemed of its members, must encourage missionaries to persevere in their work among the higher classes. They have no justification in turning from them to exclusive work among those who are regarded as the 'low castes.'

It is, however, among the lower castes and the aborigines that the greatest success attends missionary work. This is easy to understand. On the one hand, the sacrifice which the convert is called on to make is not so great. For with the loss of friends he loses also his despised caste designation. There is something of gain in this, even though it often involves the rupture of social and family ties. On the other hand, the message of Christianity appeals more to those who have suffered from the oppression and contempt of men than to the oppressors or the proud. Our Lord Himself emphasises this first characteristic of His Mission, that 'to the poor good news is preached.' The high-caste Hindu ordinarily has at least this characteristic of the Pharisee in him, that he is well contented with his position as compared with that of other men; he sees no need for the Christian Gospel. It ought not to surprise the missionary of Christ that, now as in the early days, 'not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble' are found among his converts: he may well be thankful if even comparatively a few of these classes are found joining the membership, and entering loyally and effectively into the work, of the Church.

There are now occurring mass movements towards Christianity which, while intensely encouraging, impose a great responsibility on the Christian Church. These are referred to in the Report. But they have greatly grown, since it was written, both in numbers and strength, and also in the variety and extent of the areas affected. They constitute a great opportunity of which the Church has not yet taken anything like full advantage. Unless

the Church of Christ rises to the emergency, it will constitute a danger instead of marking a great success. Unless these masses, who are turning with eager expectancy to Christianity, are worthily received and properly cared for and educated by the Church, they will either be lost to her altogether or they will tend to lower her tone and character in India. This constitutes a great demand on the resources of the Church at home and in India, in men and money. It is practically impossible, without greatly increasing existing missionary agencies on the field, to meet the great demands involved in the pastoral care and education of these numerous converts.

The character of such movements is illustrated in the facts related in the Report regarding the Punjab. In that province the number of Indian Christians rose within the decade from 38,000 to 164,000 : the Presbyterians alone from 5000 to 95,000. It is difficult to realise what such a sudden increase means to any Mission. Most of these converts belong to 'the depressed classes,' including the despised Chuhra. Of these very people, however, Sir Herbert Risley shows, in *The People of India*, that they are not to be despised. They belong to the Indo-Aryan race ; and 'the most important points to observe in the Indo-Aryan series of measurements are the great uniformity of type, and the very slight differences between the higher and the lower groups. Socially no gulf can be wider than that which divides the Rajputs of Udaipur and Mewar from the scavenging Chuhra of the Punjab. Physically the one is cast in much the same mould as the other.' Long oppression and contempt have had their baneful effect. Let Christianity remove these evil influences ; and the results can hardly be estimated. Experience has, however, already given good ground for no vague or uncertain hope. Sikhism has already transformed the despised Chuhra into the soldierly Mazhabi. Let the religion of the 'Son of Man' have free scope.

I have dealt with the Chuhra specially because they are of well-known low-caste position. But the European makes a mistake if he thinks of the 'low-caste' or depressed classes as a somewhat inferior type of humanity. Many of them are of the aboriginal races. They have been admitted as tribal castes into Hinduism ; and they are only despised by the Brahmanical Hindus, because, of necessity, they cannot take their place among the higher castes. Such are the Ahirs of the United Provinces, the Mahars of the Central Provinces and Bombay, and a number of other first-rate cultivators. They have not the hereditary pride or polish of the Brahmans ; but I should no more feel contempt for them than for our own farmers and cultivating classes. They make respectable villagers and successful cultivators. I have gone among them in the Punjab, Bengal and the Central Pro-

vinces, and have seen for myself what valuable citizens many of them make. The words 'low-caste' or 'untouchables' applied to them do not convey an accurate impression to the European who has not been among them.

I have had the privilege also of travelling among Christians of these classes in the Punjab (when on tour) and in the Central Provinces and the Ranchi Division of the province of Bihar and Orissa (when serving there). I was exceedingly struck by the appearance of the villages, and by the progress already made by the missionaries in raising the standard of life among the people. This is due, in the first place, to the care exercised by missionaries generally in the admission of converts. The Census Commissioner bears emphatic testimony to this. 'Most Missions,' he says, 'are very careful to baptise no one until he has given satisfactory proof of his being at heart a Christian.' It is admitted that the Roman Catholic missionaries 'do not' always 'interfere with caste distinctions,' or with caste customs which are not clearly associated with the worship of heathen idols, and that 'the conditions exacted from a proselyte before baptism are probably not as exacting in this sect as in some others.' It must, however, be remembered that this is only the logical and natural result of the vital importance which these missionaries attach to baptism. Generally, too, they follow up this kindly laxity with a strict paternal discipline over the converts, and an earnest attempt to educate the young. Among almost all other sects, all possible care is exercised to make converts intelligent and manly in the profession of their faith. In the case of mass movements, it is very difficult to do this effectively : missionaries are overworked ; and the demand for more agents is urgent.

In the second place, the improved appearance of the villages is due to the great efforts made by the missionaries to educate the young and to elevate the converts. I have had very wide experience of this, especially among the Presbyterians of the Punjab and Central Provinces, and among the Lutherans and Roman Catholics of Ranchi. I have read with pleasure the testimony borne to it in the Census Report. Mr. Blunt, the Provincial Superintendent of the Census in the United Provinces, says : 'If one thing is noticeable about Indian Christians, it is their greater cleanliness in dress and habits.' He goes on to tell how education is making each generation of them better than that which preceded it. He adds 'The Hindu fellows of these converts have now to acknowledge, not only that they are in many material ways better off than themselves, but that they are also better men.' A Bengali gentleman, Babu Sarat Chandra Roy, is quoted as saying of the aboriginal Christians of Ranchi : 'The most careless observer can tell the home of a Christian convert

of some years' standing from that of his non-Christian fellow-tribesman by the greater cleanliness of the Christian's house, and the general neatness and orderliness of everything about it.' This writer records his 'appreciation of the brilliant achievements of the Christian Missions in their noble work of civilising and educating the aborigines of Chota Nagpur.' Mr. V. R. Thyagaraja Aiyar, Census Superintendent of Mysore, himself also a Hindu, says that 'the enlightening influence of Christianity is patent in the higher standard of comfort of the converts, and their sober, disciplined and busy lives.' He adds that 25 per cent. of the Christians are literate, while for the population generally the percentage is only six.

These testimonies by both British officers and Hindus are taken from different parts of India, and might easily be multiplied. They show in a striking way that the evangelisation of these peoples is also civilising and educating them. The statistics for education bear similar testimony. The Parsis and Buddhists are comparatively few in number, but are wealthy and influential. They therefore have—especially the Parsis—a much higher percentage, than any other community, of 'literate' persons—that is, of persons 'who can both read and write any language.' Next to them the Christians have a very long lead: they are, indeed, almost on a par with the Buddhists as regards males, and much in advance of them as regards females. Of the total population of India, only 5.9 per cent. (10.6 for males and 1.0 for females) are 'literate.' For Hindus, the percentage is 10.1 for males and .8 for females. For Muhammadans it is 6.9 and .4 respectively. For Christians, it is 29.3 and 13.5. Hindus are much ahead of Muhammadans in education, the percentage being about half as high again for males and double for females. But the Hindus themselves have proportionately only one woman educated for twelve men. Christians have nearly three times as high a percentage as Hindus for males, and sixteen times as high for females: they have proportionately one woman educated for a little over two men. These facts, both the extent of education among the community and the relative extent of it among the females, though they are still far from satisfactory in themselves, speak strongly for the elevating tendency of the work of the missionaries.

The Report touches on the relation between Christianity and the growth of the national spirit in India. It shows how, to some extent, nationalism is hostile to the missionaries and an obstacle in the way of progress. Christianity is presented more or less as a foreign faith: and the Nationalist has a natural tendency to opposition. This is notably the case with the Arya Somaj, and has influenced some even of those social and economic re-

formers who are adopting Christian ideas and methods, even while opposing the extension of the Christian religion. This is a danger to be guarded against. Christianity claims not to be Western : in origin, indeed, it was Eastern. It claims to be a universal religion, the religion for man, ' where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free ; but Christ is all and in all.' It will be to the discredit of the advocates of Christianity in India if their presentation of that religion justifies the Indians in regarding it as a denationalising faith. But to avoid this it is necessary to have a sympathetic appreciation of what is worthy in the life and traditions and aspirations of the Indian peoples, and a strong belief in the Divine power of our Holy Faith to lay hold of men in the East as well as in the West, and to purify and elevate them according to the purpose of God for them. Any Procrustean attempt to make Indian Christianity conform to Western standards must weaken its energy and hinder its progress.

The Indian Christians are beginning themselves to realise this. The Report bears witness to the spirit of independence that is abroad in the Indian Church. It mentions one or two local instances ; but it does not go into detail. We acknowledge that in certain cases there has been more energy shown than wisdom. But it is to the credit of ' many of our missionary bodies ' that they are ' recognising the desirability of encouraging the spirit which has given rise to these movements and guiding it along right lines.' The Indian Church must realise its own responsibility, and live its own life, and have its own work and its own leaders. The missionaries can assist in the development of self-help, self-government, and self-propagation. The Church may take a lesson in this matter, as well perhaps as a warning, from the secular administration of India.

There is one very pleasant phase of this spirit that is also referred to in the Report—namely, the tendency shown by certain Protestant Missions to sink their denominational differences and to unite with one another. Reference is made to a case in the South of India. But it is a remarkable fact that seven different Presbyterian Missions have united over the whole of India to form the ' Presbyterian Church in India.' It was with the full consent of this united Church, that those of its members who belonged to the South separated from it so as to be free to form a wider union there. It is to these latter proposals for union that the Report refers. But they are only an illustration of a general tendency. Union is in the air. Schemes for corporate or federated union are under consideration in different parts of India. It would indeed be a strange thing to introduce and perpetuate in the Indian Church all the differences peculiar to the West. In

some of them the East has no interest at all. It is, however, remarkable that the missionaries of the Churches and Societies concerned have, as a rule, been as eager for these unions as any of the Indian Christians. These men know the immense advantage that will be possessed by a strong united Indian Church. It is a most hopeful sign that they are aiming at the furthering of every movement indicating the living and independent activity of the Indian Church.

There are other points of interest in the Report more or less directly connected with the special subject under discussion. But enough has been said to show the main facts brought out in it regarding the progress of Christianity in India. The number of Indian Christians is still small; and they are often scattered abroad over the country in small communities or lonely groups. Many of them have made inestimable sacrifices for their faith; and almost all of them have a specially hard battle to fight. They deserve our sympathy; and they still need our help. On the other hand, the number of Indian Christians is increasing very rapidly; and it may be expected that the rate of increase will grow greater as Christian society expands and Christian principles are more widely known. The Indian Churches, too, are not only growing in numbers but in character and strength. Their members are becoming more and more respected by their neighbours; and the Churches are becoming more self-reliant. The progress and development of Indian Christianity is more and more on Indian lines; and there is good ground to hope that the Church Catholic will receive a valuable contribution to its life and spirit from the Churches of India.

A. H. L. FRASER.

*ATHENIAN AND BRITISH DEMOCRACY:**A PARALLEL*

WHENEVER we turn to that chapter of ancient history which records the struggle for supremacy in the civilised world of those far-off days between Athens and Sparta, side by side with the strong human interest evoked, we are at once aware of a conflict also in movement between two eternally hostile principles, as if once more, as on the plain of Troy, Pallas and Ares stood confronting each other amid the opposing ranks, and by their presence lending significance and distinction to the deeds of the combatants engaged in that historic and epic encounter—so different in result from Homer's idealised conception. No longer disguised or modified by poetic thought, the virile qualities personified in the war-god of Paganism assert their natural superiority over those symbolised by the beautiful image of the protectress of the arts, and, in the long drawn-out agony of the Peloponnesian war, certain constitutional weaknesses manifested themselves in the democratically governed State, so that at last she fell before the superior discipline of her less alert, less civilised, less humanitarian opponent. Among these weaknesses a supersensitiveness to those sympathies on which a dramatist relies for his most moving effects takes a foremost place. Alone of ancient communities Athens is said to have possessed an altar to Pity, and doubtless in its inception the worship so encouraged sprang from an elevated feeling of commiseration for the unfortunate, and is an instance among others of Greek, and more particularly Athenian, ideals anticipating Christian teaching. On the other hand, we rarely find that this appeal to the higher nature of the Athenian people prevented such atrocities as the destruction of the unoffending republic of Melos, or the slaughter of Spartan prisoners after the victory of Arginusæ; while, in domestic politics, it grew to be entirely baneful when, in the course of the latter half of the fifth century B.C. and during the following period of diminished splendour, the sentiment on which it rested degenerated into a morbid self-pity on the part of a democracy whose ingenuity in the State-shattering science of legislative and judicial confiscation has rarely found a parallel.

Here, however, in modern England at the commencement of the twentieth century of our era, under the democratic, the Hellenic influences surrounding us—and which obviously extend to so apparently unconnected a matter as feminine attire—a parallel in administrative and legislative methods which continually becomes closer and more significant is gradually disclosing itself, and, as so strong a resemblance could hardly have arisen but for a long course of analogous circumstances leading up to the present state of things, a rapid survey of those events which seem to correspond in the annals of these two peoples—both of whom relied on their ‘wooden walls’ not only for safety and empire, but for separate national existence—should possess more than a merely historical or literary interest; and, by a clearer view of the past, furnish a guide to our conduct in future. If, as we think will appear, an inherent and organic similitude can be traced in the principles that have presided over the growth and development of these two otherwise unique democracies, may we not suppose that, given similar external conditions, such as might at any time prevail, a similar destiny has been prepared for them? If the Age of Pericles (and Cleon) resemble the period of English history which has drawn so much inspiration from Mr. Gladstone (and Mr. Lloyd George), if the strange cults which sapped the earlier faith and diminished the social influence of the Eupatrids resemble, at least in this result, the various new theologies or no-theologies received among our own leisured classes, may we not reasonably infer that the Athens mourned over by Euripides and mocked at in the wild laughter of Aristophanes will have a British counterpart? Although, like circles traced round a cone at different altitudes, the two orbits vary immensely in circumference, the figures described closely correspond, the smaller having the advantage of coming more conveniently within the field of observation. As to environment, the miniature continent of ancient Greece presents a very truthful epitome of modern Europe, the various States divided into two groups dominated by two rival Powers, one military and aristocratic, the other democratic and commercial. It is this rivalry, involving as it does a conflict not only of nationalities but also of irreconcilable principles, which seems likely to produce the external conditions required to complete the comparison. Sparta was, of course, as Socialistic as Athens—possibly more so—as Germany is more Socialistic than England; the difference in principle here involved is as to whether Socialism (on which all seem agreed) should be administered from above or from below, for the benefit of the whole or of a class.

Partly in consequence of the disparity in mere bulk between England and Attica, between the oversea dominion of Athens and

the World-Empire regulated from Westminster, political tendencies developed more rapidly in the Greek State than with us, and a century of national life in England (where until recently Government was less under the eye of the electorate) may fairly be contrasted with the thirty years or so usually assigned to a generation in the more fervid atmosphere of Athens. From the middle of the sixth century B.C., when Pisistratus established his power by the expulsion of the Alcmaeonids, to the death of Pericles is a period of about 130 years, which, divided in four sections varying not too greatly in length, exhibits many points of striking similarity with the four centuries that follow the final overthrow of the House of York (1485) to the present time.

In both cases, if we consider the reign of Pisistratus to correspond with the Tudor dynasty, we begin with an enlightened despotism and great encouragement given to literature and the arts, and a general air of prosperity largely dependent on the personal character of the sovereign; the apparent calm in which both periods close being partly due to a kind of truce between the monarchical and democratic parties, each equally anxious to prepare for the conflict soon to ensue. But during the seventeenth century in England and in the twenty years that followed the death of Pisistratus, we enter upon a period of oppression, rebellion, and bloodshed, towards the middle of which the assassination of Hipparchus seems to differ very little in principle from the judicial murder of Charles. With the expulsion of the Pisistratids in 510 B.C., as with the termination of Stewart misrule at the close of the seventeenth century, begins a new period of constitutional change, steadily advancing in a popular direction, but generally under the guidance of certain noble families who enjoyed the confidence of their countrymen. In fact, the cogency of the comparison here instituted depends largely upon a general resemblance in character or temperament evidenced by the sense of restraint shown by both peoples during the truly great period of their history; upon that just balance of parties and interests which prevailed in Athens during the first fifty years of her political freedom, and remained unimpaired in England from the cessation of armed risings down to the close of Victoria's reign.

Regarding the thirty years which now elapse before the Persian invasion as compared with the course of affairs here in the eighteenth century, it is then that Athens lays the foundation of her colonial greatness, and also engages in many wars *upon her borders* which, though not exhausting, are of sufficient importance to supply her with the military and naval experience required in the life-and-death struggle which intervenes between this and the succeeding section. During the earlier portion of the term

she is much vexed by the efforts of the banished tyrants to return, as was the case here previous to '45. Probably, also, there was a general consolidation of those political institutions which seem to have reached their greatest perfection about the close of this period; and, although in this particular the analogy apparently fails, it must be remembered that but for the shock of the French Revolution the Reform Bill of 1831 might have passed forty years earlier.

At this point, however, we come to the most striking analogy of all. After three successive periods, each offering so many subjects of comparison, both States find themselves at the head of a coalition engaged in a gigantic conflict, the most tremendous in their own annals and fraught with consequences to mankind at large of unsurpassed significance, from which, guided by the aristocratic influences still preponderant in their political organisation, they emerge triumphantly, and secure for many years a position of acknowledged superiority among civilised communities. Although less firmly established than our own 'nobility and gentry' in the early years of the last century, the position of the Eupatrids seems to have been tolerably secure at the commencement of this time of expansion. Doubtless the omnipotent Athenian democracy estimated at their true value as essential to the early growth of a widely extended empire the higher intelligence, the aptitude for war and diplomacy, of a self-respecting nobility, and found in the occasional ostracism of an Aristides or a Cymon sufficient vent for the dislike of superior merit Demos invariably entertains. In spite of this universal propensity of democracies, the most intellectual race who have yet trod the earth recognised for a short time that a State to be effective must consist, like an army, of cavalry and artillery as well as foot soldiers, so that high birth and a well-attested descent from some hero were highly esteemed amongst them, and the 'risen' man who aspired to distinction might expect to hear many taunts levelled at his base origin. This mixture of distrust and consideration shown towards the Eupatrids suggests that, like the higher ranks in English society, they may have been partly of foreign extraction.

In the fourth section, longer and better known than the others—from the battle of Plataea to the commencement of hostilities with Sparta—towards the close of which certain changes were made in the judicature that seem to have placed the wealthier classes completely at the mercy of the proletariat (and their tax-gatherers the sycophants) we have a very exact counterpart of the hundred years now coming to a close, which began with the battle of Waterloo, where the independence of Europe was secured, and of which the last decade has just seen

the House of Lords deprived of all effective power to resist popular caprice.

Rapidly increasing numbers, commerce and wealth; a vastly extended colonial empire, with occasional revolts painfully suppressed; wars carried on generally at a distance from the seat of government; the popular encouragement of literature and art, as opposed to previous patronage by the noble or wealthy; and new theories on religion, are pretty obvious points of comparison; but more instructive is the course of domestic politics, in which the power and influence wielded by Cymon remind us of the position occupied by the Duke of Wellington before the repeal of the Corn Laws; while, apart from his military exploits, the career of Pericles—brilliant, enigmatic, and disastrous—has much in common with that of Mr. Gladstone, leading inevitably to the reign of the demagogues, and, with the elimination of aristocratic influence from a due share in the direction of affairs, to the decline of statesmanship, diplomacy, administrative efficiency, continuity of purpose, and public honesty.

This decline, however, takes place amid great civic magnificence. It is the Age of Pericles—or of Aspasia, as we have heard it called—and so, with some conception of the art of Phidias still visually apparent, and the eloquent flattery of the popular leader preserved for our edification almost in the words first listened to by the Tribes, we arrive at the fifth stage in the history of this strange people whose material empire was so soon to pass away, whose intellectual dominion seems coeternal with human intelligence, but to which our own annals have not yet afforded a parallel. In our case the fifth act of the drama has yet to be performed, and, although most of the threads from which it will be spun are known or may easily be surmised, so much depends upon Fortune, which in actual affairs takes the place of the dramatist's will, that no forecast can be very reliable. In Athens this fifth act, which closed with the surrender of the city, brought about by the almost ludicrous mismanagement of the fleet at Aegospotamos (a fine example of that 'cult of incompetence' which M. Faguet¹ attributes to all democracies), is written in characters of flame upon the page of history—as in truth is all that affected the main current of Athenian life—and the wail of agony which arose in Piraeus when the news of the disaster arrived, and, as Xenophon tells us, spread from mouth to mouth till it reached the Acropolis, banishing all thought of sleep that night, will move genuine pity in the hearts of his readers till the end of time.

We, on the other hand, are only just entering this fifth period,

¹ *The Cult of Incompetence*, by Emile Faguet, translated by B. Barstow. Murray, 1911.

and some entirely new factor may at any time arise to render vain the most convincing forecast and destroy further similitude. Such an eventuality, and perhaps it is the most probable, would be the gathering together and consolidation of the colonies under the military headship of the Mother Country into an overpowering confederacy. But, in the absence of this or any other deflective influence, the parallelism hitherto existent seems likely to continue, and other points of similarity, some of which have only recently emerged, may now be noted.

Of these perhaps the most striking is the estrangement, ever widening, between the English of to-day and the descendants of their old allies at Waterloo, compared with the growing animosity between the two principal allies at Plataea, which culminated in the Peloponnesian War. Neither Athens nor Sparta ever forgot that they had stood side by side in defence of Hellenic liberty, nor are we likely to forget that the grandfathers of the men who now oppose us were our stoutest allies a century ago; but their former friendship did not deter from long and ruinous warfare between the two Greek States, during which Greek civilisation lost its chance, or proved itself unworthy, of forestalling the world-wide dominion of Rome—although doubtless the sentiment connected with such memories saved the city from destruction after defeat. Far-reaching similitudes are also suggested by the manifest inferiority of our land forces compared with those of Germany, and the probability that England, like Athens, might be starved into submission with the loss of sea power. Again, in the sphere of colonial organisation, although we do not, like a Greek imperial city, exact a tribute or direct contribution from our great dependencies, yet the income derived from interest on loans, dividends, official salaries, military and other charges—especially in the case of India and Crown Colonies—is often, with however little reason, similarly resented.

Returning to home affairs, in regard to the high standard of conduct Queen Victoria did so much to erect and maintain in court circles, there appears, towards the close of the last century, to have been some falling off in this respect, one evidence of which was an unwise neglect of Sunday observance on the part of those in 'Society,' occasioning loss of esteem for their superiors among the peasantry, and corresponding diminution of aristocratic influence. This we have already indicated had its counterpart among the Eupatrids, who, as Thirlwall remarks, lost prestige by the encouragement they gave to new sects and by their evident contempt for the traditions and beliefs on which their power chiefly rested. Another tendency in modern England that has caused great disquiet, particularly among those responsible for the policy of free importations, is the increase of urban

population at the expense of the countryside. Here also the analogy continues, for shortly after the outbreak of hostilities with Sparta the agricultural districts were similarly, though more rapidly and to a greater extent, denuded; and the occupants of farm and vineyard forced to find fresh avocations within the 'long walls,' thus supplying the demagogues with the inexperienced and impoverished audience they desired. This was occasioned by the annual incursions of her enemies which Athens was unable to repel; but the unrestricted importation of foreign farm produce seems to have led here to a similar result both in town and country.

With an electorate largely composed of such material and wielding almost unchecked power, it is hardly surprising (either beneath the shadow of Britannia's trident or of the spear placed in the hand of the armed figure of Athene, her twin-sister in aspect) that schemes should be pushed on for depriving the provident and industrious of their economies, that great hardship and injustice should be inflicted on the minority who have nothing to gain from such schemes, and specious arguments adduced to excuse covetousness and quiet the consciences of those who seek legislative assistance to appropriate their neighbours' goods. Recent utterances on Tower Hill, at Limehouse, and elsewhere convey a fairly exact idea of the spirit that animated Athenian demagogy at the close of the fifth century B.C.; on the other hand, the spectacle of Athenian citizens engaged in the demolition of their own walls and fortifications at the bidding of a Spartan commander is a terrible reminder of the Nemesis attending on the national guilt of domestic pillage. The corrupting effect of politics pursued for class advantage, and to pay off old grudges, making the lower orders rely on official direction rather than on their own intelligence, and diverting national energy from productive pursuits, had then become apparent; but among ourselves the same malign influences are at work and have already led to an attack on the judicature highly reminiscent of Athenian practice. Now, also, that the upper classes no longer supply the greater number of our legislators, statesmen, and administrators, the commonalty are obtaining a direct control of public business which is almost an exact reproduction of the Athenian polity. The establishment of the Referendum would make it entirely so, for, with modern means of communication the will of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom could be expressed almost as quickly as that of the citizens of a considerable Greek town.

The result of this plebeian preponderance is that passing requirements of the least far-sighted and most improvident are preferred to great and permanent interests of the State. Time-

serving politicians who wish to control the vast sums now devoted by Government to what would formerly have been called 'charitable' purposes, have—like a certain apostle—the poor constantly on their lips, though, like that sad example of human weakness, they may have no real love for the unfortunate. The Altar of Pity is set up, and before it we are in danger of being led to sacrifice every principle of good government, our financial credit and reputation for honesty and fair dealing, the unity and integrity of our home dominions, the safety of our trade routes, and security against invasion. The costly social legislation of recent years, a fairly close reproduction of the Theoric Fund, has absorbed the revenues that should have provided the ships and men which Lord Roberts and all great administrators regard as indispensable to the maintenance of our position as a World Power; particularly in those waters where Greek and Persian, Roman and Carthaginian met and decided the early destinies of Europe. The relaxation of certain stringent, but perhaps necessary, rules affecting discipline in the Navy, recently suggested, further reminds us of the manner in which well-known principles of naval warfare were neglected by the newly appointed generals who allowed themselves to be surprised at Aegospotamos.

Those incompetent commanders were the successors of the six able leaders who, after the victory they had gained at Arginusae, were condemned to death on a trumped-up charge of having deserted the wounded. Not often, even at Athens, were such illustrious victims, including on this occasion the younger Pericles, claimed by the essentially pagan Goddess who presided at this altar (and undoubtedly the change in commands so effected led swiftly and unavoidably to the final disaster); but the case affords an invaluable example of the lengths to which a democracy saturated with the soul-destroying venom of self-pity may be carried under the malign influence of perverse oratory.

This episode, occurring as it does at a climax in the artistic, literary, and political history of the Greeks, rendered illustrious by the splendid qualities of the people of Athens, and by the genius of one of her most gifted sons—whose eminence both as soldier and scholar was but typical of his race—seems, as it were, placed like a lighthouse on a sunken rock by Providence to warn and instruct every succeeding age. And sad it is to see in this England we love, among whose rulers the Xenophontic virtues—devotional, aesthetic, practical, progressive, and adventurous—have been so often, so brilliantly, reproduced and reunited, that the warning is neglected, and a cult of mediocrity arising, with advocacy on the part of our public speakers and writers of ideals that can only lead to national and therefore individual abasement. On a previous page we found in the spirit which led originally

to the erection of the altar to Pity some resemblance to that divine feeling of compassion which pervades and softens Christianity. But the seed had fallen on stony or frost-bound soil, and in later days, when the institution emerges into the light of authentic history, we soon discover, if we may take a simile from Professor Drummond,² that the two things belong to separate kingdoms—that, like the fern leaf in a garden and its simulacrum on a frosty pane, the resemblance is but casual.

As an example, it would be difficult to find anything that Christianity approves in large bodies of men, provided with the necessities of life but naturally desiring greater comfort, combining together for the purpose of compelling their weaker but more frugal or more fortunate fellow-citizens to supply them with the coveted advantages. Neither despoiler nor despoiled has his ethical standard raised thereby.³ Both deteriorate, and the main purpose of Christian teaching—moral elevation, not material comfort—is frustrated. Whereas, forty years ago, when a Parliament which expressed the will of the middle class voted large sums, *principally provided by that class*, for the benefit of those beneath them, nothing could be more in harmony with the true spirit of Christian endeavour.

Enough has now been said of resemblances, and only those have been dwelt on that appear intrinsic and fundamental rather than fortuitous, but certain contrasts are equally instructive, and not less striking. Those who benefited by the Theoric Fund in Athens had fought or been prepared to fight for their country, and had lost relatives or friends in her service; but what entitling sacrifice has been made by the recipients of State bounty in a land protected by a volunteer army, and ships manned, and, for the most part, provided by others? Is it not also notorious that many neglect every maxim of prudence, and if danger seriously threatened would be fain to seek safety beyond the Atlantic among a kindred race? Another point is equally disadvantageous to ourselves, though in another way. Athens rose again after her great humiliation, and long remained a first-rate Power in the Hellenic world; but what could restore to England even her material prosperity if once, having been false to her great traditions,⁴ she lay

² *Natural Law in the Spiritual World.*

³ Command was laid upon the rich to give to the poor. The poor were not incited to take forcibly from the rich. That would have been to degrade them to the level of criminals. The vice of the present situation is that Parliament does not represent the moral sense of the nation, but is principally composed of paid emissaries of those who expect to receive State largess—hardly a subject for ecclesiastical benison.

⁴ Cobden refers to the resources of a populous and industrious country like England wielded by a warlike aristocracy as the most powerful combination for war that he knew of; but much has changed since that was written.

at the foot of a conqueror—unless, as at the time of the Norman invasion, the victor made it an integral part of his dominions? But the nation as we know it—the quintessence of Norman, Saxon, and Keltic qualities that has taken eight centuries to evolve in strict obedience to the impulse first imparted by William—would have become as much a thing of the past as was Periclean Athens in the time of Cicero, when he denied to the ‘flock of youths’⁵ who greeted the wealthy Roman tourist on his arrival even the poor attribute of physical beauty.

In no mere spirit of archaeological research have we advanced thus far. Deeply interesting as such studies ordinarily appear, they lose much of their attraction when issues of such unusual gravity impend, and if we have invoked some of the great figures of Antiquity, some scenes from the tragedy of pagan existence, it is but to throw light on the path we tread; also, perhaps, to try and awaken in the men and women of high cultivation and moral and intellectual authority who are likely to read these pages a keener sense of the responsibility attaching to those who urge on and strengthen the unreflecting multitude in their extravagant demands.⁶ But for the support accorded to such demands by religionists, philanthropists, Hellenists, dramatists, scientists, economists, and other ‘intellectuals’ who seem to consider that Socialism must now be worn by all who aspire to notoriety with a jaunty air, like a fashionable garment, the riot of waste and pillage, which began with the spiteful and infructuous Land Clauses of the Finance Bill of five years ago (a measure which, without adding to the comfort of any honest homestead, has reduced the value of the properties affected by a sum sufficient, if taken in the aggregate, to defray the cost of any modern war yet waged), would have died out for lack of moral sustenance, its true shape revealed when divested of sophistical adornment.

In conclusion, and in all humility, we would put it to some of those who speak in the name of religion, whether at times they are not a little deceived by some merely external resemblance to the ideals they wish to serve, by some fair-seeming that obtains support for what, in truth, is but an outpost of Paganism decorated with the emblems of Christianity, concerning which so many warnings are scattered through Holy Writ. Is the moral character of the poor man raised by putting into his hand a legislative weapon with which to exact tribute from his neighbour, who,

⁵ *De Nat. De.* i. 28.

⁶ To ‘heap the shrine of luxury and pride’ with the incense of adulation has been accounted a reproach to most eighteenth century writers. But is not the multitude now similarly flattered by those who, like the Unjust Steward, endeavour to conciliate the favour of their new master by sacrificing the property of the old?

though more frugal and prudent, is often sorely pressed to meet his obligations? Is a spirit of benevolence likely to be fostered in those who see the fruit of their self-restraint and foresight forcibly taken from them by highly salaried almoners, and distributed without their being even allowed to have the merit of giving?

Those, also, we would charge to abate somewhat of their zeal, at least for the present, in whom the 'glory that was Greece' awakens so much enthusiasm that they seek to reproduce it in this not entirely congenial soil; we would entreat them to give deeper consideration to the fate of that city where, together with the noblest, the most fallacious aspirations found their natural home—to the greed, superstition, and lowborn jealousy that caused the disaster at Syracuse, to the 3000 citizens slaughtered on the shores of the Hellespont as the ultimate result of the condemnation of the six victorious generals, to the proscription and death of Demosthenes, to the willed sterility remarked on by Polybius, and the decline from an imperial city to a mere academy and show sneered at by dilettante travellers. Let them also bear in mind that while England continued to increase in power and dignity, our statesmen and legislators preferred to emulate, and at times seemed almost to renew, the 'grandeur that was Rome'—a grandeur inseparably associated with the independence and authority of her Senate.

We hear nothing now of the *Pax Britannica*.

HENRY CLORISTON.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.

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'GOD'S TEST BY WAR': A FORECAST AND ITS FULFILMENT

[The following article appeared in this Review for April 1911. It contained so many truths appropriate to the present moment that I have thought it well to reproduce it in its entirety—with a few additional pages written by the author since the outbreak of war.—EDITOR, *Nineteenth Century and After*.]

AMIDST the chaos of domestic politics and the wavelike surge of contending social desires the biological law of competition still rules the destinies of nations as of individual men. And as the ethical essence of competition is sacrifice, as each generation of plants or of animals perishes in the one case, or toils or dares in the other, that its offspring may survive, so with a nation, the future of the next generation is determined by the self-sacrifice or the absence of self-sacrifice of that which precedes it.

The bud flowers and the flower dies, and, dying, flings its seeds on the winds to produce, if it may be, a wider re-creation of itself. And in the animal world the sacrificial impulse of maternal love fronts all peril and endures all suffering that its young may live.

That impulse, in the later manifestations of evolution, is the

root source of all human families, and of all human morality. And it finds its crown in patriotism, in the sacrifice which a nation makes to fulfil the trust which it has inherited from its fathers, and to hand down that heritage, not diminished but increased, to the generations that succeed.

If the springs of national action fail ; if at a crisis when international rivalry is acute a given generation shrinks from the effort and the sacrifice necessary to self-preservation, then that generation is a traitor at once to its past and to its future. It dishonours the dead, who, in their earthly hour, did make that effort and that sacrifice when the time called for these. To those noble dead it is an ingrate, and of its own children it is the fraudulent betrayer. For what it has, that it has received on the implicit condition that it shall pass it on. The soul is gone out of a people when it recoils from a duty which the claims of its history and of its posterity alike impose. Has the soul gone out of England, or does it still inhere?

England is still the heart and core of the aggregation of nations and of races which owe allegiance, not to her, but to the crown of her sovereign—that crown whose influence the ages have extended into the wide spaces of the world. Considered from the standpoint of the true Imperialist, England is but a province ; but she is a pivotal province, the pivotal province of the British Empire. Upon her shoulders rests the main weight of that Empire's burden. From her long-suffering taxpayers is derived by far the major portion of the revenue which supports the British Navy and the British Army. By her sons those Services are chiefly manned. Withdraw from their support the wealth of England, withdraw from their ranks her men, and the fabric of Empire must fall like a house of cards. For Scotland and Wales and Ireland contribute but a relatively small part of the money, and—though perhaps in a greater proportion—still far the lesser number of the men. This is a fact inseparable from their inferiority in population and in wealth. As for the oversea dominions of the King, they are but now beginning to awaken to the realities of the world of competing nations of which they are a part. They have but begun to move in earnest, and, with the exception of New Zealand,¹ they have as yet given no contribution to the common defence in the least proportionate to their financial or their numerical power. If England fell suddenly from her place in the House of the British peoples ; if the support of the Flag were left with the oversea dominions, plus 'the Keltic fringe,' and the lowlands of Scotland, then there would be a speedy end of the British Râj.

¹ True in March 1911, when this was penned, but happily no longer true in August 1914. The aid from Canada and from Australia, as well as from New Zealand, is coming in no stinted tide.—H. F. W., 1914.

We may ask again, then, what of England? Is the heart that once was hers still strong to dare and to resolve and to endure? How shall we know? By the test. What test? That which God has given for the trial of peoples—the test of war.

Does this mean that with an insanity of action exceeding even the madness of neglected preparation England is to precipitate the unready Empire into conflict with the prepared and watchful foe? It does not imply any such criminal folly.

What it does imply is that victory is the result of efficiency, and that efficiency is the result of spiritual quality. Self-sacrifice, self-denial, temperance, hardihood, discipline, obedience, order, method, organising power, intelligence, purity of public life, chastity, industry, resolution, are some only of the national and individual attributes which go towards producing the efficiency of modern armaments. And the efficiency or inefficiency of its armaments is the determining factor of a nation's success, or of a nation's failure, at that culminating moment of long processes of commercial and diplomatic rivalry—the moment of war.

Thus, then, efficiency in war, or rather efficiency for war, is God's test of a nation's soul. By that test it stands, or by that test it falls. This is the ethical content of competition. This is the determining factor of human history. This is the justification of war.

In the realms of sub-human life, in the world of animals, as in the world of men, this law, perhaps so modified that its working would have been to us undiscernible, must still have prevailed. At least the tendency must have persisted that the higher organism should conquer the lower. For if there had been no such tendency, how could the higher organism have constantly emerged?

In the sweep of the ages, in the passage of time, the qualities that make for victory have assumed, gradually, nobler hue. In the confused conflicts of earlier times to detect the secret process by which the higher tended ever to supersede the lower must have been hard indeed. Many are the cases recorded in the annals of mankind when might has struck down right. Many more must be the unrecorded instances when the like occurred. But the course of development of human society depends not on exceptions, however numerous, but on the rule. And the rule was, as analysis shows, not that 'might was right,' but that *right always tended to create might*. By 'right' is here intended no artificial conception, and no imagined claim to territory. For supposititious 'rights' of this kind have in history no validity save when based on force. What is meant is a righteousness of national life which included all or most of the qualities enumerated above as producing efficiency in war. This is the only kind of 'right' possessed by a people which has enduring value.

As regards the present, the truth of these statements can hardly be doubted by any reasoning mind. As regards the past, the briefest survey of salient fact will establish their correctness. The triumph of the Greeks over the Persians was the triumph of a higher civilisation and a nobler manhood. Marathon and Salamis were as the swords that kept the gates of Europe against the barbarian, and they were the direct fruit of a lofty spirit inhabiting a great race. When, later, the Macedonian phalanx penetrated the East, that penetration represented the victory of the higher intelligence and the greater discipline. The sequent overthrow of Greek by Roman was the result of an austere morality, of a deeper devotion to national ends and of a more perfect union. Each one of these three events meant the advance of mankind : each was the product of a military efficiency founded on a higher morale.

But if these instances are in themselves striking ; if these scenes in the drama of the development of man exhibit the working, through war, of what Matthew Arnold called ' A something not ourselves that makes for righteousness ' ; far more impressive, far more awful, is the tremendous tragedy of which they were the prologue, and which bisects the history of the Western world. Towards the close of the fifth century, says Professor Freeman, ' civilisation perished in blood and flames.' It is a brief phrase. Who is there who can realise its full intent ? But the question we ask here is, why this gigantic catastrophe occurred—this disaster which flung back the march of human thought and human science for a thousand years ? If there be one thing certain, it is that civilisation tends to become stronger than barbarism. How comes it then that civilisation fell before barbarism ?

The answer to that question is to be found in the decay of the military spirit among the Roman people. That decay again was itself the product of the degeneracy of public and private morality. In other words, civilisation perished because its spiritual quality failed. Not all the arts, nor all the literature, nor all the splendour and the refinements of the Roman world saved that world from destruction at the hands of Vandals and of Goths. Ruthless, inexorable, the law of the survival of the fittest trampled on the corrupt. Of that law, war is the supreme instrument, and of war, in the long passage of the centuries, the deciding factor is the soul.

This is not the doctrine of the market place, or of the political pulpit. In the English-speaking world, when the stern virtues which alone lead to national survival are decaying, it is not teaching likely to be popular. But it happens to be the inner truth which analysis of history reveals.

Let those who dispute this conclusion test the validity of their denial by applying it, not to the past, but to the present. Take

away from the Japanese their patriotism, their public spirit, their discipline, and their vast capacity for self-sacrifice, and, after these withdrawals, what will then remain of their naval and military power? Only the shell without the kernel; only the material without the moving spirit which gives that material life. Truly the question answers itself.

Let a like subtraction be made from the qualities possessed by the German legions, and how much of their present menace to Europe will remain? Take from the nations which have produced these forces their persevering industry and their resolute thoroughness, and then say whether their navies and their armies will retain their potency. Or fill these countries with debauchery, destroy the sanctities of family life, make sexual immorality in its widest sense not the exception, but the rule, and then consider how long either Germany or Japan would retain its place in arms.

But if it be true, as these and like considerations go to prove, that warlike efficiency at the present time is the price of moral and spiritual quality, and perishes if such quality die, then must not similar attributes have tended throughout history to produce similar effect?

The same causes must always have tended towards the same results, but the purpose immanent in the universe becomes more manifest as evolution proceeds. When the processes of war are crude, and when the scale on which it is waged is small, the effects are far less evident of those great underlying causes which in the passage of generations have produced, despite all exceptions, their destined ends. But now when armaments are the epitomes of nations, and when the capacity to bear those armaments sums up the progress of a people, those who have eyes to see can at last divine the ethical content of war. Defeat in war is the fruit of naval and military inefficiency, and that inefficiency is the inevitable sequel to moral decay. Victory in war is the method by which, in the economy of God's providence, the sound nation supersedes the unsound, because in our time such victory is the direct offspring of a higher efficiency, and the higher efficiency is the logical outcome of the higher morale.

At the stage of development which mankind has now reached, those great human families which we call nations still constitute in the main the fundamental divisions of the whole race. These nations possess for the most part an intense organic life of their own. They are in fact individual organisms. Each organism, while health animates it, feels the same impulse to grow and to compete with its rivals for increased means of subsistence which all knowledge and all experience present to our eyes in the sphere of biology, of which sphere nations in actual fact form a part.

And just as in the earlier and humbler domains of that sphere

the higher type ever tended to survive, so in this later period of biological development the higher and the nobler people tends always to secure victory in that culmination of international competition which we call war. Hence it follows that if the dream of short-sighted and superficial sentimentalists could be fulfilled—that is to say, if war could suddenly be rendered henceforth impossible upon earth (which is at present impracticable)—the machinery by which national corruption is punished and national virtue rewarded would be ungeared. The higher would cease to supersede the lower, and the course of human evolution would suffer arrest.

This is a conception of the function of war which (as I venture to believe) has not been hitherto placed directly before the public. It is a conception which will be profoundly repugnant to those who think that they know better than the Power behind phenomena how the affairs of this, and perhaps of other worlds, ought to be arranged. Ceaseless efforts are being made alike in the United Kingdom and in the United States to destroy what remains of the military spirit in the Anglo-Saxon race. War, and the preparation for war, without which it brings defeat, are represented as barbaric survivals which can be abolished by international agreements.

With such an object Mr. Carnegie has recently invested two millions sterling in a trust, with, it is said, the sagacious proviso that the balance, after the object has been attained, shall be devoted to some further worthy end. At the present epoch of the world's history, Mr. Carnegie might just as well have created a trust for the abolition of death, with the understanding that after this trifling change in human conditions had been achieved, the remaining funds should be assigned to the endowment of asylums for the imbecile.²

For however frightful an evil war may appear, it is at any rate far less fatal to the human race than death, of whose manifestations it is a part. But than the part the whole is greater, and thus is death greater than war. Yet death is essential to human life, as we know it. For if there were no death, how would the existence of mankind upon this planet be thinkable? At all events, the increase of such life would have had to cease thousands of years before the present era, so that none of those who are now shocked by the idea of war would ever have been born. For if there had been no death since life first stirred, far back in the depths of terrestrial time, then long ago, unless soon the growth of that life had ceased, there would have been no more room for

¹ Judging from reports of his recent utterances, it would seem that Mr. Carnegie's attitude has been much modified by present occurrences.—H. F. W., 1914.

vegetation, or for animals, for fishes, or for men. Nay, more—since all life, other than that of vegetation, thrives on other life, ceaseless starvation must have been the lot of all sentient things.

The dream of a planet, traversing space, deep laden with stirless and foodless masses of life, life sentient, life individual, piled in its myriad millions of units into mountains higher than Atlas—life doomed to endure through the æons because it cannot die—this dream exceeds in horror any vision which Dante ever imagined of the innermost hell.

The paradox, therefore, is true that in this globe of ours (as probably in all other worlds throughout space which life inhabits) death is the condition of the increase of life.

But of death war is the scythe. Throughout the periods of biological time war has been the road to food, and since man was developed, war has been the condition of human advance. Men may fear war as they fear death, and shudder as they hear war's footfall (never far removed) encompass the edifice of their house of national being. But as, despite its horrors, death is still essential to mankind, so also is war.

Death and war, those grim twin brethren, ride the rush of this world's tide and put the bit in the mouth of man.

If, therefore, we could conceive that, far on in the ages, that which is mortal should become immortal, in a sense not spiritual but material, then, as we have just seen, this immortality will bring another kind of death—the death of physical increase. For in any limited sphere physical immortality and physical increase cannot co-exist. But if in like manner we dared to conceive the cessation of war, then we must also conceive the cessation either of sin or else of human progress. For now defeat in war is the punishment of national unrighteousness, but, then, that punishment would cease. Where there was corruption, that corruption would continue; where there was oppression, that oppression would abide. Though infamy brought weakness, weakness would not bring overthrow. Though righteous dealing brought national strength, national strength would not bring national victory. Therefore if, while nations remain, war is to be abolished, then unless the degeneracy of peoples can also be prevented, 'there shall be no more war' must mean 'there shall be no more progress.'

But suppose that we seek to conceive some distant date, some day still in the depths of coming time, when, through intermarriage following intercommunication, all nations and all races shall have been merged into a single whole, when, throughout the bounds of our planet, one tongue is spoken, and nations make no more war because there are no more nations, would what is impossible now become possible then? Since in this our day

the operative cause of war is international competition, would the removal of that cause remove war also?

Not necessarily, because as civil war has in the past often been waged within an individual nation, so it might be waged then within the one nation of mankind. In generations not very remote wars have been waged for religion, and wars have been waged for ideas. Even now in Africa, in Asia, and in Eastern Europe great numbers of fighting men exist who are ready to die in battle for their creed. (These are they who believe in one God and in Mahomet as His prophet, and their faith is not waning, but increasing.) Therefore, though, while nations last, the present cause of conflicts must endure, the abolition of nations would not inevitably involve the abolition of war. In such a distant time as that which we are here contemplating, the inhabitants of this world may have arranged themselves in divisions other than national, and, as now between nations, so then between those divisions, competition may produce war. So long as those conditions lasted, the machinery for securing ethical advance would remain. Because righteousness brings warlike efficiency, therefore in the majority of cases righteousness as now would triumph over its opposite. But if those conditions ended; if the possibility of war absolutely passed away; then, *unless in the meantime human nature had radically changed*, the upward march of human morality would terminate, because the terrific punishment which war provides for human degeneracy would be removed. In other words, war will cease to be a necessity only when corruption ceases to be a fact.

If this argument possess validity, then the deduction follows that while human nature remains what it is at present, war must retain its place beside death as a vital and essential part of the economy of God. The Lord of Hosts has made righteousness the path to victory. In the crash of conflict, in the horrors of battlefields piled with the dead, the dying, and the wounded, a vast ethical intention has still prevailed. Not necessarily in any given case, but absolutely certainly in the majority of cases, the triumph of the victor has been the triumph of the nobler soul of man. Though to this rule history may furnish a thousand exceptions; though in history war has been made a thousand times over the instrument of cruel oppression and of diabolical wrong, yet in that great majority of instances which determines general result the issue of war has made for the ethical advantage of mankind. It must have been so; it could not be otherwise, because ethical quality has tended always to produce military efficiency.

With true insight, therefore, did Tennyson write of 'The Battle-Thunder of God.' He has made of war His instrument wherewith to subdue nations who have broken His laws, but those

who would read the processes of His Courts in the ages of the past must take for their study, not generations, but centuries, and groups of centuries. They must survey time as from a mountain summit, and then in the vast horizon they can discern the flashing of His lightning and hear the rolling of that thunder of which the discharge has purified, from epoch to epoch, the atmosphere of the world.

But to those whom the exceptions to this law of God appal; to those who can see in former conflict only confusion and purposeless slaughter and evil often triumphant over good—to these the contemplation of the present working of this same law among mankind, as mankind now is, may well bring comfort and assuaging hope.

For, as always with great sequences of cause and effect, the vaster the scale the plainer the connexion. As humanity gathers itself into larger divisions, the instances in which in war the unrighteous smite down the righteous must tend ever to become rarer and yet more rare. A small people, a State of limited extent and insignificant resources, even though of high military efficiency, must always have been exposed to overthrow by overwhelming numbers in a conflict with some greater foe or coalition of foes, even though these were of inferior military virtue to its own. But if in place of a small people we have a great one, and, instead of a little State, one of wide extent and immense resources, and if the people of this State possess military virtue of a high kind, then it is manifest that the probability of their being crushed by the numerical preponderance of inferior antagonists, if not altogether removed, becomes at least far less than in the former case. Moreover, as has been already partly shown, the relationship between righteousness of national life on the one side, and military efficiency on the other, is incomparably plainer in modern days than in earlier centuries, or, for the sake of example, let us say, eight hundred years ago.

Now, in wars between great peoples, vast and coherent organisation is necessary to secure national victory. Now, immense armaments have to be created, and the power to produce and to sustain those armaments, and to inform them with the spirit of life, is the measure of the whole moral and economic capacity of a people. Moreover, such capacity must be developed on the lines on which human evolution is proceeding—that is to say, on the lines on which the Power behind phenomena is working—or else it fails of effect. For no nation which hides its talents in a napkin, no nation which has not energy and ability can either render efficient, or long support, the vast navies and armies of our time. Preparation for war is the enemy of sloth. Preparation for war is the dissolvent of apathy. Victory is the prize not alone

of present self-sacrifice and present energy, but also of previous self-sacrifice and previous energy. Briefly, victory is the crown of moral quality, and therefore, while nations wage war on one another, the 'survival of the fittest' means the survival of the ethically best.

When we examine the past in the light of this truth we have already seen that some of the greatest movements among mankind bear witness to it. But I suggest that there is room here for a new science of history, and space for a new field of human thought. To look back through the vistas of the past upon the struggles of nations and the conflicts of States; to test the law that morality tends to bring victory by the knowledge which historians possess of the social conditions of warring rivals; to judge where and how far the rule has applied and where and how far it has failed—these are surveys calculated to widen the human mind by a new outlook, and to carry lessons vital to our modern world.

When in the fourteenth century the archers of England shot death into the ranks of the chivalry of France; when England alone among the peoples of Europe possessed an infantry which had predominant value in war, was not the prowess of those good English yeomen the direct product of a national life superior in its social state and in its moral quality to that of the French, or perhaps of any other European people of that day? If so, Crecy and Poitiers and Agincourt were the direct outcome of a higher military efficiency proceeding from a higher morale.

Again, when in Elizabethan days the Puritan mariners of our seaports laid the foundation of empire by vindicating at the cannon's mouth the freedom of the seas, was there not in those men, in their daring, in their initiative, in their stern energy, moral quality of a high kind—of a kind higher than that of the Spaniard whom they vanquished?

These are but instances of that vast and as yet untrodden field of history in which is to be sought the part which moral quality has played in determining the rise and the decline of nations, the moral impulse that has led to victory, and the moral decay that has preluded defeat.

But if study conducted on these lines would illumine the past, far more would it illumine the present. Why is it that now, when their material resources are greater far than any of which in recorded time any people ever boasted, the whole Anglo-Saxon race, alike in the British Empire and in the United States, is in visible peril of overthrow at the hands of rivals far poorer, in the case of Japan, and in that of Germany of dominions incomparably less rich and less extended? Because their women shrink from motherhood and their men from the practice of arms. And of both avoidances the cause is the same, namely, the absence of

that spirit of self-sacrifice which is the very essence of spiritual life. If that spirit dominated England to-day, would Englishmen decline the first duty and the first privilege of all who are not serfs—the duty and the privilege of rendering themselves fit to defend that freedom which their manlier forefathers won for them and left to them? If Englishmen were worthy of that bequest, would they hide, as now, careless of the claims of Empire, behind their ships? And would they, while crouching thus, suffer—with a madness of folly to which history affords few parallels—the relative decline even of the very fleet which is their only safeguard, until, within three years from now, they must have either but a bare equality to Germany in the North Sea—twenty-one British to twenty-one German Dreadnoughts—or else surrender the Mediterranean, and with it Malta, Egypt, and the route to the East, to the mercy of Germany's pledged allies? ³

The truth is that armaments are the reflexion of the national soul. The immense naval and military strength of Germany is the reflex of moral and social conditions better than our own. The excess of her birth-rate over ours (and still more over that of France) is in itself the proof of that superiority. For the growth of her population involves not the production of degenerates, but of a sound and vigorous race. Patriotism, public spirit, frugality and industry are the essential moral factors which render possible the vast armed force which Germany wields. And in all these factors it must be admitted, with whatever shame and sorrow, that she surpasses England. Therefore, if in the gigantic process of international competition England fall before Germany—which fate may God avert—then that fall will follow from no other destiny than the destiny inwoven with the universal law which in this article I have attempted to set forth, the law that the higher morality tends to produce the greater military strength.

If in all these considerations any force be admitted to inhere, then clearly the duty of patriotism and of preparation for war is reinforced ten thousandfold. If what has been here advanced is sound, then from every pulpit in the land the voice of exhortation should be heard, urging every man and every woman to serve God in and through service to their country.

The discovery that Christianity is incompatible with the military spirit is made only among decaying peoples. While a

³ The fatuity of German diplomacy, lately and forcibly pointed out by M. Hanotaux, has produced the neutrality of Italy, which may conceivably before long be converted into co-operation with the *Triple Entente*. But had Italy adhered to the Triple Alliance, the Anglo-French position in the Mediterranean would have been one of extreme difficulty, and we might have had to reinforce our weak squadron in that sea with additional Dreadnoughts drawn from home waters. German battleship construction has not proceeded quite so rapidly as was anticipated in 1911.—H. F. W., 1914.

nation is still vigorous, while its population is expanding, while the blood in its veins is strong, then on this head no scruples are felt. But when its energies begin to wither, when self-indulgence takes the place of self-sacrifice, when its sons and its daughters become degenerate, then it is that a spurious and bastard humanitarianism masquerading as religion declares war to be an anachronism and a barbaric sin.

Yet this cry of weakness is sporadic only and alters no world facts. War remains the means by which, as between nations or races, the universal law that the higher shall supersede the lower continues to work. From Great Britain and from the United States, whence the military spirit is passing away, this bleat of feebleness is now proceeding. But it is not heard among the two most energetic and efficient peoples now upon earth. It is not heard in Germany, and it is not heard in Japan. The wolf who has lost his teeth does not wish to fight, but the wolves whose jaws are still strong do not share his pious desire.

Even while this article has been penned, a new and astonishing outburst of sentimentality has been witnessed in the Anglo-Saxon world. President Taft has declared himself, according to report, in favour of the application of the principle of arbitration even to questions involving national honour and national independence. One single interrogation is sufficient to display the utter hollowness of this attitude. Is the President of the United States willing to submit the Monroe doctrine to such arbitrament? And if the award of the Jurists of the Hague Tribunal is given against him, are he and the people of whom he is the official chief willing to see, first the inhabitants of Japan, and, in sequent time, the myriads of China, pour into South America and Mexico, found States under their own flag, and establish an immense military organisation on the land frontiers of unarmed, English-speaking North America? Nay, if the Japanese claimed, and the Court of Arbitration allowed, an unrestricted immigration of the yellow race into the Anglo-Saxon area, is this generation of United States citizens ready passively to submit? If so, then those citizens are potentially slaves already, and they deserve the doom which would inevitably be theirs, for they would be guilty of the greatest act of betrayal, alike of their forefathers and of their posterity, of which the annals of mankind record any trace.

But if, as is of course the fact, the people of the States, even though they appear to have lost all military instinct, are yet not so deeply degraded as to incur this gigantic infamy, then their refusal withdraws an entire continent from arbitral award, it denies to the yellow nations what to them seem their most natural and righteous demands, and it fixes the determination of the latter

to achieve by war those great ends which in no other way can they possibly attain.

The real Court, the only Court, in which this case can and will be tried is the Court of God, which is war. This Twentieth Century will see that trial, and in the issue, which may be long in the balance, whichever people shall have in it the greater soul of righteousness will be the victor.

This single instance suffices to show the unutterable folly of all those in this country, or in the States, who imagine that, in any time to which the eye of living man can see, artificial agreements can arrest national growths.

But the full absurdity of this idea becomes revealed only when we reflect upon the nature of the considerations which alone must guide the Board of Jurists who are to decide the destiny of nations and the distribution of races upon earth. They will have to make that decision in accordance with the existing *status quo* and with bits of paper which are written treaties. But the *status quo* is the very thing which, in the case of America, the yellow race claims the right to smash. And in face of such a claim, the bits of paper are bits of paper and nothing else.

The Hague Tribunal would say in effect to the Japanese plaintiff: 'Three hundred years ago the ancestors of some few of the present denizens of the United States went to America, and in the course of these three subsequent centuries their descendants, or other subsequent immigrants, or the descendants of these, practically extirpated the previous sparse population, overran the country, cultivated it, made roads and railways through it, and built great towns. Therefore, it is theirs to do with as they will, and if they choose to say that they will not suffer the unrestricted entrance of your own population, even as peaceful settlers, you must submit, because nothing short of compulsion by force, which is war, could alter this resolve. Recollect that war is wicked, and abandon accordingly your national ambitions. Moreover, you must remember that some eighty years ago, a President of the defendant Republic declared what is called "the Monroe doctrine," by which he asserted the intention of this Republic to prevent any non-American State from acquiring in future one foot of land in any part of the whole American continent. We are sorry that this intention should so completely frustrate your national desires, but it still holds, and it cannot be broken except by war, which the supporters of this Monroe doctrine, like their kinsfolk in England, consider to be wrong and do not want to have. Indeed they are not prepared for it. Therefore, go away, and be good.'

Japan might say in reply: 'That the defendant Republic is

in present possession of the territory which it claims as its own, or that it has long enjoyed that territory, is no reason why we should be kept out of it now. They have had their turn and we mean to have ours. Let them keep us out if they can. As for their Monroe doctrine, it seems to us the most monstrous claim of which we have ever heard. We are driven to desire new territory by the strongest impulses which can animate a nation. Our population is increasing with prodigious speed. Our men are warriors. They have fighting blood in their veins. We love our country and we desire the increase of its power and its dominion with a passion which you pale Westerns seem no longer able to understand. We have made already great efforts and great sacrifices to secure the ascendancy of our race in coming time, and we are ready and eager to make greater efforts and greater sacrifices yet. We will win that ascendancy, or we will die. At this very moment we are absolute masters of the waters of the Eastern hemisphere of the globe. The waning fleet of Britain is tied to its own shores by the German menace. The Fleet of the United States recently took four months to pass, during peace, from its Atlantic to its Pacific seaboard. It would require time still longer during war, because it could not coal at neutral ports.⁴ When it arrived, we think we could treat it as we treated the Russian fleet in the Straits of Tsu-shima. At any rate, that issue we are prepared to submit—not to you—but to the God of battles.

Moreover, we have already taken steps and expended substance in order to make sure in advance of victory against the United States. Many thousands of our troops are already established in the guise of settlers on the Pacific slope and in Mexico, and as we could reinforce them to the full extent of our military strength through our complete command of the sea, it is even now beyond the power of the States to expel them. They have been warned of all this by a book called *The Valour of Ignorance*, and their War Department has reported to their Congress that an army of 450,000 men is required for either seaboard. But they pay no heed, and therefore our chance is now at hand. Their politicians are ignorant of history and of war. Their men are, like women, untrained to arms. They gather wealth without seeing that wealth undefended is wealth that an enemy may seize. Unless they soon acquire that training, they shall be, ere many years are past, as hewers of wood and drawers of water to the yellow peoples. You tell us that war is wrong. We think it in exact accordance with the nature of man, we are certain that it is

⁴ The approaching completion of the Panama Canal, of course, promises to alter this state of affairs greatly to the advantage of the United States.—H. F. W., 1914.

in accordance with our own nature, and we see in it the only means by which a virile nation can supersede a nation that has grown soft. Perish your Hague Tribunal, with its old woman's babble, and let Japan go forward.'

This reply is substantially the real answer which is now being made, not in words, but in acts, by Japan to the sentimentalists of England and of the United States.

In a strain not dissimilar is Germany by her acts giving response: 'Our population also, like that of Japan, is still growing fast. We need outlets for it, and because the sense of nationality is strong within us, we desire, and we will have, those outlets under our own flag. But when we look forth into the world, we find all those temperate regions wherein our German folk might live and multiply and flourish already occupied by the Anglo-Saxon race, either in the British Empire, or in the United States, or in the rest of the American continent throughout which the Monroe doctrine forbids us to found our Colonies. Like Japan, we seek ascendancy, and we seek dominion, and we seek also the material wealth which we think dominion will bring. Moreover, we too are a nation trained to arms, and we too have shown in the past, and are ready to show again, that we are capable of sacrifice to fulfil what we deem should be our national destiny.

'But the British Isles, and the British Navy based on those Isles, are geographically interposed between us and the attainment of our national ambition. England, with that Navy, is as an armed bastion or outwork of the United States placed far on the east of the Atlantic. We cannot strike at her daughter States, we cannot strike at the great Republic, until we have defeated that Navy, until we have stormed that bastion. Therefore we will remain friends, the best of friends, with the remoter half of Anglo-Saxondom, until we shall have crushed that nearer half of it which lies at our doors. To achieve this end we have been steadily building a great fleet, and we have secured the co-operation of two allies, Austria and Italy, both of whom are now proceeding to build Dreadnoughts. Within three short years the fleets of the Triple Alliance will be a match for that of England, unless in the meantime England awakens to the reality of her situation and makes a great shipbuilding effort. To meet that effort by a similar effort might impose on us a financial strain which we shun. Therefore we must try by our diplomacy to avert the need.

'For this reason we should be more than willing—we should be eager—to agree with England not to lay down during the next two or three years more than the same number of battleships which she lays down herself. Then in three years the gain to

us will be immense, and the chance of England will be gone. For in three years her older armoured ships, her pre-Dreadnoughts, will be, like our own, out of date, and as she has now two of these to every one of ours, the resulting advantage to ourselves is as obvious as it will be great. Then she will have either to build against the Triple Alliance, which may be able, without impossible exertion, to lay down eight battleships a year, and other units in corresponding quantity, or else to cede her world position whenever we choose. But in any case (unless immediately she makes her effort) she will have in 1914 but a bare equality to her three united rivals, and if she is forced to fight us, either then, or even in the intervening time, she will be under terrible and crippling disadvantage.⁵

For in another direction also we have taken steps to secure her downfall. The life of her people depends on seaborne supply, and that supply we have devised measures to intercept. We have at least 128 merchant vessels fit to act as commerce destroyers, and all these we intend to convert into men-of-war on the high seas whenever we see fit to attack England. In all of these we shall have placed guns and ammunition, and by successive transformations from warships to merchantships, and *vice versa*, they will be able to coal in all neutral ports. England for three years, 1906, 1907, and 1908, almost ceased to build commerce-protecting cruisers, and hence she has now but twenty-seven in all the seas of the world outside Europe.

But this is not all our advantage. As the relative naval strength of England declines, as her power to defend her own merchantmen passes away, so does the assistance of the neutral become more vital to her. But if only her Government can be induced to ratify finally the Declaration of London, and to submit to the decisions of an International Prize Court, then her doom is sealed indeed. For by Article 34 of the Declaration, the substance of which we drew up, we have made all neutral ships, carrying food or other conditional contraband to English ports, subject to be captured or to be sunk by our cruisers or converted traders. Our object is to be able to create panic prices, and therefore famine, in England, and this object we think we have now secured.⁶

⁵ The case considered here was that which would have occurred had England been compelled to fight, alone, Germany, Italy, and Austria. This was undoubtedly the position in which Germany wished to place us. In the actual event, not only have the abstention of Italy and our alliance with France altered the naval situation as Germany had contemplated it, but the German Government had confidently expected our neutrality, and hence had probably not made full preparation to attack our seaborne trade.—H. F. W.

⁶ The Naval Prize Bill, which was to have established a species of international naval prize court at the Hague, for which court the Declaration of

'But now you of the Arbitration Court tell us that war is an infamy. To us it seems the only means of fulfilling national purpose. To us preparation for war seems the first business of a Government. We have not neglected that business. Since England, and if the United States have neglected it, let them pay for their supine folly.'

The fleets, the armies, and the diplomacy of Germany are in substance and effect speaking words like these throughout the world. Our forefathers would have heard this warning and met this peril, but now our public men, and many of the organs of our Press, appear incapable of analysis, and bent on nothing but the utterance of popular platitude. In nothing is this mental feebleness more plain than in the prevalent confusion of thought between an Anglo-American alliance, which is indeed a most urgent necessity in the interests of both peoples, and the idea of a universal alliance, precluding future war. This idea is, for the causes given, not only ineffably absurd, but also fraught with the most deadly mischief. Two unmilitary peoples, threatened by the same danger, speaking the same language, and largely even now of the same blood, may well find it expedient to unite such forces as they possess for their common defence against great armed nations. But to infer from the advisability of such a union that the reign of everlasting peace upon earth is about to begin, and that what remains of their military spirit may therefore soon be suffered to lapse, is the very negation of human reason, and the surest method of securing their common downfall. The whole circumstances of the world prove the direct opposite of such belief. Never was national and racial feeling stronger upon earth than it is now. Never was preparation for war so tremendous and so sustained. Never was striking power so swift and so terribly formidable. What is manifest now is that the Anglo-Saxon world, with all its appurtenant Provinces and States, is in the most direct danger of overthrow final and complete, owing to the decay of its military virtue, and of the noble qualities upon which all military virtue is built. Throughout that world, in churches and in chapels, on the platform, as in the pulpit, in the Press, and on the stage, which is our chief temple now, the voice of every God-fearing man should be raised, through the spoken or through the written word, to kindle anew the spark that is dying, to preach the necessity of self-sacrifice for the country's cause,

London was designed to provide a code of rules, was happily rejected by the House of Lords, and the Declaration consequently remained unratified. Now, taking example by France and Russia, our Government has agreed to follow generally the lines of the Declaration as modified in certain vital particulars. It is to be observed very specially that this decision has been only announced *after* command of the trade routes has been apparently secured. Circumstances alter cases.

and to revive that dying military spirit which God gave to our race that it might accomplish His will upon earth.

The shadow of conflict and of displacement greater than any which mankind has known since Attila and his Huns were stayed at Châlons is visibly impending over the world. Almost can the ear of imagination hear the gathering of the legions for the fiery trial of peoples, a sound vast as the trumpet of the Lord of Hosts.

HAROLD F. WYATT.

THREE YEARS AFTER

That forecast of world-moving strife which terminated the above article, written early in 1911, is now being terribly fulfilled. In the march of clashing hosts, in the crash of contending nations, in the roar of guns at sea, the fact that war is still the deciding factor in human affairs is being irrefutably proved. Whether in this drama of carnage, in this immense orgy of force, the divine governance of the world is still visible; whether, in the midst of battles, righteousness still reigns; is a question which pierces through the rent veneer of custom to the heart of stricken mankind.

The answer is obscure only because the general thought of the world has never directly faced the problem involved. The great majority of writers and thinkers, in modern time at least, have chosen to put war in a manner outside the scheme of the universe, as though it were a mere aberration in the machinery of law, a horror due always and on every side to the remnant of 'the tiger and the ape' still immanent in man. That war is a result of human nature may be instantly conceded, though that concession carries us no distance at all. That at some date, still far remote, a date which the children's children of no living man are likely to see, the human race, knit into a single whole, may climb to moral heights hitherto unattained may also be granted. Secure, after that ascent, from the causes of war, from the competition of nations for the means of life and growth, from the aggression, the greed, the loss of power which from that source proceed, and secure likewise from the envy of the poor and the luxury, producing that envy, of the rich, mankind may then pass to conditions hitherto undreamt—this, too, may be allowed.

But neither of these admissions solves the riddle of the place of war in the economy of God. The unity of His working is one of the greatest of the lessons of modern science, and the perception of that unity creates the inference that not alone upon this planet, but upon all planets throughout infinite space where physical life is present, war has been, even if in the case of some of those planets it has now ceased to be, the law of advance. At

any rate, since life first stirred on the face or in the forming waters of this earth of ours, that internecine struggle for survival, which is war, has been maintained. It is being maintained now, upon a scale unparalleled and with an intensity unsurpassed in the history of the world. With a larger consciousness than in days of yore the peoples of this globe watch this strife, while from thousands of lips and from millions of minds proceeds the spoken or unspoken query : Does God rule?

The foregoing pages, if the argument in them be approved, supply in some degree at least the answer to that inquiry. As we look back through the ages we seem to see that in the midst of the contests with which they are filled, righteousness remains the ruling factor, and that towards righteousness victory ever inclines. We see a divine control of human things, manifested not in any direct interposition of supernatural power, but in such an arrangement of cause and effect as ensures a constant tendency towards the triumph of that which is noble over that which is base. But in this tremendous hour of human history, when vast armies sway to and fro in grapple to the death, and each day sees the lives of thousands pass from this earthly sphere into the unknown which lies beyond, some attempt may well be made to apply analysis to the events around us so as to endeavour to perceive the bearing of previous deductions upon existing circumstances.

I would submit first the proposition that the intentions of the Power behind phenomena, who is the Lord of evolution, are to be inferred from those processes which possess what is termed survival value. For the more closely and the more widely we examine these the more plainly will appear the coincidence of such processes with ethical advance. Whatever tends to survive and to develop possesses the seed of moral growth. In that fact is found proof that, behind the clouds which veil man's vision, Righteousness rules over the affairs of man. In that fact are visible the hope of the future and the promise of a nobler day.

At once to establish and to illustrate these assertions, let us see what are the principal factors which give strength on either side in this present drama of war. At the head of the list stands patriotism. Alike to German and to Frenchman, to Belgian and to Briton, patriotism is the guiding star. What is patriotism, and what its origin? Patriotism is love of country and of race. As the years pass, continually is its scope enlarged until, as in the case of the British Dominions, a whole empire is embraced and even (as in the case of loyal natives of India) the bounds of kinship are transcended, and loyalty to a noble form of rule gives to patriotism a new intent. Yet are its essence and its source still plain. If from maternal love, with its later sequences, paternal

and filial affection, has sprung the family; if from the family has grown the tribe; if from the tribe the nation has been born; then it is plain that the instinct of nationality with all its immense implications is one in kind with the impulse which makes a bird willing to die on its nest to protect its young, or a woman to give her life to save her child. More than this, since in our time the competition of nations is the main cause of war and since nations represent the principle of maternal love developed until it fills the earth, it follows that it is in maternal love that we find the origin of national wars. 'Abolish nations,' cry some. Aye, but you cannot abolish them unless you first abolish the root cause of nations, which is the love of the mother for her child. At the cost of infinite desolation you might destroy that, or at least cut short the whole of its natural development, by robbing at birth, or soon afterwards, every mother of the child she has borne. That has been gravely proposed by certain writers. Then, indeed, if all infants were pooled in world barracks, in the course of sixty or seventy years, nations would be no more, and there would be no more national war, though strife between capital and labour might still convert the earth into a slaughter-house. But at what a price would this result be achieved! At the price of the soul of man and the love of woman.

Meanwhile the methods of the Almighty, as exhibited on this human stage, have been different from those proposed by certain philosophers. He has created maternal love to be the divine foundation of human ascent. That love has had 'survival value.' Supremely in the shape of patriotism, it has it still. If in this war the British race survive, it will be by virtue of its patriotism, and in spite of the cosmopolitanism of some of its sons. No one is likely to face death in the battlefield for the sake of cosmopolitan ideals. In this war of nations, national love—that is to say, patriotism—is the dominant force. Of that great virtue, France, Russia, and England can claim no monopoly. In Germany also it is strong. But in Austria the divergent impulse sprung from conflicting races is the principal source of weakness.

In another direction Germany and her enemy, Russia, are alike strong, and France and, in a lesser degree, England, are weak. Why is France no longer in a position, without allies, to cope with Germany? Because her population is inferior in numbers. Yet, half a century back there was little if any difference in that respect. In the supreme trial, in the hour of a nation's fate, avoidance of motherhood is seen in the fulness of its curse. Survival value attaches not to such avoidance, because in the ways of the universe it tends in war to bring defeat.

We have spoken of two features of German strength. She is strong too in the resolute self-sacrifice with which through many

years she has prepared for the coming shock. Yet, as of all virtues there is a possible excess, so in this instance it may be that the Germans have carried warlike preparation to a point at which it has inflicted injury on the national character.

When however we turn from Germany to Germany's foes, the moral governance of the world, or rather the direction of that governance, is not obscure. Evidently, there is no survival value in a spirit of violent aggression. This is plain, because the direct effect produced by such a spirit, when displayed on a great scale, persistently, through many years, is to produce a strong and united antagonism amongst the nations threatened. More—a fierce desire to put a bridle on the froward is inevitably kindled, and the prevalence of this feeling becomes a prodigious force in war. Some may say that all this is 'a natural result.' So it is: but it is the way of Nature which we are considering. Yet there is this difference between the past and the present, that resistance to unjustifiable aggression is now on a vaster scale and more difficult to overcome than formerly. Even thus, as development continues, its tendencies and guidances are more clearly seen.

As with aggression, so with injustice, which is only another form of the same crime. To suffer injustice arms the heart with the wish to resist. Yet though 'thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just,' no certainty of triumph is thus assured. History affords no evidence that a just cause brings inevitable victory. The cause of the Albigenes was just, but it was crushed. The Mahommedans of Spain fought in the sixteenth century in defence of their homes against a most cruel oppression, but they were slaughtered. A hundred similar instances could be given, did space permit. But once more the observation applies that as man marches on through time, the moral forces which control his destiny become revealed. Injustice on a small scale—that is easy. Injustice on a great scale—that is difficult. Difficult, because the resistance is great. Every Frenchman in this struggle is filled with the sense of suffering wrong. That sense nerves his heart and makes strong his hand.

But one more manifest sign of the trend of future events must be named. Democracy is coming to its own in modern war. For in such war intelligence in the soldier is the secret of success, and the despotic system of Prussia crushes intelligence in the individual private. The German infantry, we are told, fight bravely only when in masses under command. Hence those close formations which lead to defeat. Here there is direct connexion between a political system and a military weakness. Here is survival value attaching to the spirit of democracy and withdrawn from the spirit of despotism.

On lines such as those followed in this article, it can be shown

that, since the beginning of life in this world, a divine purpose has reigned supreme over all conflicts, whether of animals or of men; that through the countless years, the higher type has ever tended to emerge; and that in our time this law is far more visibly potent than in an earlier day, so that (as here I have sought to prove) the survival of the fittest means the survival of the ethically best.

Therefore, as in the glorious and sublime picture by Watts Humanity crouches on this globe, sunk in pathless space, and yet hears the note of Hope still sounding from the lyre's one unbroken string, while in the surrounding darkness one star still shines (though from those blinded eyes its sight is veiled), so, to any minds which accept the truth herein set forth, the secret ways of the Everlasting give like message to man.

But while in that larger vision which embraces ages and generations in its scope we see the far-off dawn of a nobler day, now, in this moment of fate, we look for the signs which presage for us victory or overthrow. Although as a nation we have shown ourselves, during the long passages of peace, incapable of true self-sacrifice, through our failure to train our manhood to arms, yet that capability is found in measure abundant and running over in the men of the two great Services. To such men war carries with it the exaltation of the human soul. The spirits of many heroes are passing into eternity, and in the proportion in which the breath of sacrifice for country prevails amongst them, may we hope that they shall stand absolved before the God of Battles, while we, through that vicarious offering, may win to an earthly salvation.

HAROLD F. WYATT.

THE GERMAN WAR AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

ON the morning of the 5th of August I learnt that war had been declared between Britain and Germany; and dazed with this momentous news sat down to my untidy writing-table to deal with a large batch of postponed correspondence. Foremost amongst the letters put aside for reply were several from Germany—one from Hamburg, others from Berlin, Stuttgart and Cologne: all recalling the personality of German friends whose hospitality I had enjoyed, in some cases repeatedly; who had shown me this hospitality and maintained this intimate and friendly correspondence because we were interested keenly in the same pursuits—the study of languages, or zoology, or ethnology. I called up mental pictures of their homes in Germany. This one was married (as so many middle- and upper-class Germans are) to an English wife, that other was the husband of a notable woman speaking five languages with idiomatic accuracy, a great traveller like her husband, a woman who had shaped her house so that it was in a modest way perfection, equally as regards its structure, its adornments, and comforts. Another correspondent wrote from a delicious old-world capital of a lesser kingdom; but though his surroundings were reminiscent of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, he was in the very forefront of scientific research. And now all these men and women were theoretically my enemies. I could no longer reply to their letters with any chance of the replies reaching their destination. The book I had long been preparing for the press, and which had been so greatly helped by their unstinted communication of material that came their way, would, if it were completed, not be reviewed by their *wissenschaftlich* Press, by their perfectly printed, admirably written reviews, and journals of scientific societies. They themselves would perhaps refuse acceptance of a copy coming from a member of the hated nation that had smashed their navy and destroyed their commerce, or would scorn to accept the work because its author was the subject of a defeated foe. Most probably, however, all of us alike as belonging to the middle class of

both countries would be, if not ruined, at any rate so impoverished, so cut off from our ordinary means of livelihood that we should be able no more to travel to one another's countries and again to meet in friendly or unfriendly intercourse.

As the days went by it came home to me, more and more, what sufferings were being imposed on certain sections of my own fellow-countrymen and women, of the class that falls between two stools, that is not sufficiently provided with lands, houses, and money in the bank to be released from the Ixion wheel of income-making, yet is not down on the ground, so to speak, with blunted faculties for enjoyment, or faculties that have never been developed to appreciate the finer side of life. The lowest class is fairly certain of, is easily provided with work which artisan and labourer can do, however poorly paid that work may be. I doubt if during the course of this disastrous war the sufferings of the masses will be appreciably greater than they were in times of peace. The State and the charity of the rich will supply the women and children with the needs of life in food, clothing and lodging. A large proportion of the men will enlist or re-enlist in the Army, or get work in mines, in dockyards, on railways and farms, in factories, in hotels, in every line of business that must continue working and that requires people asking no more than about 100*l.* a year for their services and living accordingly. But it is the middle class, lower and upper, that will endure the acutest sufferings during this struggle and for several years after it is over, one way or another. They will suffer scarcely less if we conquer than if we are conquered. Doctors, dentists, farmers, and clergy, may not find their incomes so much curtailed, since their services are necessary to the community and will be somehow or other paid for; in the case of the last-mentioned they are guaranteed out of vested funds. But we already see what is happening to journalists, authors, actors, painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, clerks, and to many tradespeople. The clergy and the civil servants of the State will escape the general anxiety which is paralysing those whose incomes are derived from a less certain source; but even they will be pinched in many directions where they have hitherto felt no poverty; in the increased prices of everything and in the striking off of all the ordinary and cheap amenities of life. The publishers have been amongst the first of employers to close down their expenditure (in most cases annulling or postponing proposals for work and cancelling agreements not yet concluded). Several eminent novelists find the books which would have provided them with a year's income and a needed holiday suddenly turned into a mass of unsaleable paper. Architect after architect complains that clients have arrested schemes for constructing or repairing houses.

This again reacts on the builders and contractors in middle-class society. Theatre after theatre is closed; the music-halls are ceasing to pay and therefore ceasing to employ, concerts are given up, picture galleries will not reopen in the autumn, or, if they do, few if any pictures will be bought and no more commissions will be given. This and that university man who has been accustomed to rely every two years or so on his American lecturing tour to keep him in funds either has not been able to start for America at all and keep his appointed dates, or if he went, has gone sensationally, paying 100*l.* for his passage and trusting to luck not to be seized on the way by a German cruiser. Others, again, have had their just-purchased motor-car, necessary to their profession, requisitioned by the military and paid for at a price which would not purchase another of the same make at the present time, or their horse and cart or carriage similarly has been taken from them and their means of getting about curtailed. And this is only the beginning of things, only what has occurred within two weeks of the declaration of war. Already huge funds are being raised with Royal promptitude, but they will all go to relieving the sufferings of those who do not hesitate to cry aloud: little if any of the money will be applied to save middle-class households from bankruptcy and despair.

In short, it is the middle class throughout the United Kingdom that will suffer most for the terrible ambition that has maddened the German people and caused them to force on Great Britain a war which she could not avoid without descending to the rank of a second-rate Power. For at least three hundred years it is the middle class that has made the British Empire and contributed its greatest glories in literature, art, and science, the middle class that produced a Drake, a Shakespeare, a Newton, a Harvey, a Milton; a Dryden, a Wedgwood, a Darwin; Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Huxley, Brunel, James Bruce, Mungo Park, Speke, Grant, Captain Scott, Charles Kingsley, Gladstone, Bright, Disraeli; and all the most noteworthy persons of the present day in the Church, at the Bar, in the Army and Navy, in the schools of painting, in literature, in education, in science, surgery, chemistry, and mechanical inventions. It is the class that attempts to live decently and intellectually on incomes ranging between 150*l.* and 1200*l.* a year. This class—especially the clergy, the schoolmasters, the half-pay officers, and the writers—is expected to contribute liberally towards the sufferings of the artisan and the labourer, the upkeep of hospitals and all the efforts of local patriotism in county town and country village. During the next twelve months or so, unless by some utterly unexpected turn in the wheel of history this blasting war comes to an end, it is this class which will be virtually ruined, and with its

ruin will go the British glory in the graceful and inspiring, the necessary and the practical arts of life for almost a generation.

Had the national Government not been so indifferent to the encouragement of national painting and sculpture in our long hundred years of British prosperity, it would have accumulated a fund the annual income of which might have sufficed to provide work for at any rate a proportion of those of its citizens who had devoted themselves to a career in the pictile or plastic arts. Instead of this, Ministry after Ministry, following the lead of the long-descended, the well-to-do, and the foreign *brocanteur*, has lavished huge sums—40,000*l.* at a time—on the purchase of the works of fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth century painters for our national museums; pictures which in no case would have been destroyed, but would have been housed somewhere, more or less accessible to view on the part of the diminishing band who adore such works of art—very often works wholly dissociated from the principles which now govern our representations of landscape or of the human figure. It is to be hoped that in this time of unusual stress the Artists' Benevolent Institution and any other body that has large vested funds for the relief of painters and sculptors, will spend such funds lavishly in commissioning work, with the idea of saving to the nation at any rate *some* of its artistic citizens. Similarly let us hope that the Royal Literary Fund and other great institutions founded to assist literature, music or kindred professions may come to the relief of the bankrupt author or musician: offering him or her stimulating work rather than a dole of charity.

This ruin to the middle class will probably be felt equally acutely in Germany, in France, and in Belgium. Russia is too vast, too self-sufficing to undergo a similar experience. Whichever way the war goes, Russia will come out of it scarcely damaged; in all probability stronger than ever, for some large proportion of Western or Central Europe is bound to be reduced for many years to come to a condition of nullity: if the war goes on. The British Empire outside the British Islands will not suffer materially. All its important sections are quite strong enough internally to resist any attempt at invasion or, still more, annexation. Even if victorious, the German nation and its navy will be worn out at the end of the war, and in no condition to challenge a trial of strength with the United States; which, if the Western Powers get the worst of it, will for its own safety intervene in alliance with our overseas Dominions. But even if and when France and Britain triumph over their deadly enemy, they will find her too exhausted to pay them any indemnity at all near the huge sums they will have added to their National Debt. Moreover, in wringing such payments out of an exhausted Germany, they will

finally extinguish her credit for many years hence; and Germany has hitherto been one of the best customers of the British Empire, purchasing from the United Kingdom alone about 40,000,000*l.* of goods annually.¹

It was considerations like these foreseen by thoughtful people amongst us that prompted an attempt (beginning as far back as 1904) to work for an understanding between Britain and Germany: an agreement as to the adjustment of interests abroad which might have kept the peace of the world and saved France from any more dread of a German attack. This is why we—who down to the 3rd of August were Pro-Germans, partly because we knew Germany and the Germans sufficiently well to have conceived a great admiration and liking for that country and its people, and partly because we wished to give them no reasonable excuse for a world-shaking enmity—why we worked assiduously in the Press, on platforms in both countries, to promote an Anglo-German understanding. Regret was often expressed that our Government and our diplomacy seemed to lag behind. But after the publication of the despatches on the 4th of August it would seem that, to some degree at any rate, the Cabinet and the ambassadors were better informed than the Pro-Germans as to Germany's real intentions, and the impossibility of slaking German ambitions by a liberality of treatment in regard to the Baghdad Railway, to the quasi-German protectorate already established over Turkey. Our diplomacy, it seems, had even consented to a partial compromise of the Portuguese colonies, and had not rejected tentative proposals that Great Britain should oppose no active opposition to an extension of German influence over the Belgian or the French Congo. But all such concessions and easements in Africa and Asia proved fruitless.

Stimulated by their Emperor (whom the events of the next few weeks will proclaim a Napoleon or a madman), egged on by the Olympian pride of Prussia, modern Germany has associated itself with well-nigh immeasurable ambitions. In these epoch-making despatches exchanged between Berlin and London between the 26th of July and the 3rd of August, Germany proclaims her intention to be the dominant Power of the Old World. Western and Eastern Europe are to receive her blows, are to be ground in the dust under her heel, and then to be restored to some measure of Prussian peace and the limited prosperity of servile nations.² Belgium is to be mediatised; France to be

¹ 60,000,000*l.* in all from the British Empire.

² At the same time the States whose neutrality or very existence Germany was about to attack were warned by the leading military paper of Berlin that 'no mercy would be shown to the conquered': a warning which must have trebled their determination to fight Germany to the death.

robbed of her vast colonial empire. Great Britain by inference, and through standing by with folded arms, would of necessity have made herself a humble accomplice in this establishment of Teutonic supremacy. Her own independence—at any rate, that of the United Kingdom—would then have been a factor that at any time Greater Germany could have dispensed with; just as Napoleon was wont to dispense with the nationhood of States on his borders when they seemed inconvenient in size or spirit of independence.

What is the chain of events which has led to this appalling conflict between the most civilised, the wealthiest States in the world? Its seeds were sown in the year 1884. Germany, excited by the great African explorations of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans, and the consequent moulding of the Congo State, the establishment of a British commercial control over the Niger, and the French operations in West Africa and Madagascar (together with the British occupation of Egypt), set out to become herself a great colonial Power; fearing that, unless she marked off for her own occupation considerable tracts of barbarous country producing raw materials or offering open markets for most of her industries, she would as a great manufacturing nation lie at the mercy of Anglo-Saxon America, of Britain, or of France. Two of these countries had turned, or were turning, Protectionist. At any moment Great Britain might follow, and Germany would then be without cheap raw material and the means of competing with them in commerce and in industries. Her first tentative steps in seizing portions of Africa were naturally disturbing to British complacency. Hitherto we had regarded France as being our only rival in colony-making or the establishment of protectorates; and France, we had always declared (quite falsely), was 'not a colonising Power.' However, the British statesmen of the 'eighties and 'nineties accepted the situation in Africa and in Oceania as gracefully as possible, and really put very little opposition in the way of the German Government becoming under this, that, or the other guise the ruler of over 1,135,000 square miles of productive land in Africa and China, in New Guinea and the Pacific archipelagoes. Considering what slight claims the Germans had in most cases as regards established trade or foregoing exploration, Germany came out of the scramble for Africa very well endowed. At one time we derived some consolation for the loss of that South-west Africa that had been offered to us repeatedly by the chiefs amongst its small negro population, by describing it, like the Sahara, as a region of hopeless desert. But—like the Sahara—German South-west Africa is being discovered to be a property of great value. When and if the French come out of the present war with enough energy and capital to do anything

at all, except repair the ruined fields and towns of France, they will find probably that a close exploration of the Sahara will reveal great stores of mineral oil, and rich deposits of more or less precious metals and valuable minerals. Similarly, German South-west Africa is a country of unmeasured potentialities, and already is remarkable for its diamonds and its copper, its fisheries and its guano.

Germany, however, not content with the colonial empire already secured, and the confidential hints and promises as regards its extension over other lands now held by feeblers Powers, wished to be a maritime nation extending right across Europe from the Adriatic to the Baltic and the North Sea. It was exasperating to the German to contemplate an independent Power—Holland—as ruler over the lower course of the Rhine, and to find herself separated from Antwerp and the English Channel by a neutral and almost French State. Austria, in peril otherwise of dissolution between the ambitions of Slav, Magyar, Rumanian, and Italian, had by her alliance virtually become again a German State. Indeed, of late the co-operation between Prussia and Austria has probably been closer than between Prussia and Bavaria. If Austria could reach the Aegean and extend her influence down the Adriatic to Corfu, she would effect the link in the chain that was wanted to connect the German Empire with its predestined sphere of occupation in the Near East—Asia Minor and Mesopotamia. So far as these ambitions went, Great Britain cannot be accused of a too unfriendly barring of the way. From about 1910 onwards she has gradually recognised the privileged position of Germany in what remains of the Turkish Empire. But from this attitude of friendly neutrality to an active intervention in Balkan affairs, so as to range herself on the side of Germany-Austria as an ally and actually use armed force to overcome the dislike of Italy, Montenegro, Servia, or Albania to such an overlordship as that of the Teuton, would have been for Great Britain to place herself in a ridiculous position. If any discussion at all occurred between British and German diplomatists (other than thought-reading) the British pronouncement probably lay along these lines :

We have given way to you in everything that was reasonable as regards Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, and you yourselves in that part of the Near East have severally come to terms with Russia in Armenia and France in Syria. You are dissatisfied with the outcome of the Balkan wars and the growth of these new Slav nations? Well, then, you must argue it out with them and with Russia, and see if you cannot arrive at some understanding which will permit the extension in a reasonable degree of Austrian influence in Albania, Servia, or Bulgaria. Probably all Russia wants is some guarantee that the control of Constantinople shall not be used adversely to bottle her up in the Black Sea.

But it must be admitted that there were other strands in British diplomacy. Our Government viewed with an ever-increasing uneasiness the huge additions made from time to time to the German fleet; and was probably aware of things not known to the general public—chance remarks of Wilhelm the Second, indiscretions of German Ministers, indications, in short, that all this satisfaction of German aspirations in Africa and Western Asia was *not* preventing a steady German push towards Holland and Belgium. As I have indicated in a series of articles published by the *Nineteenth Century*, the place of Germany in the Eastern Question might have been settled amicably and pacifically if Germany had condescended to bargain with France or Russia: most of all with France. The tender points in the whole problem, so far as the French and ourselves were concerned, were German designs on France, Luxembourg, Belgium and Holland. If Germany at one period in these discussions had agreed to stop all her agitating nonsense about Morocco and to retrocede Metz and French Lorraine to France in exchange for another piece of French Congo, and further to release Luxembourg from any participation whatever in the affairs of the German Empire, France might have been gradually detached from her Russian alliance. Both Britain and France would have realised that once Germany had placed herself in a position no longer to be able to attack Belgium with advantage, there was little to be feared from her or from Austria in any quarrels they might have with Russia. Even if they succeeded in detaching Poland from Muscovite rule, it would only be to create another independent Slav State that would become in course of time a great make-weight as between Slav and Teuton in Central Europe. Great Britain would have been quite indifferent to the detachment of a large portion of Finland and its addition to Sweden, and equally indifferent to any changes of the frontier affecting Ruthenia or Bessarabia, knowing that Russia was unconquerable and that as she had already about 6,000,000 square miles of the earth's surface (two thirds of it splendidly endowed with natural wealth), and had earmarked another 1,000,000 square miles of Asia, she could afford to part with small outlying fragments of her territory in Central Europe without any decrease of her importance in the balance of world-power.

But Germany ruled by the Hohenzollern, and inflamed by Prussian professors, would make no concessions to anyone. She must have everything—Metz and her power over Luxembourg and the possibility of invading Belgium at any moment, Holland when she chose to absorb it, Trieste, Corfu, Salonika, Constantinople itself, a subordinated Sweden, and a vassal Greece, a way down to the Persian Gulf with the chance of future interference

with India, and a control over the Black Sea. It must be 'all' with her: though she ran the risk of getting nothing, and even of losing everything she had already acquired.

And now, with these unforgettable words in the conversation or correspondence between the Kaiser and his Ministers and the British Ministers—words which threaten us with a Prussian dominion as intolerable as any of the noted tyrannies in history—now, with this rapid shifting of the base of dispute from a petty Balkan State to an attack on Luxembourg, Belgium, and the mighty country and huge empire of France: Germany has flung down a challenge which we are forced to take up. And worse. A challenge which must be driven back to the heart of Germany till that Power is deprived of the means of attacking Europe for at least half a century. We have, in fact, to fight Germany now as our forefathers fought France more than a hundred years ago. Germany may inflict terrible damage on France, on Belgium, on the United Kingdom (she cannot really injure Russia), but she will lose every oversea possession, will have her privileged position in Turkey absolutely annulled (Russia will see to that, even if we are not strong enough to do so), her prescriptive claim to interest in the Portuguese Colonies disallowed, her neighbourhood to the Belgian Congo effaced, and her leasehold in China abolished. If she fights out the struggle to the bitter end she will be either subdivided into German-speaking States innocuous in size and resources, or she will be the bankrupt, bloodless conqueror of a ruined Britain and a depopulated France. Then Russia (which cannot be defeated and can at most be contained within her Russian boundaries), the United States, Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Japan will rule the world between them, and will certainly rule out Germany. It may also be that, taking advantage of the fight to the death between the leading White nations of Europe, the Black, Brown, and Yellow races will rise up and claim their independence; and if they should win it back, even a victorious but depleted Germany could never recover for the White man that (on the whole) beneficent control which he at present exercises over Africa and Asia—a control which, though it may have its petty disagreeables, is gradually making nations of free, prosperous and educated men and women out of savages and befogged Laputas.

All intervention of outside Powers to bring home these arguments to the German Government seems to be hopeless. We can only resolve to bear our sufferings (whenever they cannot be alleviated by intelligent effort) as patiently as possible and set our faces to the grim purpose of defeating Germany as rapidly and as completely as we can: and this with the twin purpose of saving Germany herself from utter ruin when we ourselves

are safe from conquest. The factors leading up to this catastrophe have moved in a vicious circle. The Prussian hierarchy announced through its accredited Press organs when war was first declared that the conquered nations 'might expect no pity at Germany's hands.' This declaration—with the ring of truth about it³—has imparted a desperate valour to the defensive efforts of the assaulted nations and a cohesion to alliances which have already checked the onslaught of a million German soldiers. In its turn it will make the Allied Powers, when they are finally victorious, resolved to cripple Germany to a degree which history may adjudge subversive to the general interests of Europe. Similarly that very Prussian spirit which raised Germany from the dust a hundred years ago, and which undoubtedly brought the splendid German Empire into existence almost against the wish of the smaller States of Germany, is now shown to have led to the utter ruin of Germany, from the time, it may be, that Bismarck was obliged to leave control of German foreign policy. Germany has now to choose between eventual political extinction and revolution. Either an armistice must at once be called for by the non-Prussian States, and after a cessation of foreign war the deposition of Prussia as the dominant Power and of the Hohenzollerns as the Imperial dynasty be achieved; or Germany will be reduced to a state of modest dimensions extending from the Upper Danube and the Vorarlberg to the Baltic, and from the Rhine and the Ems to the Lower Vistula and the Upper Warthe. Hungary will achieve complete independence; Poland will be reconstituted, if Russia shows statecraft; Bohemia and Moravia may unite into what was once a great Moravian Slavic State; Denmark will recover Northern Slesvig; Servia and Rumania may spread over much of the southern part of the existing Austrian Empire; Italy will be led irresistibly from neutrality to self-assertion, she will annex the Trentino and the Italian portions of Istria and Dalmatia. France will resume possession of the western Rhinelands, the Rhine will once more become a truly international stream; Belgium will receive the territorial compensation she deserves (more than any partner in this struggle); and the frontiers of Holland be extended to the banks of the Ems. Russia, England, and France may build the Baghdad Railway in place of Germany; Britain will rule continuously from the Cape to Cairo.

The realisation that such consequences must follow defeat—

³ Reinforced as it was by the treatment of unoffending foreigners, surprised in Germany by the outbreak of war, and striving to return to their own lands; by the outrageous behaviour of the German authorities towards foreign diplomats and consuls; and the barbarous slaughter of unarmed villagers and parish priests in Alsace-Lorraine and Belgium.

this is part of the vicious circle of fatality in which a great State in the very forefront of civilisation now finds itself—arms Germany to fight—‘to the last man and the last horse.’ Or, at least, urges Prussia and the Hohenzollerns to these extremes. But is the situation comprehended by the whole 82,000,000 of Germans and German-speaking Austrians? Are *they* willing that their empire should suffer such serious curtailment in order that Prussian pride may boast that it only yielded with death all round it and on its own funeral pyre? It is to Hamburg, to Bremen, to Hannover, to Braunschweig, to Dresden, to Leipzig, to Coeln, Mannheim, Darmstadt, Weimar, Frankfurt, Karlsruhe, Stuttgart, Munich, Salzburg, Innsbruck, Vienna, that the more reasonable of Germany’s enforced foes now turn, in the faint hope that the Berlin manifestoes may be repudiated and that the hideous wrong commenced with the invasion of Luxembourg and Belgium may be quickly arrested and amply made good. The Germanisation of Belgium, which was proceeding on peaceful lines, has been stopped now for a hundred years. Holland has been steeled against any Teutonic leanings by witnessing what German invaders could do to Flemish country-folk. Germany cannot conquer the Low Countries now save by exterminating their inhabitants whilst Russia and Southern Slavdom are exterminating Germans. Can no considerations of this kind reach the national intelligence of Germany and put an immediate end to the war, the German forces retiring to within their own frontiers, and the Austrian and German Governments appealing to Europe to summon an International Conference? At such a conference they must prepare themselves for great sacrifices to the deeply injured Powers now in alliance against them; and these Powers would be fatuous if they dropped their arms and conferred unless Austria-Germany gave up to some great neutral like the United States contested frontier territories and a proportion of warships as a guarantee of good faith, a ‘sum paid into court,’ a proof of their desire for an equitable settlement. The terms they might then expect from the European Coalition would be light compared with the virtual extinction of the German Empire which must follow a prolonged struggle and an eventual defeat. Victory, or a victory worth having, is now impossible to Austria-Germany. There is nothing for it but to acknowledge utter miscalculation, self-deception, and consequent disillusion—disillusion as to the liking of Fleming for German, the fighting capacity of Belgium and Servia (a revelation to the world at large), the power of the German fleet to inflict starvation and crippling injury on Britain and British commerce, the devotion to Germany of millions of recently subdued negroes, the validity of the alliance with Italy, and the value of Turkey as an aggres-

sive Power. Berlin and Vienna have badly blundered. Are the peoples under their governance to pay the fullest penalties for these mistakes? Are millions to die, millions to drag out a wretched existence, with ruined hopes and fortunes, merely because two dozen princes, generals, and ministers of state have not the courage to admit they have gone utterly astray in their judgment of men and their forecast of events?

Anyway the consequences of this war will be terrible to Germany and Austria and to the middle classes of Western Europe. But I can see as in a Sidney Carton vision many good things for humanity emanating from this holocaust of men and horses, this destruction of famous buildings and ruin of the arts. I can see a Poland once more taking shape; at first a vassal Power under the wing of Russia but by degrees a splendid West Slavic nation, developing in Central Europe a brilliant literature and an original genius in painting and music. I see far better conditions of life granted to the Jews in Russia, and a Jewish State in Palestine guaranteed by Britain, France, and Russia. An alliance with Russia has been viewed with apprehension by many minds in England because it suggested the condonation of persecution and a reaction in freedom of thought and belief. But let us hope—we have historical grounds for hoping—that a victorious Russia may be generous, may—with the great fear removed of Germany coming between her and the warm seas—be more forbearing with Persia, less suspicious of Jewish internationalism, less arrogant about the orthodoxy of her own form of Christianity, less eager to Russianise all people coming within her sphere. Portugal may now breathe freely. German covetousness of her African dominions will be henceforth ineffective, and will cease to be a spur to similar acquisitiveness on the part of Britain. Turkey will no longer receive diplomatic support in her postponement of reforms or her longing for a revenge on the nascent Byzantine Empire.

At home one foresees the final settlement of the Irish Question and a new loyalty to the British Empire springing up in Ireland, now that a grave national crisis has shamed into silence the stage managers of a cinematographic civil war. No longer will Ireland be made the hunting ground of party politicians, out to secure office by mischief-making and faction fighting. The way in which women have come to the front in the first fortnight's preparation for war has shown, once more, how capable they are in organisation, how silly it is for narrow-minded politicians to deny them full civic rights on the score that they are not mentally and physically fit to form political opinions and express them on the ballot paper. The war will also have shown how at least one man deserves well of his country, his country's empire

and his country's allies : Baden-Powell. The war here and in Belgium—in Germany likewise—has revealed the value of the Boy-Scout movement, just as the Boy Scouts in their turn show how young women may make themselves as useful as young men. In some parts of England the Boy Scouts are 'scout-mastered' by splendid young amazons, sisters or daughters of officers serving in the field. In West Sussex, at any rate, this is so, and the efficiency of this female guidance is an eye-opener to those who have hitherto relegated woman to inferior and restricted careers. The women of Belgium, for the rest, and the women of France have falsified the anti-feminists.

Lastly the war has already yielded us some consolations. It has made it clear that we were wise in spending two hundred millions as 'insurance,' in perfecting our Navy. Proof like this of the worth of hypothetical investments is a valuable encouragement for further intelligent anticipation in provident expenditure. The war has stifled political jealousies, it has healed stupid enmities and abolished foolish customs that have outlived their usefulness. It seems likely in Southern England to lead to the suppression of the fox and the encouragement of poultry farming. It has simplified many wants, provoked much charity, stopped for a time the conflict between Labour and Capital, has led to many marriages, stripped 'Society' of its heartlessness and aimlessness; and may end by abolishing militarism in favour of a world-wide scheme of national and international defence. But the war can only end by a sound peace; and that peace cannot even be negotiated so long as there remains a single German soldier on Dutch, Belgian, Luxembourg, French, or Swiss territory.

H. H. JOHNSTON.

For the convenience of the former friends of Germany in English-speaking countries where this Review circulates, may I sum up in a postscript the reasons why our love of Germany in England has changed to righteous anger?

1. Down to July 1914 all reasonable concessions to German 'colonial' and commercial aspirations had been made by Great Britain and France in Africa, Oceania, China, Asia Minor, and European Turkey.

2. In spite of this, Germany, on the pretext that Serbia (in South-East Europe) is inimical to Austria and that Russia is backing up Serbia, takes possession of Luxembourg (a State in Western Europe), enters Belgium with force, declares war on France and announces that she wants the French colonies. Her action leads to an enormous loss of life and property in unoffending Belgium and Alsace-Lorraine, to the destruction of historic buildings and works of art (in a sense the property of the whole

civilised world) and to barbarities associated hitherto with the warfare of Turkey or China. It imposes on Britain, France, and Belgium a crushing expenditure which will impoverish their peoples for a whole generation.

The sin of Germany against Humanity has already been so enormous that—to quote *Punch*—the German Emperor is left without a single friend, save the Spirit of Carnage.

H. H. JOHNSTON.

THE ULTIMATE RUIN OF GERMANY:

A RETROSPECT AND A PROSPECT

A MONTH ago peace in Europe seemed firmly and permanently established. Although the situation in Ireland was causing much anxiety, the people thought of their holidays, and as foreign affairs were quite uneventful and uninteresting the newspapers and periodicals filled the space usually devoted to foreign politics with the discussion of various schemes for abolishing war and restricting national armaments. To-day five of the six European Great Powers, with more than 400,000,000 people, are at war, and more than 20,000,000 soldiers have been mobilised and are ready to deal out death and destruction. Compared with these gigantic armies, the mythical hosts of the Persians and Scythians shrink into insignificance. The greatest war the world has seen, and perhaps the greatest the world will ever see, has begun. We live in a great and terrible time. People are asking: Why did the German Emperor make war? How long will the war last? What will be its issue and its consequences? In the following pages an attempt will be made to answer these questions.

Many people in this country are surprised and amazed that the German Emperor, who was considered to be the strongest defender of the world's peace, should recklessly have plunged all Europe into war; that he should rashly have jeopardised the existence of his country and of his dynasty on account of Austria's quarrel with Servia; that the Triple Alliance, which only recently had been renewed, and which was proclaimed to be an absolutely reliable partnership, should have broken down before the first shot was fired; that Germany, which is supposed to be the best governed and administered country in the world, and which under Bismarck had always known how to isolate her enemies and secure for herself the support of the leading Powers, should, in company with Austria-Hungary, be at war with six powerful nations—France, Russia, Great Britain, Belgium, Servia, and Japan—whose ranks may be increased to eight if, as appears probable, Italy and Roumania should range themselves on the side of Germany's opponents; that the German navy should have remained

absolutely inactive during the first critical weeks of the war, when its value and influence would have been greatest, and that the celebrated German army should have begun the campaign by a series of palpable failures. However, the readers of the *Nineteenth Century and After* will scarcely be surprised at the terrible events of the last few weeks, for I have frequently and emphatically foretold these in the pages of this Review and elsewhere during more than a decade. Year after year I have warned the British and the German peoples with all my strength of the coming catastrophe. Year by year I have watched with increasing concern the mistakes of Germany's foreign and domestic policy, which were bound to lead to disaster. In the preface to the fourth edition of my book *Modern Germany*, published in the autumn of 1912, I wrote :

During the last few years Germany's failures, to which I had drawn attention in previous editions, have become more salient and more frequent. During twenty years the German Foreign Office has serenely marched from failure to failure. The Morocco fiasco is merely the last of a large number of mistaken and unsuccessful enterprises.

By her policy towards Great Britain, Germany has brought into being the Triple Entente and that isolation about which she has so frequently complained, and she is accelerating the unification of the British Empire, which she wishes to prevent and has tried to prevent. The failure of her domestic policy is proclaimed by the constant increase of the Social Democratic Party, which polled more than 4,250,000 votes at the Election of 1912. Germany's prosperity is admittedly phenomenal. Still, a careful observer cannot help noticing that her economic progress is slackening. Germany's future seems no longer as bright as it used to appear.

Although intimate friends of the Emperor often assured me that he was a prince of peace, I never ceased to describe him as immoderately ambitious, reckless and dangerous to the peace of the world, and I indicated almost the exact moment when he would strike. In an article 'England, Germany and the Baltic,' which was given first place in the *Nineteenth Century* in July 1907, I pointed out the enormous strategical importance of the Baltic and North Sea Canal, which was being greatly enlarged so as to make it available to the largest German Dreadnoughts and which would practically double the striking power of the German fleet. In one of the concluding paragraphs I said with all the emphasis which I could bring to bear :

It is expected that eight years will be required to finish the Baltic and North Sea Canal. Therefore during the next eight years Germany will be unable to avail herself of the great advantages furnished by the Baltic and North Sea Canal, except for her smaller and older ships. Her magnificent new ships will for about eight years be restricted to one of the German seas. Consequently Germany will, during the next eight years, do all in her power to avoid a conflict with a first-class naval Power.

During the next eight years Germany has every reason to keep the peace. Only when the enlargement of the Baltic and North Sea Canal has been accomplished will she be ready for a great naval war.

The article, and especially its conclusion, attracted a great deal of attention, both in England and abroad. By accelerating the work, the Kiel Canal was finished not in eight years, but in seven. Its completion was celebrated on the 24th of June, five weeks before the outbreak of the present war, and by the irony of fate English warships took a prominent part in the festivities.

To those who have given the matter some consideration it was clear that if Germany should embark upon a world war the Netherlands might become its principal theatre. In an article, 'The Absorption of Holland by Germany,' I wrote in this Review in July 1906 :

During four centuries the Netherlands have been the centre of gravity to the European Great Powers. The sceptre of Europe lies buried not on the banks of the Bosphorus but at the mouths of the Rhine and the Scheldt. Therefore the Netherlands have during four centuries been the battlefield on which the struggle for the mastery of Europe and of the world has been decided. In the Netherlands the mighty armies with which Philip the Second, Louis the Fourteenth, Louis the Fifteenth, and Napoleon the First strove to subdue Europe and to conquer the world were broken to pieces, and in the Netherlands Germany may find either her Gemblours, her Breda, or her Waterloo.

When William the Second came to the throne Germany dominated Europe. Her position was impregnable and unassailable. The Triple Alliance was absolutely reliable and Germany's possible antagonists were isolated, for Bismarck had with marvellous skill created a strong antagonism between France and Italy, by giving Tunis, which was claimed by Italy, to France. Besides, he had estranged France and England by inciting France to encroach upon England's Colonial domain and to pursue an anti-British policy, and he had increased the differences between England and Russia by encouraging Russia to press upon England in Asia. As both France and Russia were antagonistic to England, Germany could always count upon Great Britain's support, or at least upon her benevolent neutrality, in case of that war on two fronts which Bismarck dreaded so much.

The great value which the Iron Chancellor attached to good and cordial relations with England is apparent from many of his public utterances. On the 10th of July 1885, for instance, on the occasion of some colonial dispute between England and Germany, he stated in the Reichstag :

I would ask the last speaker not to make any attempt to disturb the good relations between England and Germany, or to diminish the confidence that peace between these two Powers will be maintained by hinting that some day we may find ourselves in an armed conflict with England. I absolutely deny that possibility. It does not exist, and all the questions

which are at present being discussed between England and Germany are not of sufficient importance to justify a breach of the peace on either side of the North Sea. Besides, I really do not know what dispute could arise between England and Germany.

Four years later, on the 26th of January 1889, Bismarck stated in the Reichstag with reference to Anglo-German differences regarding Zanzibar :

The preservation of Anglo-German good will is, after all, the most important thing for us. I see in England an old and traditional ally. No differences exist between England and Germany. If I speak of England as our ally, I am not using a diplomatic term. We have no alliance with England. However, I wish to remain in close contact with England also in colonial questions. The two nations have marched side by side during at least a hundred and fifty years, and if I should discover that we might lose touch with England, I should act with caution and endeavour to avoid losing England's good will.

Bismarck desired that Germany's relations with Great Britain should be most cordial, because he counted upon British support in case of a war with France and Russia combined. He dreaded England's hostility not only because Germany was vulnerable at sea, but also because he knew that Germany and Austria-Hungary could reckon upon the loyal support of allied Italy only as long as Great Britain was either friendly or observed a benevolent neutrality. As Italy has very extensive coasts, as most of her large towns can be shelled from the sea, as her most important strategic and commercial railways run close to the seashore, and can easily be destroyed by the warships of a superior naval Power, and as she is economically as dependent upon her sea trade as is Great Britain, it was clear that England's hostility to Germany and Austria-Hungary would automatically lead to Italy deserting her allies in case of war.

Under Bismarck's guidance Germany had grown great by three victorious wars. Having created Germany's unity and firmly established the State, Bismarck desired to establish its permanence and security by pursuing a peaceful, prudent, moderate and conciliatory foreign policy, rightly fearing that a policy of dash and adventure, of interference, provocation and bluster, would raise dangerous enemies to the new State. In one of the concluding chapters of his *Memoirs*, his political testament, that great statesman laid down on large lines the policy which Germany ought to pursue in the future, in the following phrases :

In the future not only sufficient military equipment, but also a correct political eye, will be required to guide the German ship of State through the currents of coalition to which, in consequence of our geographical position and our previous history, we are exposed.

We ought to do all we can to weaken the bad feeling among the nations, which has been called forth through our growth to the position of a real Great Power, by honourable and peaceful use of our influence, and so

convince the world that a German hegemony in Europe is more useful and less partisan, and also less harmful for the freedom of other nations, than would be the hegemony of France, Russia, or England.

In order to produce this confidence, it is above everything necessary that we should act honourably and openly, and be easily reconciled in case of friction or untoward events.

In 1888 William the Second came to the throne. Believing that he possessed the genius and the universality of Frederick the Great, and being confirmed in that opinion by the flatterers surrounding him, the young Emperor declared in his overweening self-confidence that he was divinely inspired, that he had received his crown from God, and that he was responsible only to God. He said, for instance : 'Only one is master in this country. That is I. Who opposes me I shall crush to pieces.' 'Sic volo, sic jubeo.' 'We Hohenzollerns take our crown from God alone, and to God alone we are responsible in the fulfilment of our duty.' 'Suprema lex regis voluntas.' 'All of you have only one will, and that is my will ; there is only one law, and that is my law,' etc.

'Intoxicated by the exuberance of his own verbosity' and by the adulation of his entourage, and animated by a boundless confidence in himself, William the Second, like another Frederick the Great, took the control of all the great departments of State out of the hands of his responsible Ministers, and assumed their direction. Soon after his accession he dismissed Prince Bismarck, who refused to carry out the hasty, crude and ill-considered views of the new Emperor. After Bismarck's dismissal the young Emperor declared, with the admiring applause of his flattering courtiers, that he would steer the ship of State over a new course, his own course, that he would lead the nation to a great and glorious future, that henceforth he would be his own Chancellor. Pursuing a purely personal policy, and allowing himself to be swayed by the impulses of the moment, he threw caution to the wind, and irritated and exasperated, by his restless and interfering policy, not only the continental Powers, both large and small, but also Great Britain, Germany's 'old and traditional ally,' and the United States.

From his retirement Bismarck looked upon the Emperor's activity with anxiety and dismay. He feared that William the Second would endanger Germany's future. Obviously referring to William the Second and to the flattering courtiers surrounding him, and comparing him with his grandfather, the Emperor William the First, the founder of the German Empire, Bismarck wrote in his *Memoirs* :

The Emperor William I. was completely free from vanity of this kind ; on the other hand he had in a high degree a peculiar fear of the legitimate criticism of his contemporaries and of posterity.

No one would have dared to flatter him openly to his face. In his feeling of royal dignity he would have thought 'If anyone has the right of praising me to my face, he has also the right of blaming me to my face.' He would not admit either.

What I fear is, that by following the road in which we are walking our future will be sacrificed to the impulses of the moment. Former rulers looked more to the capacity than the obedience of their advisers; if obedience alone is the qualification, then demands will be made on the general ability of the monarch, which even a Frederick the Great could not satisfy, although in his time politics, both in war and peace, were less difficult than they are to-day.

William the Second disregarded Bismarck's wise advice that Germany should follow a frank and conciliatory policy, and that she should endeavour to avoid friction with other nations; and, in addition, he made the fatal mistake of challenging Great Britain's naval supremacy. Thus he converted Germany's 'old and traditional ally' into a dangerous opponent.

Clearly recognising that Germany's naval policy would, in case of a great European conflict, compel this country to support Germany's opponents, the writer of this article repeatedly urged the danger of Germany's naval and anti-British policy upon Prince Bülow, Admiral von Tirpitz, and other leading Germans, but he preached to deaf ears.

In the summer of 1911 the second Morocco crisis broke out in consequence of the despatch of the *Panther* to Agadir. It nearly led to war between France and Germany. Both in England and in Germany hostilities were expected between the two countries, and Mr. Lloyd George plainly announced in his Mansion House speech that if Germany should attack France, Great Britain would aid France in her defence. The tension between Great Britain and Germany reached the breaking point. In December 1911, when the Morocco question had been settled, I happened to see one of the leading German diplomats of the German Foreign Office. In the course of a long conversation I pointed out once more that Germany's trans-maritime policy not only endangered her security but was bound to lead to the break-up of the Triple Alliance; that she rashly risked her very existence; that Germany's safety on the Continent depended on good relations with Great Britain; that she would act wisely in ceasing to antagonise France; that she should not increase her fleet beyond the provisions of her gigantic naval programme; that she should stop the anti-British agitation of the German navy party; that if Germany continued on the course on which she had embarked a collision between Great Britain and Germany was inevitable. I added that an Anglo-German war might lead not merely to Germany's defeat, but to her downfall; and that my action was undertaken rather in the interest of Germany than in that of Great Britain, for if the

two countries should unhappily go to war Germany would risk very much, while Great Britain would risk but little. The eminent personage before whom I put these considerations treated me with studied discourtesy. The leaders of Germany's foreign policy seemed struck with blindness.

A few weeks after this conversation the German navy programme received another enormous expansion. The whole German fleet was to be put on a permanent war footing in time of peace. More ships were to be laid down, and once more a virulent and malicious anti-British agitation was engineered in the German Press by the Press Bureau of the German Admiralty. Shortly after my return I wrote an article on 'Anglo-German Differences and Sir Edward Grey,' which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, and which was addressed to the German Foreign Office. In that article I gave the following warning :

Great Britain has little cause to plead for Germany's good will, for she suffers little through the existing Anglo-German tension, while isolated Germany suffers much and risks more. While Great Britain's position throughout the world is secure, that of Germany is very precarious because of her exposed frontiers. As matters stand at present Germany has far more need of Great Britain's support than Great Britain has of Germany's. It is true that Germany possesses still the strongest army in Europe, but it is not strong enough to face a great European combination. She is no longer a danger to the peace of the world, owing to her isolation and to the estrangement of Great Britain. The minds of her statesmen must rather be preoccupied with the problem of defending Germany than with ambitious wars of aggression. Under these circumstances it is madness for Germany's rulers to continue proclaiming that Germany requires more Dreadnoughts, and still more Dreadnoughts, and ever more Dreadnoughts against Great Britain.

Germany's prospects are dark and threatening. She is not rich enough and not strong enough to maintain at the same time the strongest army and a navy able to challenge the strongest navy. Every nation which has tried to become supreme on land and sea has failed.

When it became clear that Germany was determined to continue her dangerous anti-British policy, I stated in an article published in the *Nineteenth Century* in June 1912, and entitled 'The Failure of Post-Bismarckian Germany' :

A nation can safely embark upon a bold and costly trans-maritime policy only if it is secure on land, if it either occupies an island, like Great Britain and Japan, or if it occupies an isolated position and cannot be invaded by its neighbours, like the United States. Germany has three great land Powers for neighbours. Two of them, France and Russia, are not friendly to Germany, and she cannot rely with absolute certainty upon the support of her third neighbour, Austria-Hungary, a fact of which Bismarck warned her in his *Memoirs*. Under these circumstances it is obvious that Germany's greatest need is not expansion overseas, but defence on land; that her greatest interests lie not on the sea, but on *terra firma*.

It was obvious to many that, owing to the unwise policy of

William the Second, the Triple Alliance had become a sham, that Germany could no longer rely on Italy's support in the hour of need. I wrote in this Review in June 1912 :

In matters of foreign policy praise or blame must be meted out according to results. At the time of Bismarck's dismissal the Triple Alliance was a solid and reliable partnership, and as France on one side of Germany, Russia on another, and Great Britain on a third were isolated, Germany's position in the world was absolutely secure. She dominated the Continent.

By pursuing an anti-British policy, Germany has not only driven Great Britain from Germany's side and has driven her into the arms of France and Russia, but she has at the same time greatly weakened the formerly reliable Triple Alliance. Few Germans believe that Germany can count on Italy's support in the hour of need. Thus Germany has simultaneously created the Triple Entente and weakened, if not destroyed, the Triple Alliance. It is true the Triple Alliance exists still—on paper. However, Italy would not think of supporting Germany in a war against France, and still less in a war against Great Britain or against Great Britain and France combined.

Few intelligent Germans reckon upon Italy's support. Most think that in a great European war Italy will either remain neutral or will be found on the side of Germany's enemies.

In Bismarck's time, and at the beginning of the reign of William the Second, Germany's position was, I repeat, absolutely secure. Not only were Germany's enemies isolated, but the Triple Alliance was in reality a Quintuple Alliance in disguise. The loyalty of Italy was then undoubted, and Germany could firmly reckon upon the support of Turkey and of Roumania in case of need. Turkey and Roumania could have afforded invaluable assistance to the Triple Alliance in case of a war with Russia. By allowing Turkey to be attacked and despoiled in quick succession, first by Italy and then by the Balkan States, Germany seriously changed the balance of power in Europe to her disadvantage; and Roumania, recognising that the central European group of Powers was no longer the stronger one of the two, not unnaturally turned towards the Powers of the Triple Entente for support, especially as she desired to acquire those vast territories of Austria-Hungary which border upon Roumania, and which are inhabited by three million Roumanians. Through the wretched policy of her Emperor, Germany has lost during the last few years the support of a strong Turkey, who it was expected would aid her with 700,000 excellent troops, and of Roumania, the help of which would have proved invaluable to her at the present moment. Commenting on Germany's impolicy in allowing Turkey to be struck down, and in estranging Roumania, I wrote in an article 'The Changing of the Balance of Power,' published in this Review in June of last year :

In view of the fact that Germany had driven Great Britain into the arms of France and Russia, and had exposed herself to the possibility of being simultaneously involved in a great war by land and sea, it was of

course of the utmost importance to her that her position on land should be absolutely impregnable. In these circumstances it was clearly the first and most urgent duty of German statesmanship to take care that Austria-Hungary and Italy should be as strong as possible, and that Roumania and Turkey—and especially Turkey, the support of which would be invaluable in case of complications with Great Britain—should be firmly attached to Germany or to the Triple Alliance. But with the same incredible short-sightedness and levity with which Germany had embarked upon an anti-British course, she allowed Turkey to be attacked first by Italy and then by the Balkan States, and to be utterly defeated. If Germany had possessed a policy, if her diplomacy had been guided by a statesman, or merely by a man possessed of common sense, she would have known that the support of Turkey would be more valuable to her in the hour of need than that of Italy. She would, therefore, either have attached Turkey to the Triple Alliance by treaty, as General von Bernhardt had suggested, or she would have replied to Italy's ultimatum to Turkey by an ultimatum of her own addressed to Italy, which very likely would have prevented the war.

Year by year it became clearer that the German Emperor's unceasing, unnecessary and exasperating activity in all quarters of the globe had made Germany's policy universally disliked and suspected, that Germany had come to take that place among the nations which France occupied in the time of Napoleon the Third, that Germany had become the disturber of the world's peace, and was in danger of being treated as such by the generality of nations. In an article entitled 'German Designs in Africa,' published in the *Nineteenth Century and After* in August 1911, I had written :

War has been brought within the limits of vision. It is to be hoped that Germany will turn away from the very dangerous course upon which she has embarked, a course which in a very short time may bring her into a collision not only with France, but with several Great Powers; and as the Triple Alliance is believed to be a purely defensive alliance relating only to Europe, Germany may find herself deserted by her allies in the hour of trouble. Let us hope that the Morocco crisis can be explained away as the mistake of a single man. Let us hope that Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter will be replaced without delay. That will solve and explain the crisis, and the Morocco incident will soon be forgotten. Persistence on the dangerous and unprecedented course which Germany is steering at the present moment may imperil Germany's future, and may cost the Emperor his throne. The German nation is intensely loyal and patriotic, but it would never forgive a monarch who had driven the nation into a disastrous war without adequate reason.

Germany had become a danger to the peace of the world. Time after time she had dragged the nations to the very brink of a world-war. By his ceaseless, neurotic activity, William the Second was likely to raise a great coalition against Germany. He was likely to be confronted in the hour of trial by a Europe in arms, as was Napoleon the First a century ago. In my article 'The Failure of Post-Bismarckian Germany' ¹ I wrote :

Bismarck was constantly haunted by the thought of the formation of a great European coalition against Germany. This will be seen from his

¹ *Nineteenth Century and After*, June 1912.

Memoirs, and from many of his letters and conversations. Bismarck's worst fear may be realised before long. Germany's post-Bismarckian diplomacy is doing its best to destroy the work of the great Chancellor. It has already destroyed Germany's security on the Continent. Yet there is no sign that the 'new course' will be abandoned.

The forecasts made in these pages have come true in every particular. Germany, which was the undisputed leader of the strongest group of Powers in Europe, which dominated a Quintuple Alliance, and which kept the other Powers in a state of isolation and mutual distrust, has at present not a single friend, except Austria-Hungary, and she is at war with nearly all Europe. Before long Germany may have the fate of Imperial France and William the Second that of Napoleon the First. It has been asserted that Germany has gone to war in order to acquire the hegemony of Europe. That assertion is not quite correct. Germany possessed the hegemony of Europe in the time of Bismarck. She lost it through the mistaken policy of William the Second, and she is now trying to regain by force what she has lost through her own folly.

Hitherto the German army has been considered to be by far the best army in the world. However, those who have studied military matters closely and without prejudice were aware that the influence of William the Second had been as fatal to the German army as it has been to Germany's diplomacy. In the first place, since the time when the German Emperor embarked upon naval competition with Great Britain, the army was relatively neglected. It was starved of money and men for the sake of the navy. In the second place, William the Second insisted upon being not only his own Chancellor and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, but also his own Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, and his own Chief of the Staff of both services. At the time when the Emperor made the nephew of the great Moltke Chief of the Staff, appointing him to the same position which his uncle had filled with such wonderful success, the rumour was current in well-informed circles in Berlin that von Moltke asked not to be given that most responsible position, because he thought that he did not possess the necessary high qualifications, but that the Emperor had replied 'Never mind, Moltke. You can safely take the post. What you don't know I do, and I can do the work for you.' Two years ago, when nobody dared to question the pre-eminence and excellence of the German army, I wrote in the pages of this Review²:

Guided by the maxim 'Germany's future lies upon the water,' the leaders of the 'new course' have been so anxious to strengthen the navy that the German Army has been neglected both quantitatively and qualitatively.

² 'The Failure of Post-Bismarckian Germany,' June 1912.

Germany's expenditure on the navy has been comparatively extravagant, and that on her army scarcely sufficient. Not only quantitatively but qualitatively as well has the German Army suffered during the 'new course.' German generals complain that promotions are made less by merit and more by favour than in former times. Similar complaints are heard in most Government offices. They complain that the officers are no longer as good as they used to be. Owing to the rise in wages the German Army can no longer obtain a sufficient number of good non-commissioned officers. The German war material also is scarcely up to date. The military outfit of France is superior to that of Germany. According to Lieutenant-Colonel Beyel, of the French artillery, and many other experts, the German artillery is inferior to the French. The tactics of the German Army have become antiquated. According to various German writers Germany has failed to learn the lessons of the Boer war and of the Russo-Japanese war. Major Hoppenstedt published in 1910 a book, *Sind wir Kriegsfertig?* in which he showed that the German Army is too much occupied with barracks-square drill and too little with warlike training. Many officers attribute the neglect of the army to the influence of the Emperor, who is severely criticised. William the First was a soldier by nature. The army was his principal interest. He did not understand the navy. He tolerated no flatterers, and knew no favouritism. He worked incessantly on the improvement of the army. William the Second has made the navy his hobby and attends to the army perfunctorily, and many say that it is little better managed than his Foreign Office.

After the Morocco crisis of 1911 Germany hastily tried to improve her neglected army by greatly increasing the establishment, improving arms and appliances, strengthening fortresses, etc. Her military expenditure rose from 47,200,000*l.* in 1912 to 50,400,000*l.* in 1913, and to no less than 83,500,000*l.* in 1914, and a special 'war levy' of 50,000,000*l.* was voted by the Reichstag for bringing her army up to date. However, armies and navies are largely spiritual things of slow organic growth. They cannot be improvised, nor can they be rapidly improved if they have been neglected for a long time, even if money is poured out like water. Besides, monetary expenditure, however lavish, cannot alter the spirit of an army and its supreme direction. Money neither gives foresight nor does it destroy conceit in the leaders. It neither replaces officers appointed by favour by men of merit, nor does it improve a defective organisation and faulty tactics.

Modesty, concentration, thoroughness and hard work command success in diplomacy and war. While modesty and thoroughness were the great characteristics of William the First and of his time, the reign of William the Second has become notorious for luxury, ostentation, arrogance, favouritism, amateurishness, self-praise and conceit. During the reign of William the Second the old Prussian virtues of frugality, modesty and thoroughness disappeared. German idealism died, and Berlin became a centre of coarse materialism, of luxury, and of immorality. Encouraged

by the most exalted circles, all Germany gave itself over to self-admiration and self-praise. In the Emperor's speeches and in innumerable articles, lectures, pamphlets and books, the Germans were told that they were, to quote the Emperor, 'the salt of the earth,' the wisest, ablest, strongest and most valiant nation in the world, and that they were, therefore, entitled to rule the universe. Foreign nations, especially the English, were looked upon with undisguised contempt. Being convinced of their irresistible might and their great destiny, many Germans thought that Germany should become supreme in the world by the free and unscrupulous use of her irresistible strength. Although Bismarck had eloquently warned the nation against *Machtpolitik*, against pursuing a policy based on force, against the policy which had caused the downfall of Napoleonic France, the idea of *Machtpolitik* became the guiding principle of the German nation, and the word *Machtpolitik* was in everyone's mouth. Unfortunately Bismarck had not practised in the earlier years of his career what he preached in the later. In three great wars he had given to little Prussia the hegemony of Europe. Young Germany hoped, by another series of successful wars, to conquer the hegemony of the world. By sheer force and audacity the world was to be made German.

The Government, following the fatal precedents set by Bismarck, continued to rely on force in its foreign and domestic policy. By force Germany was to conquer for herself 'a place in the sun.' By force were the Poles, Danes and Frenchmen in the conquered provinces to be denationalised. By force were Socialism and popular dissatisfaction to be crushed. By force was the German people to be governed against its will, and by force were the rudimentary parliamentary institutions of Germany to be abolished if parliament should cease to obey the will of the ruling class. Patriotic Germans in their thousands had been converted to the gospel of force, and they endeavoured to aid the policy of the Government by creating enormous organisations which advocated solving all German problems by that means. The Navy League, with more than a million members, demanded that Germany should have the strongest fleet, the Army League that she should have the strongest army, the Air League that she should rule the air. The Ostmarkenverein and Nordmarkenverein agitated in favour of denationalising the Poles and Danes dwelling in the conquered provinces by force. A Government-aided league made war on Socialism, and the Pan-Germanic League, founded three years after the Emperor's accession, advocated Germany's conquest of Belgium, Holland, Denmark, the Baltic provinces of Russia, etc. It advocated the Germanisation of Europe and of the world. An enormous literature arose in which

'the war of the future' was vividly and patriotically described. In hundreds of romances the German people, and especially the younger generation, were told how Germany would conquer France and Russia, defeat the English fleet, raise India in rebellion, invade England, deprive her of her colonies, punish the United States for their arrogance, and tear up the Monroe doctrine. Scarcely in any of these romances, or in any serious books, was the possibility of a German defeat contemplated. Countless admirals, generals, university professors, lecturers, authors and journalists unceasingly preached the need of power, but none the need of wisdom, of caution and of fairness. To discuss even the possibility of disaster or to advocate moderation was considered unpatriotic.

The Germans are a most docile nation. They are what their rulers make them. They may be arrogant to foreigners, but they are always most obedient and respectful to their rulers. That lies in their training. They take from their rulers their policy and their opinions. Since the advent of William the Second an evil spirit has taken possession of Germany. A quarter of a century of stirring Imperial oratory, of jingoist self-admiration, self-praise, and brag, has totally corrupted both the sterling character and the mind of the German nation.

During the early part of the Emperor's reign the advocates of Germany's expansion believed in him. They trusted that he, like his ancestors, would be a 'Mehrer des Reiches.' William the Second had no doubt the ambition to increase the territory and the glory of his country, but he had not the ability. When, time after time, the Emperor failed in his attempts to acquire new territories, when one diplomatic failure followed the other in quick succession, when at last it became generally recognised that he habitually threatened but did not act, Germany's leading men sarcastically referred to him as the Friedenskaiser, and began openly to call him a coward. After his second failure to overawe France by raising the Morocco question, the ultra-patriotic *Post* of Berlin referred to him as a 'poltron misérable' in leaded print. His friends and his own family, especially the Crown Prince, openly showed their disgust that the Emperor's bold words were never followed by suitable action. Many leading Germans began to despair of the Emperor and of the future of their country. William the Second felt the ground on which he stood crumbling under his feet, that deeds, not words, were expected of him.

The Emperor's unceasing activity had alarmed the nations around, and they had made arrangements for their mutual protection. Germany felt constantly hampered and circumscribed by the Triple Entente. The balance of power was felt to be a most powerful check to Germany's desire for expansion. Many

of the most eminent military men demanded that Germany should endeavour to break up the Triple Entente and destroy the balance of power. General von Bernhardi, for instance, wrote in his book *Unsere Zukunft*: 'We can render secure our position on the Continent of Europe only if we succeed in bursting the Triple Entente and forcing France, which is never likely to co-operate with Germany, to accept that position of inferiority which is her due.' Numerous statements of similar import made by leading Germans might easily be given. Germany repeatedly tried to destroy the Triple Entente, but as her policy was no longer directed by a master-hand, every attempt at weakening the bonds connecting France, Russia and Great Britain resulted in the strengthening of their determination to support each other. So Germany bided her time and waited for a favourable opportunity.

Many patriotic Germans, and especially the leaders of the Pan-Germanic League, advocated the creation of a Greater Germany, the territories of which should reach not only from Hamburg to Trieste, but from Hamburg to Constantinople, and to the lands beyond the Straits. Asia Minor was to become a German colony, the Bagdad railway a German railway, and thus Egypt and India would fall into Germany's hands. Austria-Hungary desired to make herself supreme in the Balkan Peninsula, and to acquire the harbour of Salonica. She allowed the Balkan war to break out, hoping that it would result in the defeat of the Slavonic Balkan States, or in the weakening of both sides, for either result would have facilitated Austria's progress in the direction of Salonica. However, Servia blocked the way. The valley of the Vardar is the great natural high-road from Vienna and Budapest on the one hand to Salonica and Constantinople on the other. The Vardar runs through the centre of Servia. To Austria's dismay the Balkan States were victorious. A stronger Servia, holding the gateway to Constantinople, was likely to block Austria's and Germany's path to the Aegean Sea and the Bosphorus. Desiring to ruin Servia, Austria brought about the second Balkan war. In the course of the Balkan war and during the peace negotiations she repeatedly threatened little Servia with war by inventing outrages done to Austrians—the most notorious case was the infamous invention spread and maintained by the Austrian Government press for weeks that the Servians had perpetrated an unnameable mutilation upon the Austrian Consul Prochaska—and by forbidding Servia to acquire an outlet on the Adriatic. However, while Austria was threatening and blustering in public, she was very kindly but very firmly informed by Mr. Sazonoff in private that an Austrian attack upon Servia would be equivalent to an Austrian attack upon Russia, that Russia was as strongly interested in

Servia's independence as was Great Britain in the independence of Belgium. Austria clearly knew what the consequences of an attack on Servia would be.

When William the Second had dismissed Bismarck he proclaimed that he would henceforth be his own Chancellor. He no longer required an able Chancellor but only an obedient one. In Bismarck's words quoted above, obedience alone was made the qualification of the monarch's principal adviser. Bismarck had four successors : General von Caprivi, who was accustomed to discipline and did what he was told ; Prince Hohenlohe, an outworn diplomat, who was made Chancellor at the age of seventy-five, and who, according to his *Memoirs*, was very badly treated by the Emperor ; Prince Bülow, a sprightly diplomat and an entertaining companion full of good jokes and stories ; and Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, a dull but industrious bureaucrat, who had no experience whatever of diplomacy and of practical statesmanship. When, in the spring of 1892, Bismarck learnt that General von Caprivi intended resigning, he said, according to Harden :

I am not pleased with the news. At least he was a general. Who will come next? That is the question. If you get for Chancellor a Prussian bureaucrat who has learned his trade solely at his desk, then you will see strange happenings which at present seem unbelievable.

This prediction of Bismarck's, as so many others, has come true. The unbelievable has happened.

From evidence which it would lead too far to give in detail in these pages it appears that the German Emperor and the late Archduke Franz Ferdinand agreed on common action against Servia. Austria-Hungary was to pick a plausible quarrel with that country, and Germany was to support the action of her ally with her entire strength. Russia would either intervene or abstain from action. If she only threatened but did not act, Russia would lose all credit among the Balkan Slavs, and Austria-Hungary, backed by Germany, would, through Servia and the Vardar valley, dominate the Balkan Peninsula with Salonica and Constantinople. An enormous step in advance would have been taken. If, on the other hand, Russia should attack Austria-Hungary, war between the two great groups of Powers would ensue. As Great Britain had no direct interests in Servia it was expected that she would keep neutral, especially if she should at the time have her hands full with problems of her own. If Great Britain should not take part in such a war, Italy would no doubt support Germany and Austria-Hungary in the hope of receiving valuable territorial compensation for her assistance. By raising the Servian question there seemed to be a possibility of ranging the three Powers of the Triple Alliance against France

and Russia. A war of three Great Powers against two seemed very promising. A few weeks before the Archduke's murder he was visited by the German Emperor at his castle of Konopischt. It has been asserted that a secret treaty was then concluded between Germany and Austria, and very likely it dealt with the Servian question in the manner described above.

After the Archduke's murder Austria-Hungary kept quiet for weeks. Apparently the outrage was to be treated as an ordinary crime, and there was much reason to treat it as such, for the murderers, though Serbs by race, were Austrian citizens. On the 20th of July Sir Edward Grey wrote to the British Ambassador in Berlin that Count Berchtold, in speaking to the Italian Ambassador in Vienna, had 'deprecatd the suggestion that the situation [between Austria-Hungary and Servia] was grave.' Three days later, on the 23rd of July, Austria-Hungary despatched to Servia, without any previous warning, a totally unacceptable ultimatum, accusing Servia of being responsible for the Archduke's death. She gave no proof of her assertion, yet she demanded from Servia that she should, within forty-eight hours, divest herself of her sovereign rights and place herself under Austria's protection and dependence. What had happened in the meantime?

The Irish crisis had been watched by all the Continental Powers with the greatest interest. Civil war in Great Britain seemed unavoidable. At the eleventh hour the King called a conference of the leaders of all parties at Buckingham Palace. A settlement by consent seemed possible. That hope quickly disappeared. On the 22nd of July it became generally known in London that the Conference would be a failure, and on the 24th the leaders held their last and purely formal meeting, when the impossibility of reaching an agreement was announced. Great Britain not only had no direct interest in the Austro-Servian quarrel, but seemed likely to be lamed by the imminence of civil war. Besides, Russia was expected to suffer from famine in consequence of a bad harvest, and both the French President and the French Prime Minister were abroad. The whole situation seemed most favourable to the Germanic Powers. The longed-for moment had arrived at last. Now or never was the time to strike. The moment seemed all the more propitious as Germany and Austria-Hungary had recently greatly strengthened their armies; as Russia had not yet followed suit and was believed to be unprepared; as, according to Senator Humbert's report, grave deficiencies existed in the French army; and as, last but not least, the strategically most important Baltic and North Sea Canal had just been completed.

It has been asserted in Berlin that the initiative for Austria's

Servian policy came from Vienna. That assertion is quite inadmissible. Germany has unmistakably shown to Austria-Hungary in the past that she, as the stronger Power, is not willing to allow herself to be dragged into adventures at the heels of her weaker partner. Besides, Austria-Hungary has, ever since 1848, when Francis Joseph came to the throne, followed a policy of drift and surrender. Hence it seems most improbable that her aged monarch would, at the end of his days, and upon his own initiative, act with such unexampled and ferocious energy. It is true that at the outbreak of the crisis the German Foreign Office declared that they had no knowledge of Austria's ultimatum to Servia. However, according to a despatch sent by the British Ambassador in Vienna to Sir Edward Grey, 'the German Ambassador [in Vienna] knew the text of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia before it was despatched and telegraphed it to the German Emperor.' According to the British Ambassador's report the Emperor 'endorsed every line of it.' Apparently the German Emperor either inspired the fatal ultimatum himself or at least agreed upon it with Austria-Hungary, leaving the German Foreign Office in complete ignorance of his action. Similar things have happened before. William the Second is his own Chancellor and his own Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and he has no use for any but obedient Chancellors and Ministers.

From the hundred and fifty-nine documents contained in the 'Correspondence respecting the European Crisis (Cd. 7467),' published with praiseworthy promptitude by the British Foreign Office, it appears that all the Great Powers except Germany urged Austria-Hungary to settle her quarrel with Servia by agreement in some form or other. Only Germany raised difficulties by ominously declaring that the matter did not concern any Power except Austria-Hungary and Servia, that arbitration, conference or international discussion was out of the question, although she knew that every Balkan question had so far been treated as one of European concern by the Concert of Powers. Assured of Germany's unconditional support, Austria-Hungary absolutely declined all proposals towards an amicable settlement made by Sir Edward Grey, and on the 28th of July Count Berchtold informed Russia with haughty abruptness that he could not even discuss Austria's Note to Servia. But suddenly the aspect of affairs altered very seriously to the disadvantage of Germany and Austria-Hungary. On the 30th of July the British parties agreed to bury all their differences in view of the critical foreign situation. The second reading of the Home Rule Amending Bill was indefinitely postponed. Great Britain was united and stood ready for action. Immediately Austria's tone changed. She now

declared in courteous tones her readiness to discuss the unacceptable ultimatum, and plainly displayed her anxiety to come to an understanding with Russia. Peace seemed secure. Unfortunately Austria-Hungary had reckoned without Germany. Although Austria was ready to negotiate, and although Russia declared on the 30th of July that she would 'stop all military preparations,' the German Emperor sent in hot haste an ultimatum to Russia, demanding that she should unconditionally demobilise within twelve hours. War would be the consequence of refusal. Thus war was brought about, not owing to the differences between Austria and Servia or to Russia's intervention, for Russia and Austria were both willing to adjust matters peacefully. War was precipitated by the Emperor's action, taken apparently against the advice of his Chancellor and his Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Why did William the Second plunge his country and all Europe into war at a moment when peace was in his grasp? Possibly he was urged into war by the war party. Possibly because he dreaded the supreme disgrace of another diplomatic failure, of another surrender. The governing class and his own family were exasperated at the Emperor's surrenders on the occasions of the first and second Morocco crises. They would never have forgiven him a third surrender, which would have been deadly to the prestige of Germany and to that of the crown. In rushing into this war the Emperor probably knew that he was endangering the very existence of the Empire, that Germany was not unlikely to be defeated, for his speech from the balcony of his Berlin castle to the citizens below on the 31st of July was that of a beaten man. Addressing the people he said :

A fateful hour has fallen for Germany. Envious people everywhere are compelling us to our just defence. The sword has been forced into our hands. I hope that if my efforts at the last hour do not succeed in bringing our opponents to see eye to eye with us, and in maintaining peace, we shall with God's help so wield the sword that we shall restore it to its sheath again with honour. War would demand of us enormous sacrifices in property and life, but we should show our enemies what it means to provoke Germany. And now I commend you to God. Go to church and kneel before God and pray for His help and for our gallant army.

While the Emperor asserted in his speech that Germany was wantonly attacked the White Book regarding the outbreak of war, published by his own Government, states that Germany unconditionally backed up Austria-Hungary in her Servian policy, with a view to foiling the policy of Russia who aimed at disintegrating and destroying the Dual Monarchy; in other words, that she deliberately challenged that country. Germany was well aware that she would appear to be the aggressor, and herein

lies perhaps the reason why the German Ambassador, shortly before leaving Paris, drove repeatedly up and down the Quai d'Orsay through the seething mass of the people. Perhaps he had orders if possible to produce an incident which would put France into the wrong. Strangely enough the Paris populace kept its temper and offered no insult to the Ambassador.

At the moment when Germany sent her ultimatum to Russia it was evident that her position would be an extremely dangerous one in case of war. Although Germany and Austria-Hungary could conceivably hope to defeat France, Russia, and Servia on land, they could hardly hope to defeat Great Britain on the sea. Hence, even if the war on land should end in Germany's favour and if France, Russia, and Servia should have to withdraw from the stricken field, Great Britain was not likely to cease fighting, and exhausted and impoverished Germany could not hope to vanquish her. Besides Italy, dreading Great Britain's hostility, was now likely to desert Germany and Austria-Hungary in the hour of need. She would therefore have to fear the vengeance of her former partners, should they prove victorious. Consequently Italy was vitally interested in the defeat of Germany and Austria-Hungary, and it was clear that in case of need she would draw the sword and help in the downfall of her former allies so as to establish her own security. If things should go badly for Germany and Austria, Italy would in all probability attack Austria-Hungary in order to recover the Italian Tyrol, the Trentino, and Trieste. These considerations must have been in the Emperor's mind and in that of his diplomatic advisers on the fatal 31st of July. Unfortunately military and naval men were closeted with the Emperor and his diplomats, and probably none of the Emperor's advisers possessed Bismarck's authority and determination and was ready to risk his position for the sake of his country. Bismarck would never have consented to such a suicidal war. He would rather have raised the country against his Emperor. However, it was observed that when, after the fatal and final decision, the Emperor and his Chancellor drove into Berlin, the Chancellor's face was so distorted that the people in the streets did not recognise him. He probably considered that the Emperor had signed the death warrant of Germany and of his own dynasty.

When the Emperor resolved upon war with France and Russia it was perhaps still somewhat doubtful whether Great Britain would come to the aid of France, but soon the Emperor made Great Britain's hostility certain by invading Luxemburg and Belgium. That attack was not unexpected. The strategical intentions of a military nation in case of war can clearly be gauged

by its strategical railways and especially by their military platforms. To detrain rapidly the gigantic armies used in modern war, hundreds of thousands of horses and tens of thousands of guns and vehicles, enormous military platforms and sidings are required. By comparing the detraining capacity of the military platforms on the Belgo-German frontier with that on the Franco-German frontier, it was clear that Germany intended to strike at France by way of Belgium. As France had powerfully fortified her eastern frontier, it had been an open secret for more than thirty years that Germany would try to enter France by breaking through Belgium. In a confidential and authoritative monograph *Sketch of the Defences of France against Invasion from Germany*, marked 'Secret,' and published by Harrison and Sons in 1887, we read :

It is from the recognition of the extraordinary strength of the north-eastern barrier that it is argued that Germany will in a future war be forced to direct her attack by way of Belgium. The best, shortest, and safest line of invasion from North or Central Germany, having Paris for its objective, lies unquestionably by the Meuse, Sambre, and Oise, and follows the latter river up to the gates of the capital. The roads and railways connecting Cologne and Düsseldorf with Aix-la-Chapelle lead thence on Liège, the northern key to the valley of the Meuse and distant only about nineteen miles (a two days' march) from the German frontier. From Liège, the valley of the Meuse, prolonged by the valley of the Sambre, opens up a broad road into France, which carries an invader without sensible interruption from the plains of the Meuse basin into those of the Seine basin.

The general staffs of all nations were prepared for Germany's breach of Belgium's neutrality. However, with regrettable insincerity the German Government pretended that France and Belgium were to be blamed for the universally expected invasion. On the 31st of July the German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs complained to the British Ambassador that Belgium had 'already committed hostile acts by placing an embargo on a consignment of corn to Germany.' General von Emmich, the Commander of the invading army, put forth the still more ridiculous claim that invasion was justified because 'some French officers had crossed the Belgian frontier in disguise in motor-cars.' His Proclamation to the Belgium people was as follows :

To my great regret German troops are compelled to cross the frontier by inevitable necessity, the neutrality of Belgium having been already violated by French officers who crossed the frontier in disguise in motor-cars. Our greatest desire is to avoid a conflict between our peoples, who have hitherto been friendly and were formerly allies. Remember Waterloo, where the German armies contributed to found the independence of your country! But we must have a clear road. The destruction of bridges, tunnels, and railways will have to be considered hostile actions. I hope that the German Army on the Meuse will not be called upon to fight you.

We want a clear road to attack those who wish to attack us. I guarantee that the Belgian population will not have to suffer the horrors of war. We will pay for provisions, and our soldiers will show themselves to be the best friends of a people for whom we have the highest esteem and the greatest sympathy. It depends upon your prudence and patriotism to avoid the horrors of war for your country.

Lastly the Imperial Chancellor, with greater candour than the German Foreign Secretary and the invading General, pleaded simply necessity in the following speech delivered in the Reichstag :

Gentlemen, we are now in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law! Our troops have occupied Luxemburg, and perhaps are already on Belgian soil. That, gentlemen, is contrary to the dictates of international law. It is true that the French Government has declared at Brussels that France is willing to respect the neutrality of Belgium as long as her opponents respect it. We knew, however, that France stood ready for the invasion. France could wait, but we could not wait. A French movement upon our flank upon the lower Rhine might have been disastrous. So we were compelled to override the justified protests of the Luxemburg and Belgian Governments. The wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing we will endeavour to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached. Anybody who is threatened, as we are threatened, and is fighting for his highest possessions can have only one thought—how he is to hack his way through.

These clumsy, contradictory, and insincere explanations are highly suggestive, as also were the equally clumsy attempts of the German Government to induce Belgium not to resist the German armies by promising to restore her independence 'after a German victory'; and the incredibly foolish attempt of the Chancellor to induce Great Britain to forsake France, by promising on the 29th of July that in case of victory Germany would take no French territory, but only the French colonies—two days later, on the 1st of August, he improved this offer by stating that Germany might guarantee 'the integrity of France and her colonies'—and to tolerate the invasion of Belgium against a promise that Germany would evacuate the country at the end of the war. They show that the German Foreign Office, which, under Bismarck's control, was the best organised and best informed Foreign Office in the world, has, under the personal government of William the Second and under the nominal control of a bureaucrat unacquainted with diplomacy, become a byword for incapacity, confusion, and ignorance among the world's diplomats. The three contradictory explanations of Germany's reasons for invading Belgium are due either to the fact that the Foreign Office gave one explanation, while the Emperor gave totally different instructions without informing the Foreign Office, or to the fact that the Emperor himself,

within a few hours, three times changed his mind as to the explanation which should be given. The German Ambassadors are appointed by the Emperor. They owe their position rather to favour than to merit, and they have learned that they will fare best if they report not what is true, but what exalted circles desire to hear. Of course there are exceptions to the rule. It is believed that Prince Liehnowsky did his best to enlighten Berlin as to Great Britain's attitude; but in the misinformation supplied by her diplomatic representatives lies probably the reason of Germany's endeavour to induce Great Britain and Belgium to abandon their most vital interests without a stroke, by ridiculous and palpably insincere promises.

Napoleon taught: 'A la guerre, les trois-quarts sont des affaires morales; la balance des forces réelles n'est que pour un autre quart.' The German soldiers will scarcely fight with the same enthusiasm and determination on behalf of Austria's quarrel with Servia as when they fought in 1870 for securing Germany's longed-for unity, and for reconquering two ancient and beloved German provinces, the loss of which was deplored in innumerable poems and stories. A modern State has no right to ask the citizens to lay down their lives unless it be in a good and a national cause. A war, to be conducted successfully, must be, as Bismarck has told us in his *Memoirs*, a popular war, and the present war is as unpopular in Germany as it is popular in France and Russia. It is quite possible that the German soldiers will fight half-heartedly. Bad diplomacy and a bad case do not encourage good fighting. Before long Germany may have to act on the defensive.

By her natural configuration Germany is very strong for defence. Three broad and deep rivers, running from South to North, the Rhine, Weser and Elbe, hamper an invader, and all the important crossings of the Rhine are strongly fortified. Besides, several important mountain chains intervene between the French frontier and Berlin. Towards Russia, Germany is level, but the country is easily defensible, because innumerable lakes, swamps and forests impede the advance of large armies, and the principal roads and railways through the lake region are dominated by powerful fortifications. Unless the German army should absolutely collapse in consequence of a smashing initial defeat, the war may be long drawn out. If the fortune of war should fluctuate, the campaign may last about six months, and possibly longer.

Although Germany no longer actually feeds herself, although, after the United Kingdom, she is the largest importer of food, she can resist almost indefinitely as far as food is concerned. She produces about nine tenths of her bread corn, and the re-

maining tenth can be replaced by potatoes and sugar, of which she has a huge surplus. By reducing the production of potato-spirit and of beer, she can accumulate a huge reserve store of potatoes and barley. As she imports scarcely any meat, her meat supply is ample, but she may experience a shortage of fodder. On the other hand, there should be a serious deficiency in butter, eggs, cheese, fish, coffee, tea, cocoa, and tobacco, of which she imports large quantities.

While, even if the war lasts a year and longer, Germany will scarcely suffer from a shortage of the most necessary foods, her industries will suffer very severely through the cessation of her foreign trade and through shortage of coal and lack of imported raw materials, such as wool, cotton, silk, ore. Her people may also suffer from lack of coal, as the vast majority of the miners have been called into the army. So far the entire able-bodied population up to forty-five has been mobilised. If Germany should be invaded in force, she may call out all the able-bodied men from sixteen to sixty. Only about one tenth of Germany's foreign trade is carried on with Austria-Hungary and her neutral neighbours, while approximately nine tenths are carried on with her antagonists and with the countries oversea. The war may well result in the destruction of Germany's manufacturing industries, shipping and foreign trade, and in the general impoverishment of the people.

If Germany should be defeated, her political and economic position will become a very serious one. She will probably be deprived of large territories in the East, West, and North. She will certainly lose to France Alsace-Lorraine, the iron-ore beds of which are indispensable to her magnificent iron and steel trade, which is by far the largest German industry. Possibly the French will claim all German territory up to the Rhine. Germany may lose Schleswig-Holstein with Kiel and the Kiel Canal to Denmark, who owned these provinces until 1864, while Heligoland and Borkum and her colonies may fall to Great Britain. Lastly, the Czar has announced his intention to reconstitute the ancient kingdom of Poland, placing it under Russian protection. That measure would deprive Germany of a vast district in the East. It would deprive her of part of Silesia and of the important harbours of Dantzig and Königsberg, the most Prussian of all Prussian towns, in which the princes of the house of Hohenzollern have been crowned. That loss of territory would reduce the distance separating Berlin from the nearest point on the Russian frontier from 180 miles to about ninety miles. Berlin would be within a few days' march of the Russian army.

Germany's manufacturing industries, Germany's shipping and Germany's foreign trade may never recover from the war.

When the war is over, and especially if it is at all protracted, much of the German business will have fallen into foreign hands. In addition impoverished Germany may have to pay to the victors an indemnity compared with which that paid by France would appear a trifle. Before the war the German Press threatened that if France should support Russia she would, at the end of the war, have to pay, as an indemnity, not £200,000,000 as in 1871, but £2,000,000,000. Such a sum may be exacted from Germany by her opponents should they be victorious. Poverty combined with high taxation does not afford a congenial soil to the manufacturing industries. In the countries of her antagonists, France, Belgium, Great Britain, and Russia, German business men have acquired huge interests, and these also will in part be lost. The war may totally destroy the great industrial position which Germany has acquired during the past three or four decades. It may convert Germany from a wealthy into a poverty-stricken land, and the Germans may be compelled to emigrate by the million to the United States and the British Colonies in the same way in which the Irish emigrated after the Potato Famine of 1846. The outlook for Germany would be terrible.

The war may jeopardise, and perhaps destroy, not only the entire life work of Bismarck and part of that of Frederick the Great, it may not only impoverish Germany very greatly, but it may also damage Germany's good name for generations. With the same ruthlessness with which her diplomats, following the principles of *Machtpolitik*, have disregarded the sacredness of treaties, making Germany's advantage their only law, her soldiers have disregarded the written laws of war, and, what is worse, the unwritten law of humanity. According to numerous accounts, the German soldiers have bombarded open and undefended towns, wantonly burned down villages, killed wounded soldiers and peaceful inhabitants of both sexes, and executed all Belgian civilians caught with arms in their hands, although, according to Article 2 of the Regulations respecting the Laws and Customs of War, signed at The Hague on the 18th of October 1907 by Germany herself :

The inhabitants of a territory not under occupation who, on the approach of an enemy, spontaneously take up arms to resist the invading troops without having had time to organise themselves in accordance with Article 1, shall be regarded as belligerents if they carry arms openly, and if they respect the laws and customs of war.

Though many of the accounts published may be untrue, there is bound to be a considerable substratum of truth. By these actions and by the infliction of crushing fines upon Liège and Brussels, the German Government is not weakening resistance,

but increasing the bitterness and determination of its opponents, and it is doing irremediable harm to the reputation of the race throughout the world. Besides, the German people may reap a hundredfold the harvest of hatred which its government is sowing. Its action in Belgium and France may lead to fearful reprisals in Germany, and the war may assume the character of a Balkan butchery unless the Germans change their methods.

The question now arises whether the docile Germans will bear their misfortunes patiently, or whether they will rebel against the crowned criminal who has brought about their misery. A revolt is possible, and it may take a twofold shape. Conceivably the Southern States might, after a serious defeat of the German army, detach themselves from Prussia, refusing to fight any longer for the German Emperor. The Empire may be dissolved. The unenthusiastic speech made by the King of Bavaria in support of the war is ominous. The secession of the Southern States would no doubt be encouraged by the French army. On the other hand, it is possible that there would be a general rising of the people against their rulers. The great majority of Germans are dissatisfied with their form of government. A well-educated people does not like to be governed like children. An absolutism thinly disguised by parliamentary forms is tolerable only as long as it is successful, and as the people are prosperous. The vast majority of the Germans are Liberals, Radicals, and Socialists. This majority has at present, as I showed in my article, 'Autocratic and Democratic Germany—the Lesson of Zabern,' published in this Review last February, no influence whatever upon the government and policy of the country. But failure of the Government in the present war would make absolute government impossible in Germany. If Germany should experience a serious defeat, she may either become a strictly limited monarchy on the English model, or a republic. As both the Emperor and the Crown Prince are equally responsible for the crime of the present war, it may well happen that the German people will refuse to be ruled any longer by the Hohenzollerns. The rise of a German republic is certainly within the limits of possibility.

Germany may be greatly reduced in size, and may become much impoverished, but the German race will not die. Greatness will return to it, and adversity may prove its salvation. The character of the German nation has been warped and distorted by the military-bureaucratic *régime*, which has educated the people to the worship of militarism and of brute force. A free, self-governing German people would probably again take a leading place among the nations of the world. Feudal and militarist Germany may be replaced by a German democracy, which will

take its place side by side with Great Britain and the United States. The dream of an alliance of the three great Germanic States may come true.

The brunt of the war falls on the German people. Their sufferings will be terrible, especially when the Russian hosts are in their midst; and they deserve our sympathy, for they are guiltless of the war. They were forced and driven into it. They were, and are still, deceived and misinformed by their Government-controlled Press. All who wish to treat Germany justly should carefully differentiate between the governing classes and the masses of the people.

Those who are guilty of the greatest crime of the last hundred years deserve the sternest punishment. If defeated, the Emperor may seek and find death on the field of battle. He may endeavour to flee his country, or he may be made a prisoner by his opponents. However, he should certainly not be allowed to lead a life of ease and luxury either in Germany or in another land. The colossal war which he has brought about is not only a crime against the German nation, but a crime against civilisation, against mankind, and the wronged nations should sit in judgment upon him. The German Emperor has claimed that he is responsible to God alone. Let the people of Germany and her antagonists show him that a criminal, however exalted and however boastful, is not only responsible to God and to history for his crimes, but is also responsible to the generation to which he has brought death and sorrow. If, as appears at present, he has deliberately brought about a war which will probably devour a million human lives, merely in order to avoid ridicule and to save his prestige and soiled reputation, his crime against all mankind is so great that his fate should not be left to the German nation. He should be judged by the nations he has wronged, and should be treated as a criminal to the end of his days, together with his partners and advisers in the crime.

The consequences of a great defeat may be serious to Germany, but they will be still more serious to Austria-Hungary. Except for her 3,500,000 Poles and her Frenchmen and Danes, Germany is homogeneous, but Austria-Hungary is not. Of the 53,000,000 people dwelling in Austria-Hungary, only 12,000,000 are Germans, and only 8,000,000 are *bona-fide* Magyars, while about 30,000,000 are Slavs. If the reconstitution of Poland should take place, Austria-Hungary would lose her 5,000,000 Poles to the new kingdom. In addition she may lose her 3,500,000 Ruthenians to the Russians, to whom they are related, she may lose her 5,000,000 Serbs to Servia, her 3,000,000 Roumanians to Roumania, and her 1,000,000 Italians to Italy. Every neighbour of Austria-Hungary has a claim upon a

piece of that country on the ground of nationality. A serious defeat of Austria-Hungary might lead not merely to its territorial diminution but to its partition. We may see arise in Eastern Europe a kingdom of Poland, with 20,000,000 inhabitants, a kingdom of Roumania with 10,000,000, and a kingdom of Servia with 10,000,000. The Emperor of Austria may continue to rule over a few fragments of his State which at one time dominated the world, but it is possible that a great defeat would lead not only to the end of the Hohenzollern monarchy, but also to that of the Hapsburgs.

The present war will be enormously costly in lives and property. Directly and indirectly it costs per month about 600,000,000*l.*, an amount almost as large as our gigantic national debt. But this enormous expenditure of blood and money will not, it is to be hoped, be all lost. This war, should Great Britain and her allies be successful, would have the most far-reaching results. It has solved the Irish question, and it should bring about the unification of the British Empire. It should give an enormous impetus to British industry and trade, and stimulate the growth of the Dominions. Other nations also would greatly benefit. France would once more become *la grande nation*, and Russia, by freeing Poland, seems to be starting on a path which may gradually lead her through constitutionalism to federalism. Lastly, it must not be forgotten that the war is not merely a war between two groups of nations, but between two political systems and two political philosophies. It is a war between democracy and feudalism, between human freedom and military absolutism, between liberty and force, between right and might. It will decide whether the world will become Prussian or Anglo-Saxon, militarist or free, whether it will be ruled by the gospel of force or by the gospel of right. If the forces of militarism and of feudalism should be defeated, it will mean the dawn of a new era. A victory of the Entente Powers would free the world of the incubus of militarism, it would secure the pre-eminence of the Anglo-Saxon nations for centuries, it might lead to a general disarmament among nations, and it would certainly lead to a reduction of the armies and navies. Probably not for many decades should we see another great war. A victory of the Entente Powers would set free many European nations which were arbitrarily cut up and despotically ruled. After the war the world would be freer and happier than it had ever been before.

J. ELLIS BARKER.

‘*QUI VIVE?*’ ‘*FRANCE QUAND MÊME*’

(1)

BEFORE THE BATTLES

I LEFT Paris this year two days before the end of the Caillaux case, and in less than fifteen hours I found myself in an unfrequented little place in East Switzerland, so still and quiet that it seemed impossible there should be such things as Law Courts, *forensis strepitus*, and the buzz of the daily press. Yet, the weather having turned wet, I was thrown back upon the great diversion of the modern man, and looked for newspapers. A little woman at the station—so silent and indifferent that I thought her deaf and dumb—sold stationery and fruit, and in a safe corner at the back of her stall kept a little pile of Swiss, French and German newspapers with which she always seemed to part reluctantly, and which she apparently chose so as to discourage customers. There was generally one Paris paper, but it never was the one you had seen on your previous visit, and if you asked for the *Journal* the little vendor shrugged her thin shoulders and disclosed the title of the *Echo de Paris*.

It was at that stall that on Thursday, the 30th of July, looking over the *Tribune de Genève* for news of the Caillaux case, I was roused from my reading by another Frenchman who was looking over the *Journal de Genève*, and invited to shift my attention from the Caillaux case to the Servian War. The gentleman, seeing that I looked surprised, drew out of his pocket a telegram which he handed me. It was from some financial firm, and warned the person addressed to keep ready for an immediate recall. ‘Nonsense,’ I said. Bourse gentlemen cultivate timorousness, and the peaceful scene around us invited serenity.

The next day, going back to the same place, I met the same gentleman with another telegram sticking out of his pocket. ‘I am called home,’ he said, ‘and you had better not stay long here : Swiss mobilisation will be announced in a few hours, and the Germans must be mobilising now.’

A few hours later I saw him taking the train back to Paris with his daughters, and the carriages were crowded with people probably coming back from the Tyrol. These were alarming signs, and I made up my mind to get hold of a newspaper early the next day and find out if the Germans were really mobilising. Meanwhile, it occurred to me that I should do well to get rid of the paper money I had, and I took a train to the little town on the other side of the lake. An old woman who sold carved wood gave me gold for fifty francs, and the people at a Gasthaus gave me silver for the same amount. Then I went the rounds of all the hotels, chemists, bookshops, hairdressers, bicycle repairers, etc., without being able to obtain a franc. People looked kind and wise, and assured me that no doubt I could get change next door. Eventually I took in the people at the post-office by sending a postal order to myself and getting the change for the note I gave; but, taken in as they were, I could see they were not duped, and I began to feel a great desire of being in places where life would be as usual. It seemed a weird phenomenon that in such a sequestered district the vaguest rumour of a war should scare gold out of sight in a minute in that way.

On getting back to the little station I found the Swiss mobilisation placard on the wall; men from the village were standing on the platform with guns and knapsacks, and the station-master had already assumed a military air, which befitted him very well.

The next day the little newswoman at the station placed in my hand, almost without my asking her, a German paper, on the first page of which I read that Germany was actually mobilising. The station-master, whom I interviewed about carriages direct to Paris, told me that Swiss mobilisation was already complete, but he could not tell what would happen on the other side of the frontier.

It was no brag. The Swiss had mobilised in less than a day. Their trains ran with the well-trained air and the easy promptitude which give them the appearance of perfect servants. There were pickets of infantry outside every station and sentries all along the line, but that was the only indication of something unusual; order and punctuality prevailed where they were expected, and the happiness of a wonderful summer day lay light and gay over lake and mount. At some junction before reaching Zurich a German tourist and his wife got in. The woman was in tears, the man laughed and talked nervously. He was a kind-looking burgher from Baden, of nearly fifty, whom a telegram from the military authorities had reached just as he

was going out for a climbing expedition. We had some conversation. The poor man was evidently bewildered and at a loss for an explanation that would make war with anybody something else than an absurdity.

When we reached Bâle we were told that the train which had brought us a few days before across Alsace-Lorraine did not run any more, there were German sentries a few hundred yards from us, and the station, which at all times looks unpleasantly international, had a stiff aloofness about it. All the same we left in due time for the frontier *viâ* Porrentruy and Delle, and the train pushed actively westwards, reaching and leaving the garrisoned stations exactly according to schedule. The late afternoon was of rare beauty, with a stately west and a moon, and, it being Saturday evening, the church bells every now and then pealing above the rumbling of the train as we passed the villages between Deleinont and Glovelier.

A little distance before reaching the frontier the train stopped and there was some fumbling, then it moved very slowly into Delle, the first French station. So far, I had only thought of war as a possibility which universal mobilisation might rapidly transform into a fact. The moment I saw the familiar French uniform I jumped out and asked : 'Have we mobilised?' 'Oui, monsieur, à cinq heures.' The man was busy about his work and apparently indifferent, but as I could not help exclaiming : 'Mais alors c'est la guerre!' the strange smile that I was to see on so many French faces the next day brightened up his face as he answered 'Ah ! pour ça oui, c'est la guerre !'

We waited a long time wondering whether we were to change carriages or not, and whether the Customs examination would take place as usual. No officer appeared and finally the train moved out with just a fresh engine. There were foreigners in my compartment, people about whose nationality you could not be sure, half Swiss, half Italian, with a dash of something else indefinable. They began to make remarks about the difference between the wonderful order and regularity we had seen so far and the general easy-going appearance of things the moment we had reached the frontier. They were particularly shocked at the suppression of the Customs examination. 'No method, no order,' they went on repeating, and then those long lamentations about French inferiorities in which jealousy relieves itself hypocritically. Gradually, however, the conversation diverged to business and money-making, until the whole party joined in a speech they repeated with enthusiasm like a chorus : 'Ah ! but

there is no place where you can make money as easily as in France!'

I thought it proper then to insert a few remarks which changed the subject at once, and gradually silence set in. I was longing for the appearance of Belfort, where I felt sure the first signs of the mobilisation would be visible, and the heavy train moved slowly. At last, however, we reached a darkish station: that was Belfort, and the platforms, instead of offering the scene of animation I had expected, were almost empty. I craned my neck outside, looking everywhere for indications, no matter how slight, of a preparation. I could see nothing. Lure station the same. Vesoul the same. It was then almost midnight, but the buffet boy was wheeling his refreshments down the platform. I could wait no longer. I called him, and said to him, almost as if he were the responsible person, 'How is this? The Swiss stations are already full of soldiers, and here we do not see one.' The boy looked doubtfully at me for one second, then jumping on to the footboard he whispered in my ear 'All gone; the whole garrison gone to the frontier this morning, everything in perfect order; reservists will be here to-morrow early.' I could have hugged that boy. I sat down again and fell asleep till the end of the short night.

The coolness of early dawn woke me up. Langres had been passed, and a bright canopy of pink cloudlets spread over the supernaturally quiet landscape. I had hardly begun to look outside, when on the top of the bank I saw a soldier with his gun on his shoulder and perfectly motionless. Then we passed under a bridge, and there were more soldiers at each end; then more sentries at frequent intervals, most of them in uniform, some of them in plain clothes with just the mobilisation *brassard* round their left arm, but all soldierly-looking, and the *Lébel* made longer on their shoulder by the bayonet full of meaning.

The spontaneous impulse was to exchange greetings with them, but all the time I was trying to realise that which seemed as yet a sort of dream. So this was war, war about which so much had been said that at last it had become a sort of metaphysical possibility, always spoken of, never coming. These men, these sentries, all of them between thirty-five and forty-five, were not there on manoeuvres, but in grim earnest. They looked down the line, it is true, but surely their whole soul inclined their ears to the right, in the direction of the rising sun, towards the fields which would be soon full of millions of men, and where the old quarrel so often obscured, so often transformed, but never forgotten, was to be settled at last. The whole time my imagination painted the letters of the word war, in English, not in French, because the shorter word is more formidable across the peaceful

expanse of blue sky, but an undercurrent of an instinct more powerful than imagination made me long to be one of those men with a loaded gun in my hands.

Shortly before five we reached Chaumont, and there the imaginative effort was so powerfully helped that it became superfluous. We had only to keep our eyes open. The station was full of officers of all ages and grades, of army doctors dragging their long, narrow boxes, of bands of reservists in their Sunday clothes, all looking so neat and decent, carrying a modest valise or the humbler bundle fastened evidently by the wife's hand. I cannot forget two figures: one of an elderly officer with the gentlest expression I ever saw on a man's face, and the other of a young sub-lieutenant, the son of one of my best friends, now dead, whose attention I could not attract as he went up and down the station. At intervals long trains would come down crowded with more reservists, or occasionally with detachments from regiments in the *Armée Active*, and the sight was wonderful. While my literary mind was fighting with images and notions, all these simple men were possessed of only one thought, and it was visible in their expression. They, like the officers who filled the station, were evidently not exactly thinking, but doing one thing and behaving like people engrossed by one absorbing interest. They would cheer back when we cheered them, but there was no excitement in their appearance; they did not sing, they did not bustle; they were all anxious to be where they had to be; ready to do what they had to do, they minded their own business. What a contrast between them and the rowdy bands of 1870, with descriptions of which my childhood was sickened!

We waited a long time, until the station became empty and then filled again several times, until every train that came down had moved out, and then our endless chain of carriages—quite a third of a mile in length—was suffered to proceed, but it was only for a short distance. At each small junction more trains would come down, filled with the same resolute and smiling faces. Everlastingly we heard the same good-natured joke: 'Ah! mais, ce n'est pas de ce côté là qu'il faut aller,' with an accompanying nod eastwards. Our train lay neglected on the metals, sometimes for long hours; the nondescripts in my compartment would occasionally ask when we should start: the men answered that the station-master was now an officer who minded exclusively the military trains: one could go to the buffets and help himself and pay or not pay, nobody took any notice. Gradually a sort of revelation dawned upon me: no papers had come from Paris to meet us as usual, but I realised that politics, so ardent in them a few days before, would have disappeared; a vague notion of government as something stronger and better than it had a right to be

still subsisted, but vague and remote; the ordinary course of civilisation had stopped and gone back in a few hours to its most elemental stage; our train, our money, our affairs, had ceased to be of any importance, the multiform and infinitely variegated appearance of modern life had been suddenly simplified, there was only one thing: the tribe, the *peuplade*, looking after its own interest, which was that of all and of everyone, and the rest shifting as it could in that enormous transformation.

We reached Paris on Sunday, 1st of August, about half-past eight, twenty-six hours after leaving Bâle. The sunset flushed the eiyots of tall houses in the suburbs as we passed through, and almost at every window people waved their handkerchiefs gaily. The Gare de l'Est was a very desert—no porters, no guards, no soldiers. I wheeled my luggage along the endless train in a truck which nobody defended against me, and issued out. The Boulevard de Strasbourg outside was more crowded than ever, and the crowd was gay, animated, and electrified as at a popular fête. But something had completely changed the ordinary appearance of this quarter; where, as a rule, cars, 'buses, *fiacres*, and vehicles of all descriptions fill the eye and ear, there was only a rustling mass of men and women, and the absence of all sounds above the monotonous whisper was startling. Inside the railings two or three *fiacres*, over which a score of our fellow-passengers were bidding as at an auction, were all the signs of traffic.

I went down into the Metro station. It was crowded too, but no trains rushed in and out, and I had to wait twenty minutes to get one. The Collège Stanislas, where I went, was a vast solitude. It was vacation, of course, and rather late for collegiate regularity, but more than fifty of the servants had already left for their regiments or depots, and only a few shadows were to be seen in the insufficiently lit courtyards.

The next day was Monday, but life appeared sluggish or sparse—many shops shut, the banks ajar with endless queues of people waiting outside. I followed one at the door of the Crédit Lyonnais. Most of the men who stood there were to march in the afternoon or within three or four days, but they did not speak of the trivial fact; it only became known by accidental references in the conversation, general from one end to the other. I was surprised and delighted at the firmness of the women. Most of them of course had near relations involved in the war, but they talked in the same businesslike tone as the men. The atmosphere was distinctly cheerful. It was only in

the afternoon that I met, at a tobacconist's, with a poor woman, poor in health too, who sat in absolute misery. Since then I have come across another, but they were the only two, and on the contrary I have seen many whose conversation showed that their simple courage was nothing short of heroism.

The same day I witnessed the sack of five or six of the Maggi milk-shops. It was conducted in a judicial and, of its kind, orderly spirit, in pure anger at what was regarded as spying, and I noticed, in some surprise at myself, that these executions seemed perfectly natural. I did not stop once to give more than a passing glance at the scene.

It has long been taken for granted that Belgium was to be invaded by the German armies, and in consequence the little town in the North of France where I was born, where my nearest relations are, and where I am now writing, less than fifty miles from the probable scene of action, being right in the middle of the gap known as 'la trouée des Ardennes,' must be on the passage of the armies. The thought made me particularly anxious to get back with as little delay as possible. I spent two days in Paris trying to get a permit enabling me to take a military train. I crossed and recrossed the city many times on a bicycle without any result, never succeeding even in getting near the Gare du Nord, which was barricaded and unapproachable. But these apparently fruitless steps brought me in contact with numberless people, all in the right spirit, and gave me opportunities to see scenes which were worth seeing. I witnessed the return of the German Ambassador after his last interview with M. Viviani, and can testify to the perfect self-control of the Parisians on his passage; I saw the headquarter staff taking leave of the Minister at the War Office; and, what pleased me more than anything else, I saw everybody at the English Embassy beaming with delight at the prospect of the declaration of war.

After being sent from the War Office to the Ministry of the Interior and thence to the Préfecture de Police, where they advised me to go back to the War Office, I made up my mind and gave up this wild-goose chase. I had a bicycle; I fastened two bags upon it and struck out of Paris by the rue d'Allemagne, buying newspapers as I went with the thought that they were the last news I could hope to get for several days. I passed through the zone in the north-east suburb, every name of which recalls some event in the war of 1870, and finally got on the long Maubeuge road. Some time after dusk I was stopped by a post of soldiers a few miles before reaching Dammartin, and, having no passport, of which no mention was made in Paris, I should

have been ignominiously sent back where I came from had I not had in my pocket a letter from Sir Henry Austin Lee, which a very intelligent sergeant read and promptly transformed into a passport. These good people took me to dinner at their inn, where I supped, slept, and breakfasted admirably for three francs and a half. The soldiers were all men from La Villette market, and I have met many so-called cultivated people far inferior to these butchers. I was amazed at their knowledge of commercial and political Paris, at their intelligence of the causes of the war, and at their perfectly civilised though military way of considering it. Once more I saw how evidently this contest is the fight of civilisation against barbarism.

The next morning I left for Soissons, riding about seventy kilomètres and not meeting ten people on the way. The country in all its summer beauty was incredibly still, and I remember stopping near the edge of the Retz forest on hearing a far-away mowing-machine. Clearly all the men were gone already and probably were going ahead of me towards the frontier.

In fact, when I reached Soissons, the most quiet of cathedral towns in ordinary times, I found it choke-full of soldiers. The hotel, where I was too glad to find a bed, was entirely occupied by reserve officers, whose talk was a treat. They could not find sufficient expressions for their admiration of the mobilisation, the wonderful success of all this method, the spirit of the men, etc. It may not be recorded elsewhere that where the authorities expected 250 reservists the full number of each unit, 375, had been frequently attained. I was shown two elderly chaps who, being found unfit, had insisted on working with the *maitre armurier* and had already made three thousand sabre hooks between them.

North of Soissons the solitude ceased, and I constantly met long files of horses on their way from their farms to the next garrison towns. Every two or three miles I was stopped and severely cross-examined, and I began to feel the atmosphere of secrecy which so near the front keeps me even to-day in complete ignorance of what is going on there. My great wish was to know whether on arriving I should not find this countryside militarily occupied, and I could only obtain a clear answer to my question five miles before my destination. Even children, if they happen to have heard or seen anything definite, will only answer in the vaguest manner.

Yesterday a man on a bicycle informed me that in the next village he had seen several detachments which evidently were on their way to this place. I was shocked. If they were coming

this way they were turning their backs on the frontier and what did it mean? I jumped on my bicycle and rode off under the scorching sun. As I drew near the village I heaved a sigh of relief. I could see distinctly the tall figures of dark men on horseback and they were moving towards the frontier. Shortly afterwards I was near the scene. The church bells were pealing a thundering welcome, and on each side of the road the village people were standing. Nobody said a word, but as the men filed—a most interesting procession of Zouaves, artillery, Turcos, and Algerian tirailleurs—arms were raised from deep baskets to the saddles or to the vans, and eggs, fruit, chocolate, glasses of light, cool wine were pressed in mute supplication upon the men. I had never before seen people in the act of giving wearing the expression of beggars. Poor girls who had run barefooted to the road gave flowers where they could give nothing else. Ahead of everybody the priest who had set the bells ringing distributed medals into ready hands, and the tawny Turcos, Mussulman as they were, beamed and grinned gratitude. It was a great scene in its simplicity. A bearded man on the kerb alone shouted greetings. 'My son,' he said, 'is in Morocco, just like those black Turcos, but he is coming back, he is coming back to fight here!'

ERNEST DIMNET.

(II)

THE RISING GENERATION IN FRANCE: DOES IT SHOW A MODIFICATION IN THE NATIONAL TEMPERAMENT?

Is this a proper time to discuss this question? As there are no parties in France at the present moment, there is in the same way hardly any difference between the young man who went from his barracks to the front with the resolute calmness which those who witnessed it can never forget, and the reservist of thirty-five to forty-five who marched, when the bells announced the mobilisation, as if he were a young man and not the father of a family. Yet, the war is only the crowning incident in the transformation of France which I have at various times endeavoured to point out; it will have an end; after a time things will resume their course in the old direction, and then, I feel confident, it will appear that what I am going to say, every detail of which had been determined in my mind long before the war broke out, will be found to be as judicial as it was in my power to make it, and

will help in understanding French life when it ceases to be something else than a struggle for its preservation.

It is generally admitted that the change in the national spirit brought about by the Tangier awakening is more visible in the rising generation—the men between eighteen and twenty-five—than in its predecessor, and some people maintain that this change is so marked that it amounts to a modification in the traditional temperament of the French. We shall investigate the change and discuss the so-called modification.

First of all, is there really a contrast between the generation which arose towards 1870 and its offspring? Yes, undoubtedly; but so much has been written on this contrast that a great deal that is born of words has already taken the place of plain truth, and one feels on one's guard.

To begin with the doomed period, the much despised last decade of the nineteenth century, it is too often judged from the celebrated preface to *Le Disciple*, in which Bourget, in 1889, divided contemporary youth into two sections: one consisting of the brutally cynical, and the other of refined if enervated nihilists. This preface is an estimable piece of rhetoric, but it is rhetorical from beginning to end, and, as is invariably the case with unduly successful rhetoric, it has begotten an immense progeny of mere words. It is true that there were brutal cynics and dainty Revolutionists among the young men of those days, but were they a majority? Is it not better to say that they represented that portion of young Frenchmen who, being either professional writers or abstractions from contemporary novels—those of Daudet, for instance—might be classed as merely literary matter?

It has been the pleasant lot of the present writer to see a great deal of French youth from the year 1890. These young men were mostly fervid and enthusiastic, as fortunately young men will be. We did see some specimens of effete aristocracy or wealth, we occasionally heard brutal assertions concerning the use of life, and I knew two perfect samples of the pretty affectation which was then called Buddhism and turned a boy of twenty-two into a sort of indulgent old man; but these were exceptions. The fact is that there was no object for popular passion, no definite ideal of any kind. Politics ran high, but they were hardly ever taken seriously, and a young man might spend the time between his leaving school at eighteen and his marrying at twenty-five without encountering any subject that really appealed to him. Some few individuals owed to their surroundings an interest in the campaigns of Drumont against the Jewish power, or of Barrès against Parliamentary corruption, or—this was my case—in the

evolution of the Church towards acceptance of modern conditions, and the *ralliement* advocated by Leo the Thirteenth; but they were very few, and the truth is that universal stagnation prevailed.

Consequently, we may say that personal experience, even in the case of a man connected all his life with intellectual *milieux* and intelligent young men, provides us with very few positive data, and on the contrary with a great deal that is purely negative. So it was mostly through books and magazines, through the innumerable manifestoes which aesthetic or ethical 'schools' issued so freely, through inferences, in a word, from literary evidence, that we gathered anything about the restricted Parisian circles which are frequently offered us to-day as having given its tone to that period.

Tolstoism was purely literary, and so was Buddhism, and no less so the Nietzscheism which appeared in the early works of Barrès, and the Socialism which we discover rather retrospectively in the books of Péguy. The cynicism of which Bourget complains did exist, no doubt, but in many cases it was created more than represented by the theatre, and thus was literary too. Young men were restless in default of something really mastering to give themselves to, and they tried all that came within reach without much conviction. We have heard many times that for several years Jaurès had great influence over the students at the Ecole Normale, and we find in fact that two or three of them found their way behind him into the Chamber and a few others into the Press. But read the recollections of Péguy to which I referred above, you will feel immediately that the so-called Socialist wave was limited to the delight of a few lads in being distinguished by a famous orator, and magnified by the same delight in an unconscionable manner. As much might be said of the influence of Paul Desjardins, or of Barrès in his first years, or of many a man who seemed to be a man at the time—for instance, Ernest Lajeunesse—and is at present hardly a name.

The average young men of the declining nineteenth century, therefore, were mostly what their fathers' conversation and the tone of the age made them. Scientism ruling, they were far from all belief, but not averse to a vague mysticism; Renan having been the great admiration of the generation before them, they affected a distinguished dilettantism, or a distinguished scepticism, or a distinguished nihilism—even Jules Lemaître knew these affectations; peace seeming settled, they had a great contempt for war, and were above barbarism and Revanche; they were incredibly jealous of their liberty, but this was chiefly talk, as they consented readily enough to become officials, with no other liberty than that of shirking their work. In short, they were the products of a time in which nothing decisive was taking place, either

in man's thought or in his life : they had vague ideals, vague ideas, and a vague though frequently expressed disgust of it all, which sounded more like cynicism than surfeit, but was in reality surfeit.

Against this description we should now place the portrait of the contemporary young man. It ought to be easily drawn as the model is before our eyes, but we are confronted with the same difficulty which stood in our way with respect to the foregoing generation : too much has been written already, too much is affirmed because it sounds logical, and we have to sift and criticise once more. In the course of the years 1912 and 1913 the newspapers and magazines were full of this Dauphin, the modern young man. Elderly gentlemen interviewed him day after day with that respectful eagerness which gives a somewhat silly appearance even to some letters written by Taine when the Dauphin was called Bourget ; and the answers poured, decisive and confident, rather systematic too, with a dash of philosophy thrown over the facts. Many an interested reader must have concluded like M. Faguet in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* : yes, they are very well, but, by Jove, they are not modest. The fact is, they generally talk as if they were the masterpiece of their own hands.

Of course, they are only the sons of their fathers, born under (morally) happier circumstances, and enjoying the privilege, which belongs to all happily born sons, of having no doubts about themselves.

They certainly are sensible. You never hear them launch into fine speeches about the vague ideals which triumphed with the Dreyfusists. They are guarded and reserved in the presence of theories, they insist on being given chapter and verse about everything, and you see them boldly do a thing which was considered uneducated and almost ill-bred in 1895—viz. foresee consequences. They also have sober ideas about the rights of man, those rights of man the mention of which was formerly enough to throw down every barrier to individual freedom. They stand for duties and discipline. They take no nonsense from Socialism, and the tendency is so universal that you find it among the younger Syndicalists themselves. They respect the police, and despise indulgent jurymen ; in short, they are a great deal more reasonable than their own fathers, and Ludovic Halévy—the author of *La Famille Cardinal*, it is true—when he said that he stood rather in awe of his sons, was only in short advance of the times.

But if you analyse the environment and circumstances in which this phenomenon took place, you will find that the fathers and tutors of these young men are largely responsible for it.

No lad of eighteen ever took up the cudgels for wisdom, order,

restraint, and generally the soberer virtues, unless he was made to love them, and it takes considerable eloquence to make him love them. But there seldom were more eloquent people than the fathers of these young fellows, because they were not only sincere but pathetic, and to a certain extent comical in their disappointments. If they had not so heartily believed in Liberty they would not have been so heartily tired of seeing Liberty never result in liberties. If they had not listened with complaisance to the florid speeches of Jaurès and his compeers they would have been less irresistible when they at last broke out into the 'words, words, words' of perfect disgust. Perhaps if they had not been deluged with so much filthy literature they would not have had such a surfeit of it. As it was, they spoke with an admixture of surprise and discontent which a boy will invariably construe as akin to *naïveté*. Certainly there is a shade of contempt in the appreciation of the last years of the nineteenth century by the men who are now twenty-five, because they could not but feel certitudes where they saw their fathers only arrive at inferences.

In the same way it took either genius or the best kind of Catholic education to resist the influence of Taine, or, above all, Renan, in the 'nineties, because determinism and scepticism were positively in the air. The vogue of a doctrine acts as a physical law. To-day our young men find that scientism is superannuated, determinism coarse, and scepticism provincial. They find that the fashionable philosophy taught by a non-Christian—there is something amiss in calling M. Bergson a Jew—adopted on all hands, and just enough contradicted by theologians not to appear immediately religious, is a vindication of spiritualism and free will, and indirectly a demonstration of a divine power; it is inevitable that they should without effort be all that was most difficult thirty years ago.

Again, it is true that French education is still exaggeratedly literary; and that, judging by the plans and methods recommended, often too by actual practice, it would seem as if every French boy were destined for the career of a writer, often of a playwright, or at least of a stage critic. But professors have changed all the same. They are no longer those whom Bourget knew in the Paris *lycées*, who never said a word to their boys outside the class, and during class never said a word that did not concern literature, and more or less overtly the literature of the day. The fallacy which placed true greatness exclusively in the power of feeling or imagination and expression is rapidly making way for something more broadly human and manful. The professors of to-day have not yet become what different conditions caused the professors of the seventeenth century to be: men who used the classics as a means and not an end, in the absolute certainty that

neither themselves nor, above all, their pupils, had one chance in ten thousand of ever printing a line. They still write a great deal, and the enormous amount of printed matter accumulating outside the school walls weighs upon their imagination and reacts on their speech, but they have served their time in the army and remember it with pleasure, and few are those who do not honestly realise that being comes before writing. The notion of a man as an intelligent will rather than a longing fantasy once more becomes familiar and banishes the opposite monstrosity.

All this, being the atmosphere we breathe and take in quite naturally, cannot but have results, and the 'contemporary young man,' if he is not all that he thinks and says of himself, is however no fiction.

As I said above, he is somewhat positive and trenchant about principles and is seldom decoyed into a discussion of the bases of individual or even social ethics. It seems as if in this respect the experience of his father had actually passed into his blood, as if he remembered the endless debates of twenty-five years ago, and had made up his mind that he has had quite enough. The purely academic attitude is a very rare exception, an instance of which however I met with some time before the war. It was at the house of an engineer whose name was mentioned at the time of the Dreyfus Affair. A young professor of philosophy was there, a good-looking, smartly dressed man of twenty-eight, with an eager and yet cold expression, which I could not at first make out. It was only as the conversation became more animated that I saw where the eagerness tended. This young philosopher was full of doubts, which is certainly not amiss in a philosopher, but he was dying to play them off, and gradually did so with an imperfectly disguised satisfaction which was very unpleasant in itself : in religion and morals, as well as politics, there was nothing he would not question. The sons of our host—three young men between eighteen and twenty-four—sturdy, whole-souled fellows, instantly fired up, not once deigning to discuss his arguments, which would not have been very difficult, but constantly reverting to the fact that these hair-splittings were all very well in a room where nothing was going on except cigarette-smoking, but were worse than useless in the street. The difference in the point of view was vital, and the young philosopher looked curiously anachronistic.

It is not surprising that the verbiage of mere politicians should be treated with contempt by the rising generation. The politician is regarded as not only intellectually but morally inferior, a man who drives a profitable though disreputable trade, and covers his dealings with patriotic pretences. Even a Gambetta would be

impossible to-day unless he preached exactly the reverse of Gambetta's doctrine—that is to say, did not see remedies in the success of a party. Young men no longer go to political meetings with no other immediate object than the return of a deputy : the very idea is enough to move either their laughter or their anger. The consequence is that political divisions among them are immaterial compared with what they were in 1880. If Déroulède had died then, his funeral, instead of being attended by a hundred thousand men so united in the great patriotic idea that not one jarring cry was heard, would have been a riotous scene. If General Picquart had died before 1906 we should not have seen what took place at St. Cyr on the occasion of his funeral : permission granted to the nine hundred cadets to attend the ceremony independently if they pleased, and not one taking advantage of it, because doing so would have looked like a decidedly political demonstration.

The purely patriotic feeling has almost universally replaced political tendencies, and it is at present at least jealous and sensitive. The Sorbonne professors, having under the influence of M. Monod, and especially in the exaltation which accompanied the Dreyfus Affair, been unduly indulgent to Internationalism and insistently partial for German methods, are far from popular with their audiences. Men who a few years ago found no contradiction are frequently spoken of now as shamefaced Frenchmen, taken to task for their shortsighted erudition, and, which is worse, made to look as the representatives of a dead and not very honourable past. Students are still fond of going abroad, and, in fact, almost a majority of them manage to spend a year or two at some foreign university. But what a contrast between the impressions they publish and those of their seniors ! The latter either wrote in the cold impersonal spirit of Taine or in that of Loti, at best in that of Bourget's *Sensations d'Oxford*. All that rose in these productions above mere poetic dilettantism was a regret of some opportunity missed in France and envied where the writer found it. The point of view was invariably individualistic, and is apt to-day to look selfish or childish. The travelling impressions of students nowadays are still picturesque, but they would be ashamed of being nothing else, and in most cases they might be written not by men with a literary training and object, but by diplomatic or consular agents constantly bearing in mind the patriotic point of view or the European relations of France. Stendhal is much nearer these wideawake inquirers than Gobineau, and the German tendencies of the latter are probably responsible for the neglect in which he is already left.

It is not surprising, and I need hardly refer to the fact, that the Tangier shock should have been felt more by young men than

by anybody else. I have said elsewhere how it affected even the working classes, and it is remarkable that the impulse which was then given had not lost any of its energy even before the outbreak of war. If you had had a chance, a few months ago, of interviewing a private soldier, you would have found not only that he accepted the prospect of serving three years without repining, but took a keen interest in the progress of the twenty-year-old recruits who joined his regiment at the end of 1913: he evidently thought of war as a possibility of to-morrow, and was preoccupied in consequence.

Matter-of-fact and business-loving as the richer classes have become, they have gladly taken on the military charges. You never hear the impatient jests of former days about the absurdity and uselessness of much that is done in the barracks. The great object ennobles all the mean details. There was something almost pitiful in a letter of Bernstein, the dramatist, admitting two or three years ago that he had not seen at twenty the greatness of military servitude as he saw it now. A young man like Lieutenant Ernest Psichari, the grandson of Renan, giving up his career and exchanging his prospects for the life of a private in an African regiment, would have seemed a brainless madcap at the end of the nineteenth century: to-day he is a typical Frenchman.

Even schoolboys have felt the universal influence and show it in their simple way. It seems yesterday that the present writer knew a boy of seventeen, the son of French parents, but brought up in America, who used to shake his head in polite disapproval whenever war was mentioned, and only excited amusement among the other boys. To-day he would be hooted out or, more probably, speedily converted. When the possibility of a war has been mentioned all professors have noticed those signs of interest about which an experienced man is never mistaken.

All this is clear enough and certain enough. Owing to the experiences and disappointments of past years the Frenchman of to-morrow will be what the French have been throughout their history, excepting a short period evidently partaking of the nature of a disease, neither afraid of nor philosophically antagonistic to war, and probably inclined to it. A great deal that is said about this subject by men who are *not* young sounds rather boastful and bombastic, but it is only because they are *not* young. The same things said by their sons seem natural. These carry about with them a changed atmosphere.

It is difficult to be as affirmative on a few other points which have been frequently discussed recently. MM. Tarde and Massis in their book, *Les Jeunes Gens d'Aujourd'hui*, say that the rising generation is purer and more moral than its prede-

cessor. It certainly stands a better chance, for literature is infinitely less salacious than it used to be, philosophy is no longer a dissolvent, and the tone of conversation is improved: the insistence upon *gauloiserie*, which was the rule since the empty brilliant days of the Second Empire, is now bad form, and that perfectly Parisian type the *fanfaron de vice* looks provincial even in the country. But we have to be content with those appearances, which after all have generally been supposed to mirror with comparative accuracy the real state of affairs, and possibly with the fact that young men have a tendency to marry earlier than was customary, as appears from University and Army statistics.

The same ought to be said of the religious inclination of young men. There is no positive evidence that they are better Catholics than their seniors, but they are hardly ever anticlerical, and their philosophy leads to, rather than from, a religious life. Here again we are conscious of an atmosphere which is not of yesterday, and the superiority of our young men lies in their finding it ready instead of having to create it. Perhaps if the foregoing generation had not had the unpleasant experience of blighting unbelief, or had not painfully groped its way out of the vague religiousness associated with the name of Tolstoy, the field would appear less open for Catholic influences than it is at present. But perhaps again the conditions we see, being the fruits of disgust rather than of faith, may amount only to a sort of neutral good-will, with a great deal of the notion—widely spread after the Revolution and after 1848—that religion is indispensable for a nation, but individuals need only be generally favourable to it. This view usually results in the establishment of apparently strong ecclesiastical institutions apt to deceive the clergy about dangerous undercurrents, and only effective so long as they help, and do not replace proselytising.

The last characteristic of the contemporary young man is his taste for action. Here so much perplexing nonsense is heard and repeated that we must proceed carefully and light up our path with useful distinctions. All the young men whom MM. Tarde and Massis have interviewed declare that they are tired of theories and talk, and that if they have to go to school in order to live, it shall be the school of life itself. This sounds very much like theories and talk in disguise, and we are not surprised to see this exalted resolve occasionally supported by the authority of William James, or—more timidly—of Whitman: there is a great deal of mere literature or philosophising in it. Let us give credit for these speeches only to the inborn craving of the French for intellectual systems to rest upon. Now we must ask ourselves what the people who really do something are doing. Is it more, or of a better quality, or accomplished in a higher spirit?

M. Gustave le Bon, who is a well-known and deservedly well-known social philosopher, does not think so : modern young men, he says, are all ' arrivistes.' This is sweeping indeed and seems insufficiently demonstrated. Probably M. Le Bon, who is an idealist, is unpleasantly affected by the fact that the possession of wealth or influence is the apparent object of practically every activity. But this may only be an appearance, or a bequest of the preceding generation, which does not essentially belong to ours. The real question is whether our young men are not impelled towards action by a more or less conscious craving after self-development, and it seems that the answer ought to be in the affirmative.

The American taste for ' doing something,' whatever it may be, which M. Demolins proposed more than twenty years ago for our admiration and imitation, certainly is at the root of French activity. Young men still marry heiresses—and commercial and industrial expansion rapidly multiplies the number of heiresses—but they would be ashamed to live on their wives' money : they are often seen to go into partnership with their fathers-in-law instead of leaving them to their low avocations. When such chances do not offer they seldom resign themselves to the passivity which used to be the rule ; in default of something better they travel, trying to give to their pastimes the appearance of utility. The recently developed literary hobby among the aristocracy, ridiculous in one aspect, proceeds nevertheless from the dread of being useless.

The evident progress among women also works in the same direction. Society women who spend their mornings in hospitals qualifying for the Red Cross, girls who take up the classics, or medicine, or the law, as hundreds and thousands have been doing recently, often without any mercenary views, could hardly co-exist with the shameless specimens of laziness that Lavedan, Donnay and Gyp before them looked upon as representatives in the 'nineties. Energy is in fashion and *veulerie*, as it is called in the most unpleasant syllables in the language, is superannuated.

Another proof of this change is the comparative desertion of Government careers. The official is frequently despised on account of his lack of independence, his indifference to his work, the uneventfulness of his life, and the habit he has of thinking himself the master instead of the servant of the public. This contempt begins to tell. The competition for situations in the great industrial enterprises at one end of the scale, and for the big shops at the other, is speedily replacing the old struggle after ' quiet positions.' The number of candidates even for professorships is not half of what it was twenty years ago, and at the last examination for *agrégation* in natural philosophy the jury found just enough

competition for a bare application of their rules. All this shows an evident return to the spirit of enterprise which characterised the French quite as much as the English when France and England were the only nations with colonial empires.

Another sure sign of the same reaction is the popularity of sports, and, above all, the consciousness of the qualities developed by sports. Sports used to be regarded in France from two different standpoints. There were the people who enjoyed open-air exercise, and those who did not care for it at all. The former would go in for riding, fencing, fives or rackets, but they were quite as ignorant as the latter of that reasoned pleasure in them which is characteristic of the modern practice of sports. A man might fence or play tennis every day of his life, and not take the least interest in a boxing match, which to him would only be a circus performance. Sport was first of all exercise, then an art, and then to a certain extent rivalry, but the latter was in as small a proportion as can be conceived. To-day the numberless boys whom you see in the streets kicking a small ball according to mysterious rules, or in the suburbs of towns playing Rugby as scientifically as they can, certainly enjoy the physical sensation of the game, and the excitement of it, but they seem above all to delight in doing it because a certain difficulty is attached to doing it to perfection. Their pleasure is quite similar to that which their fathers used to take in being drilled at the imminent risk of being punished. Sportsmanship is a conviction rather than a taste, and in numberless instances it does duty for religion. There is an effort under it all. The pleasure of obeying in spite of being French is novel and piquant, and is sustained by a certain amount of exaltation, and by the delight of having a vote and a voice in a club. The absolute spontaneity of the Englishman in the enjoyment of games is here replaced by the consciousness of pleasant self-conquering, and I will show by and by that this feature is probably the most important. At all events, the tendency of sporting young men is a highly self-realised one, involving attention to physical and moral development much more than the impassioned condition one is conscious of in an English or American boxing-ring.

Some people affect to speak of aviation as a kind of sport, and lay great stress on French superiority in it, but the least effort at analysing the airman's state of mind shows that it has nothing in common with that of the sportsman: it is entirely and exclusively an aspect of the old military spirit of the French, and as such is far more significant than any amount of sporting interest. Certainly there is a world between the sages of 1898 and the fascinating specimens of French pluck we saw at Buc and Villacoublay, before seeing them over the German armies.

To conclude, the new generation appears stronger in its instincts, more resolute, and almost stubborn in its ideas than its predecessor, altogether nearer nature and less artificial, in spite of the wisdom it has inherited rather than acquired. In one respect it seems to show an unheard-of development of the national character, and we must now ask ourselves whether the traditional temperament of the French is really undergoing a change about which we ought to make up our minds, whether it be to accept or counteract it.

This so-called change has been pointed out several times and deplored by friendly foreigners, the best known of whom is Mr. J. E. C. Bodley.¹ To anybody who has known and loved France some fifteen years ago, these writers say, and revisits it at present, the contrast is striking and painful. The idealism for which the French have been famous throughout their history has vanished, so have their broadmindedness and their warmheartedness, and even the gaiety without which they were almost unthinkable. Paris is absurdly overestimated: any foreigner who lives there for any length of time will find it a depressing place with a dull atmosphere. The French are almost universally what they used to be once in rare exceptions—viz. Chauvinists, on their guard against their neighbours, thinking a great deal more of war and revenge than of culture, thinking of money too. They used to be charming conversationalists, but in this also they have lost; they have replaced the drawing-room by the field, and make unsuccessful efforts to become sportsmen. Seriousness and application are not becoming to them: the strain easily turns to sadness; in fact, they are melancholy.

The great grievance seems to be that the French are less good 'Europeans' than they were. Paris was a sort of national park for Europe, not so long ago. Everybody could come there, and not only find a welcome, but even a something yielding which was the subtlest of flatteries; an aptitude to lend oneself to a foreign point of view, to see and point out charm in a visitor, when the visitor himself was not quite conscious of it; a contempt for prejudices, which was unspeakably refreshing after the narrow-mindedness one had left at home; a dash, often a recklessness, which bespoke that wonderful apprehension of things *sub specie aeternitatis* which was the fascination of Renan and helped you to realise that there was a philosophy under cosmopolitanism. Now the French are only French, and seem to be that somewhat defiantly: a great falling off!

This impression shows clearly that—owing no doubt to the development of France as a purely intellectual nation which

¹ Vide 'Decay of Idealism in France,' in *Cardinal Manning and Other Essays*. Longmans, 1912.

began with the Encyclopaedists, was at its fullest in the heyday of Renan's celebrity, but became only thoroughly conscious of itself in Anatole France's compositions—the French had grown to be in the eyes of leisured Europeans supremely dainty, costly, ingenious toys, but toys all the same, with which it had long ceased to be dangerous to play. France was a wonderful field for experiments of all sorts : literary, moral, religious, political or social, which the natives carried on for the enjoyment of Europe with captivating daring. To what extent the admiration was mixed up with something less sympathetic it is not easy to say, but when its expression was unqualified it was apt to sound unintelligent as much as friendly.

Place beside it the terribly wideawake clear-sightedness of a barbarian of genius like Bismarck, or the outspokenness of a writer with manly instincts like Kipling, the truth flashes upon you at once. The so-called friends of France were as blind as she was herself to the earthly, not metaphysical, consequences of her attitude. They were evil companions, dangerous flatterers, and as in their hearts they could not abstract themselves from worldly considerations, and every time France was struck they could not refrain from thanking Providence for not being born toys, they appeared hypocritical. Uncritical love is apt to find itself in that position.

If it is folly to imagine that a nation can keep its feet steady on the earth with its head in the clouds, it is ignorance to suppose that France, in the typical periods of her history, was frivolous and delightful, or idealistic and reckless, as the so-called 'good Europeans' like her to be. We have every reason to believe that the recent and deplorable development was a literary disease and nothing else. Nations, like individuals, show various reactions, occasionally have moods which do not touch their original character. The classical description of the Gallic disposition, with its two chief propensities : *rem militarem et argute loqui*, never ceased to apply to the French temperament ; but there are times for everything. A hundred and twenty years ago there were probably already in Paris refined circles in which *argute loquentes* slurred their r's and strutted to insufficiently dressed women, but it was lucky that towards the same time armies of ragged men with several very uncivilised notions were guarding the frontier and carrying on *rem militarem* irrespective of rhetoric or philosophy.

Hardly two ages in the succession of French history present the same physiognomy. There is a world between medieval simplicity and the violence of the sixteenth century. The age of Louis the Fourteenth is as different from its successor as a retired diplomat is different from a sprightly young *seigneur* coming back

from England full of M. de Bolingbroke, of theories and persiflage. Sometimes the strong side, sometimes the brilliant side of the national character appears. What we see in history we could have seen in the chess-board of the various classes. Literary people of inferior quality, politicians, worldlings who only live by shining, all the individuals who, after the fashion of the mask-like fairies in Scandinavian mythology, only subsist so long as nobody sees their hollow side, are very different from the millions which form the backbone of the nation. While they talk the French are apt to indulge in all sorts of nonsense, but it is no less true that they distrust mere talk the moment they act. When the great carnival of theories which went on during and immediately after the Dreyfus Affair was the success of the day, one might have supposed that everybody was in it. Yet if you had inquired among the classes which are the true representatives of French activity, the useful—not the butterfly—aristocrat, the *bourgeois* merchant, the peasant, and the soldier would all have given you sound common-sense even on the burning question of the day. Add that Paris may be saying what it pleases to amuse itself and its guests, but, all the time it does so, slow-going Flanders and wary Champagne, crafty Normandy and stubborn Brittany, wise Touraine and shrewd Lorraine, astute Provence and solid Dauphiné, all the cautious old provinces in their castellated fortresses of plain good sense are silent and expectant. The time always comes when these reserves are turned to account.

Frothy Paris—or, I should say, the froth of Paris, for the rue Saint-Denis is decidedly sensible—with its babbling deputies and tattling journalists, its loud theatres and over-subtle lecture-rooms, has been silenced for a time, and whoever realises that France is a greater and better thing than the cosmopolitan *quartier de l'Opéra* ought to rejoice at seeing stronger, if ruder, elements come uppermost just when they are needed. Surely young Frenchmen were not less French for hating humanitarian nonsense and preferring their own country just when it was threatened with destruction.

It would be absurd to deny the existence of a few ridiculous features in the new generation, which cannot but strike the visitor somewhat unpleasantly. Exaggeration is the fault of all collective impulses.

To begin with, the fashion tends towards gravity, and gravity does not sit well on the average Frenchman. The interest in foreign politics has created a new breed of journalists who enjoy the advantages of being the first of their kind in the French press, and magnify their importance accordingly. It would be useless to try to describe their social attitude: it consists in silence, silence in all its eloquent meanings, from heroic self-suppression to un-

questionable triumph. A council of such mutes in the dining- or smoking-room is irresistible : the Amadan Academy did not come near it. Needless to say that this is copied by fashionable young men who pretend to lunch with Sir Edward Grey and dine with M. Venezelos, and unaffectedly let us admire their thorough mastery over some such question as the Naxos fisheries. The sportsman, too, is a very reticent person. He is afraid of passing for a braggart, and although he merely plays football at Arcueil or even golf at Neuilly, he is as modest as if he were Blériot or Védrines himself. He, in his turn, is not only imitated but improved upon by that very un-French creation, the boy scout. The boy scout is too young, otherwise he would be clean-shaven ; he dresses in khaki, which will never look well in the Meudon woods ; he is unduly tall for his age and country, wears enormous boots which he never thinks ugly enough, shows any amount of spindle legs, and apes the globe-trotting gait of the American artists in the Boulevard Raspail to perfection. His chief, a young man of twenty-four, in a sombrero and sober grey, is a cross between a Methodist minister and a New England schoolmaster ; I have never seen one who I could imagine was the year before in a line regiment ; I have never met a party of scouts in the train on a Sunday afternoon without a vague fear lest they should demurely rise and strike up a solemn hymn. With what a regret they make one look back to the lazy dawdling columns of the *lycéens* of old, who had never walked more than four miles when they left school, and thought nothing of twenty the week after they joined a regiment ! But it takes no great divining power to prophesy the disappearance of all khaki boys within two years, and their absorption into the *sociétés militaires*.

Some foreign observers will have it that it is not only seriousness but sadness and anxiety that are visible in modern Frenchmen. Are they right ? Certainly the workman of yore seemed to do his work more cheerfully than he does it to-day, and the tradesmen who retired from their little shop to a house in the *banlieue* thirty years ago seemed to talk more light-heartedly than we hear them now. Syndicalism, machinery, and banks at every corner are no elements of cheerfulness. You feel no inclination to merriment when you contemplate a strike of which your wife strongly disapproves ; you do not attempt to sing, even if you are a mason, a carpenter or a painter, when your every movement is regulated by a noisily puffing steam crane ; and you will look grave behind your counter, even if pennies pour into your till, when Rubbers go down just after you bought them. Modern civilisation, if civilisation we must call it, is as deadly to simple joy as mere *écus* were to La Fontaine's cobbler. With the multiplication of money one can notice the disappearance of taste. It is

obvious in the passion of the Sunday sportsman for gaudy colours : the sight of two teams of motley Neapolitan-looking footballers in the fortifications makes you feel an alien among these young men. And the house of the thriving clerk goes the way of his clothes. The environs of Paris, which were, and still are in many places, so harmonious, are a nightmare in some others. The house which the Parisian *petit bourgeois* fancies stands in a *lotissement*—that is to say, the site of an historical park bought over by a Jewish syndicate and geometrically cut up—it is narrow so as to save space and high-shouldered so as to gain some ; it is made of brick or of the hideous yellow *meulière* because it must be cheap, and is exposed in its ugly nudity because creepers are said to be damp, and the creamy or softly pink casts of old are only good for villagers' houses ; it has a garden, but no tree, shrub or hedge is suffered in it because doctors recommend light and the thriving clerk is a born gardener ; there it is, looking like a sentry-box in its desolate prison yard. Look out when you come from Calais for a place called Aulnay, a few miles before you reach Saint-Denis : you will see what the thriving clerk has made, of all places, of the forest of Bondy ; or visit Meudon and see what horrors the few magnificent cedars that are left of the Dauphin's park are made to shelter ; or visit Ecouen, with its princely château, and see . . . no, do not see anything else. Alas, alas, how much there would be to say about Paris itself ! How much has gone down, and how much has gone up, the thought of which is almost unbearable ! The municipal councillor is of the same essence as the grocers who elect and, which is worse, pay him, and the architect is as servilely cringing to the Jew as the suburban builder is to his colonies of clerks.

What sort of people live in those houses ? What are their ways and deportment ? What is their talk ? Much is said that is disheartening. These people are mostly the sons of provincial immigrants, people born among the vineyards of Burgundy or the lavender hills of Provence ; their fathers had traditions, a peculiar accent, and racy old phrases which conjured up a rich background as they spoke. Sometimes quaintly dressed relations visited them, and often the old woman who waited at their tables had not parted with the headgear of her valley. All this is gone. Modern civilisation razes old ways as it does old houses ; the sons of these new families copy the American lads they see in the rue de Rivoli, their conversation is said to be deliberately heartless and colourless, even the French they speak is emptied of its flavour. It is learned, not in the Place Maubert where Montaigne would linger listening to market women speaking even more picturesque than he wrote, nor from Molière, or La Fontaine or the familiar classics, but from the morning paper with its impersonal

political language on the first page, and its columns of foreign news on the third, translated from blank international English by a night-clerk often as disarmed before French as he is before English, seeking security in vagueness, and letting the good old French words grow so thin under his drowsy hand that they seem to have floated where they are on the metaphysical waves of the wireless.

All this sounds very like transformation, and transformation for the worse. If young Frenchmen copy foreign fashions, lose the traditional French taste, are practical and money-making, suffer their language to lose flesh and colour, in a word look as modern as Australians, does it not mean that the Iron Age is too strong for any resistance, and France will not be equal to her vocation?

First of all, let it be remembered that these appearances have nothing to say to the two chief characteristics of contemporary youth in France, which are an instinctive aversion from words and an instinctive appreciation of energy. These seem to be vital, the others are only appearances. But even these appearances ought to be qualified.

To begin with, it is very likely that they will be ephemeral, because they are the products either of imitation or of transient conditions. The French have always been fond of imitations, which however leave their national temperament as intact as the carnival mask does their face. The two periods in French history which have left the most decidedly brilliant impression upon foreigners are the later part of Louis the Fifteenth's reign and the Second Empire. Now, the smart people whom Walpole visited at Paris and Versailles showed such an Anglomania that he was at first amused, but gradually disgusted; and as to the Second Empire galaxy, it had a—to-day astonishing—partiality for the Prussian aristocrats, who were constantly welcomed at the Tuileries or at Compiègne. Khaki, large boots, clean-shaving, the affectation of self-control, all these fashions will be replaced by others within a decade. Then we ought to make allowance for the social modifications which are invariably attended with exaggeration and effort. In France, as in the rest of the world, the step onward from peasantry and simplicity produces unpleasant effects: affectation, a display of poor taste, the levelling uniformity. But this step is not the first, and those which came before were not very different. The turbaned old women from the South, whose conversation seems to us so delightfully old-fashioned, would appear civilised and uninteresting beside their grandmothers; each generation sheds a few characteristics—which the next generation does not regret because it has no idea of them—but originality is not attached to such appearances: when it fails us in the plain work-

man we find it in the well-dressed artist; sincerity is the parent of originality, and no amount of civilisation will prevent sincerity from occasionally bursting upon the world. The French language as we see it degraded in the newspapers is only the ghost of itself, but Fénelon and La Bruyère thought they saw the same phenomenon in their time, and yet the language survived in the works of Voltaire and Rousseau, Chateaubriand and Michelet. I have said elsewhere that at this present moment respect for words is much more general among writers than it was throughout the nineteenth century.

The same may be said of the decadence in architectural taste: its chief cause is the recently acquired independence of classes which are rich enough to demand comfort and not developed enough to care for beauty. But while rows after rows of hideous houses dismay the sensitive vision, the delight of numberless artists in the quiet harmony of the old farm or the old country house is daily made more contagious, and must before long result not only in rescuing what is left of the past but in forcing its imitation.

We may safely conclude that mere fashions in costume, language and ways ought not to be given more importance than fashions have a right to. They must be put up with, like the weather, and if they are counteracted let it be gently. But it would be a thousand times deplorable if seriousness, practicalness and mistrust of unreasoned impulses resulted, as some people contend they do, in moroseness, unintelligence and apathy. A morose, unintelligent, apathetic France would have no business in Europe. But this catastrophe is very remote. In spite of superficial appearances magnified by paradoxical observers, the French are still gay. When they put on gravity the uncontrollable spirit soon breaks through, were it only in the inferior form of irony. But gravity is the pose of a few circles. You will find no trace of it in its affected aspect outside the 'world,' literary *milieux*, and possibly sportsmen. When half a dozen Frenchmen are engaged in a real conversation the conversation is gay, and circumstances matter little. In spite of persecutions and confiscations, priests and nuns have lost nothing of the childlike light-heartedness which makes their chief charm, soldiers are gay, and workmen are only taciturn where they have to be, in the thundering factory, in the crowded train, in the busy hostile street. Select a sullen-looking navvy in a trench and ask him a few questions: in spite of his Syndicalism and of his probable antagonism to your class, it will be very extraordinary if in a minute or two you do not see him give a funny, good-humoured twist to his answers. I met once three straggling young scouts who probably would have looked duly Methodistical had they been with their friends. Play-

ing truant as they did, they were irresistible in their view of their irregular situation. The eldest one indulged in a comparison between his own kind and a party of American scouts who were just being entertained in Paris. Fanfan la Tulipe *circa* 1750 would have explained his case with exactly the same insouciance.

It is also the effect of mere appearances if the so-called loss of Idealism is said to have resulted in loss of the *élan* which belongs to the race. Propagandism, which Joseph De Maistre, a foreigner, noted as the chief French characteristic at the end of the eighteenth century, is still at the root of all French action and the fountain of French eloquence, but for the present it has lost its guiding formulas—the multiform embroidery of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity which dazzled the nineteenth century. The Third Republic has gradually emptied them all of their dynamic force, and the patriotism which has taken their place in the last seven years is wise enough not to be loud. Certainly it is thus quiet merely because it differs from the Revanche spirit of 1887, in being much deeper and stronger. If there had been a war even in 1911—not in 1906—it would have been entered on in as brisk a spirit as that of 1914.

Is there any more reason for fearing lest the French of the rising generation should have lost their ancestral capacity for abstracting and generalising? Are they going to fall, from sheer mistrust of verbiage and attention to matter-of-fact realities, into what Carlyle called the 'post-prandial'—precisely as opposed to the French—way of conceiving things? Is the *argute loqui* a gift which can be lost at a few years' notice? The very idea seems ludicrous. No generation was ever more full of generalisations about everything—itself included—than the present one. It would be a fault if it were not merely the national bias which nobody can resist. Take the three or four volumes which have been written about the recent developments, read any of the many works in which the private views of young writers—in default of literary schools—are summed up: you will find them as conscious and systematised as if they had been dictated by a Condillac. The marvel is to see the identical sportsmen, who think so highly of action for action's sake, infer as complete a philosophy from their tendencies as if they were professional critics. As to the conversations one hears—say among officers, busy as they are at present—they are simply brimful of 'ideas,' and as it is true, on the other hand, that theories or 'views' are mistrusted, it must be merely because the native propensity has never been so unconscious of itself, so instinctive and rich. Surely its intimate connexion with unintellectual human patriotism makes it far more active than it was in the days of Taine and Renan, when speculation ran riot.

Let these croakers croak, and, in spite of childish affectations, do not let us suppose that Frenchmen are less French for being sensible and cool-headed : France had been herself for many centuries before she became infected with the intellectual diseases from which she is at present recovering. I hope that the reader sees clearly that the credit of the recovery, as I have endeavoured to show, does not belong entirely to the superior insight of the younger generation—practically the only men of fifty who have learned little or nothing by the experience of the last twenty years are limited politicians—but France as a nation gives to-day the impression of something young, whereas at the end of the nineteenth century it gave the impression of age, fatigue and disillusionment. It is natural, therefore, that we should associate the characteristics of the country in this new state with its younger members. That these characteristics are not likely to vanish as superficial agitations—obviously political—have done before, there is every reason to suppose, but this is not the place to attempt a defence of such hopes ; when the war is over it will be time to point out crystallizations the importance of which we might be inclined at present, not to magnify, but to express in a style less controlled than that of this article. The philosophical temper is difficult to retain when cannon thunders almost in one's ears.

ERNEST DIMNET.

THE DESTINY OF WALFISH BAY

THE other morning a Reuter's cablegram announced that the Germans had evacuated Swakopmund, in German South-West Africa, after having blown up the jetty and dismantled and sunk the tugs in the harbour. The warehouses and shops have been closed, and all provisions removed to Windhuk, the capital. As the writer, just four months ago, travelled throughout German South-West Africa and spent some time in Swakopmund and Walfish Bay, his impressions of the country at this moment of a great national crisis may be of some value. The reader will more fully realise the strategic importance of Swakopmund, and the closeness of the territories of the two Empires, when it is mentioned that in five minutes he can walk from the centre of the German town across the border into the British possession of Walfish Bay.

In this article I shall deal mainly with Walfish Bay, leaving a description of the inland country for another occasion; and for the sake of simplicity I propose to set down the following account of the agricultural and economic resources of this territory taken from the pages of my journal, at the same time supplementing these rough notes with a few remarks regarding the future of this wonderful but as yet unknown region.

Having determined to travel overland, and to return to my home in the Transvaal by sea, after a fairly quick if rather toilsome journey through Great Bushman Land to the Orange River, and thence by Cape cart and rail to Windhuk in the German country, I arrived late one night in the quaint town of Swakopmund.

IN THE TOWN WHERE IT NEVER RAINS

To my mind the most amazing thing about this place is the first fact proudly told to every stranger, that in Swakopmund 'it never rains.' In Africa it is always well to accept such a statement with reserve, and so next morning I straightway proceeded to the office of the magistrate in order to study certain meteorological tables. From these records I found that in 1911 rain fell on 176 days, and totalled 3.9 millimetres, or approximately one-tenth of an inch; while in the year 1912, 9.05 milli-

metres fell, or three-tenths of an inch. These were the latest figures I was able to obtain, but I think that my readers will agree with me that the citizens of Swakopmund are fully justified in their contention that they dwell in the driest place on earth.

Whenever I happen to find myself in New York, I wend my way to Central Park to stand before one of the most glorious monuments I have ever seen. It is to General Tecumseh Sherman, the hero of the Civil War. And as I walked through the Municipal Gardens of Swakopmund I came suddenly on a simple statue that will long remain graven on my memory. It was a scene in the late native rebellion. A German Marine has been pierced by a poisoned arrow, and lies dying on the edge of a rock. His comrade, startled, yet grim and defiant, leaps to the summit to avenge his fallen friend. That is all. But the imagination and genius of a master-sculptor had touched this rude rock, and transformed the lifeless stone into a deathless story.

I found much of interest in Swakopmund. Imagine a town tied to sand. If the buildings were not so massive, I believe the whole thing would blow away. But you will sooner move a mountain than a German from his home. There is a story of a Scotsman who asked his bootmaker for sixpence-worth of squeak so that the congregation would hear him marching to his pew. In Swakopmund, when I started to walk on the wooden pavements the whole street seemed to resound. I tried the sand but soon got tired, and finally made up my mind to bear as best I could the echo of my modest footsteps. The trams afforded me endless delight. As already noted I arrived after dark. In the dim and badly lighted station we were seized by ghostly, flitting figures who with wile and guile persuaded us to climb into an open lorry beside our piled-up luggage. This curious vehicle is one of many employed for the transport of passengers and merchandise. It runs on rails all round the town, is pulled by two mules, and will land you anywhere you like—at your hotel, your butcher's shop, or your favourite bioscope. It seems to be the best and simplest way of getting quickly through the heavy sand. From the centre of the town, as I have mentioned, if you walk briskly southward, in less than five minutes you will find yourself across the border—in British territory. Swakopmund is the second most important town in German South-West Africa. It is a day's run in an express train from the capital, Windhuk. But while the seat of the Government is prettily situated among the tree-clad purple mountains, Swakopmund is set on the barren, monotonous sand dunes of the sea-shore. To the south lies the dry Swakop River, from

the mouth of which the town takes its name. The surf of the Atlantic Ocean beats ceaselessly against the beach. There is no bay. Consequently, large vessels have to lie far out at sea, and both passengers and their luggage are brought out to the liners in tugs. In face of immense natural obstacles the Germans have constructed a pier, and the huge cranes and dock railway give the harbour the aspect of a small but busy port in Europe.

Swakopmund is the chief commercial town of the colony, and has a large and ever-growing trade with the interior, other parts of South Africa, and the Continent. Handsome buildings are rising rapidly, and the streets are lined with daily-watered trees, green against the yellow sand. Energetic and ambitious citizens look forward to the day when their town will be the Durban of the West. But one thing they never can forget. Just over their border the shore begins to curve, and there enfolded in the sweep of many a mile lies a tranquil, sunlit sea, safe from storm and swell—the natural port of ten hundred miles of coast line, and of their great hinterland—Walfish Bay.

ACROSS THE BORDER

It was noon before we left Swakopmund. At the southern end of the town the sandy ground slopes into the Swakop River, and here in the green, moist bed, about three fourths of the way across, stands the international boundary post, on which are inscribed the words: 'Zollstrasse, Swakopmund, and Walfish Bay.' On the German side of the line, an industrious settler close to the sea, by means of a huge home-made windmill, has drawn water from the bed of the river, and changed the barren sand into a fertile vegetable garden. There is no doubt whatever that fresh water could easily be obtained on the British side of the border by sinking a few shallow wells. Indeed, there was a pool of water not far away from where we crossed. From the beacon post the English line runs straight east for a distance of ten miles from the sea, and then turns abruptly southwards.

We were travelling in a small two-wheeled cart with four horses. My companion and driver, Mr. Paul Wlotzka, is a lively, sturdy German from East Prussia, who was in the army for six years. He knows the British territory intimately, and was appointed coachman to Senator Prida's survey party when the latter came to delimit the disputed boundary line between England and Germany on behalf of the arbitrator, his Majesty Alfonso, King of Spain. Wlotzka told me that the distance from Swakopmund to the settlement at Walfish Bay is twenty-five English miles, or, roughly, forty kilometres.

We now began to journey along the shore, and just as we

came to a bend in the beach we found ourselves floundering among great masses of rock and rounded wave-worn stones. This is the beginning of the boulevard to the bay. It was a wonder that the wheels were not torn asunder from the cart. After ten minutes of terrible shaking we reached the soft sand on the other side. We were now travelling rapidly along the shore, sometimes splashing right into the sea, sometimes swinging into the deep sand on the other side. Westward, the seaweed, the screaming birds, and the glittering ocean; eastward, the barren sand dunes extending interminably. And now we enter what might be called the whale-bone veld. All around us, on the sandy terraces raised from the sea, lie scattered or in heaps the huge bones of these monsters of the deep—mammoth ribs, skulls, and vertebræ. What a chance for the manufacture of bone-meal fertilisers! But Wlotzka tells me it will not pay to pick them up and transport them to Cape Town, so heavy are the shipping charges. Well, then, why does not the Government or some private British company start a factory at Walfish Bay, and supply the farmers in other parts of the Union with a cheap fertiliser, and so create a busy industry at the settlement?

SAVED FROM THE JACKALS

It interests me to note the great rate at which we are now travelling along the wet sand. But the wind and the sea are both rising, and we are being jammed closer and closer against the sand dunes to escape the racing waves. Great masses of seaweed—could it not also be turned into manure? Now we pass some Hottentots fishing, surrounded by seven wolfish-looking dogs; then two white men, with their little cart and horses toiling painfully through the heavy sand. Suddenly my German comrade's lurid language lights up a gathering overcast sky. There, down amongst the rocks, crammed in a *cul-de-sac*, is a pitiful sight. A baby donkey all alone. Before him the bitter waters, behind him the barren, grassless sand dunes. Three days and three nights without food or water, and seeking the sea to be safer from the night-prowling savage jackals. He gives a feeble, heart-rending cry. We swing him bodily on our now heavily weighted cart to carry him home, and the German-Polish peasant takes a last draught from his treasured beer-bottle, and pours the remainder down the throat of the poor famished creature. This donkey was being driven along with some others to the German diamond fields at Conception Point, 120 miles to the south of Walfish Bay. Being young and weak it strayed behind the rest, and was left to its cruel fate by the Hottentot herd.

In the morning I had started this part of my journey with

gladness. There is always something so fresh and exhilarating about the sea. But suddenly the wind rose. It came from the south-west, and, although I have travelled widely, I was now to undergo a new and unpleasant experience. Neither of us had motor goggles, and the wind drove the fine sand in long clouds of yellow dust against our faces continually. In an instant our eyes were filled with sharp, irritating particles of sand. The storm increased. There was no escape. A tornado of sand was turned upon us. It then became a wild hurricane of raining sand. I closed my eyes, but poor Wlotzka could not. If he did, at any moment we might be spilled into the surging surf or pitched headlong into a sand dune, or thrown amongst a pile of whale-bones. The journey ceased to be one of contemplation and enjoyment. I began to wonder how long our eyes would stand this mitrailleuse of sand without permanent injury.

At last, a lonely building loomed into view. It was the cable-house of the All-Red Line. But no one lives on this desolate dune. It belongs to the Eastern Telegraph Company, and the officials stay and do their lightsome duties in Swakopmund. In case, however, of urgent Imperial business they must travel to the cable-house in British territory, and I began to wonder, if ever such an occasion should arise, how on earth could they reach their operating base in the event of a heavy sea and a full tide? Surely this fact alone should make the Union Government and the Admiralty combine to construct a road without delay from Swakopmund to Walfish Bay. Soon we reached the whaling station, which is situated one mile from the settlement; but we pressed rapidly onwards to gain our destination, with our eyes still sore and blinded by that awful hurricane of sand.

A SURVEY OF THE SETTLEMENT

On arriving in the settlement at Walfish Bay I was cordially welcomed by the magistrate, Mr. S. P. Richards, and Staff-Sergeant J. C. N. Clark, of the South African Mounted Rifles. After shaking great cakes of sand from my clothes and enjoying a most refreshing cup of tea, I survey the scene. Before me stretches a tranquil, sun-lit sea, a pier, and some fishing smacks. Behind me are the buildings of the settlement. Of course, I must not expect too much. I have come from the clean stone houses of the Germans. They are still fresh in my memory; the flowers and the kindly *Hausfrau*, happy over her domestic duties, her fresh linen, her sweet home; and her jovial helpmate, a picture of ruddy contentment, with his pipe and foaming glass of beer. And always above them those fine photographs of their Imperial Majesties the Kaiser and the Empress.

As a lad, after much toilsome climbing, one day I stood amidst a disused mining camp in Sunshine Cañon, Colorado. Above me were the cloudless skies and the serene eternal snows; beside me were ruined shanties—a hideous blot splashed on a lovely landscape, a memory ineffaceable. And now, as I turned from the glittering sea, I glanced at the silver clouds sailing aloft in their ocean of blue, and then I looked at the works of men.

Picture a number of ramshackle houses of wood and iron, decaying, unpainted, weather-worn, and set down without order. The most pretentious of these slatternly buildings is the Residency—the official home of the representative of his Imperial Majesty King George the Fifth, ruler of a world-wide Empire. There was something so sordid about the whole scene that I was glad to turn away my eyes to the fresh, clean sand dunes of the desert. Not a single tree, not a tiny flower, not a garden shrub thriving under the watchful care of some gentle woman. Nothing but an ugly blot of buildings on God's pure sand.

TAKING THE CENSUS

It is an interesting fact that Walfish Bay is the only magisterial district within the Union of South Africa where a magistrate is personally acquainted with all the European residents under his jurisdiction. The total population is 736 persons, made up of seventy-one whites and 665 coloured. Of the Europeans, ten are Government officials, three being in the South African Mounted Rifles and six connected with the harbour. The magistrate is an Englishman who was wounded in the late war, was appointed to a district in the Free State, and later transferred to Walfish Bay. The leading merchant, Mr. J. H. Green, is a Londoner, who has spent a quarter of a century at the bay, whilst the Superintendent of Works, Mr. G. J. Gale, is an Englishman from Bath. This gentleman has spent twenty years of his life at the bay, and knows the district better than anybody else. He acted as the guide to the Spanish arbitration party when they came to delimit the disputed boundary lines. Mr. Gale has made a special study of the sand dunes, which he says travel along certain definite and systematic curves. The bay and the hinterland are regularly patrolled by a detachment of A Squadron of the 5th Regiment of the South African Mounted Rifles, comprising Staff-Sergeant J. C. N. Clark and Riflemen W. W. Stewart and T. H. McGorvin. It was a disappointment to me not to come across any of my own countrymen, and I am certain that a few Scottish settlers would do much to increase the prosperity of the bay. Some Hollanders, with a knowledge of reclaiming the land from the sea, would also be of great value in such a community.

There are no agricultural statistics, for the simple reason that no crops are grown. The live-stock figures are interesting: Horses, 9; donkeys, 37; large stock, 47; sheep, 55; goats, 275; fowls, 350.

TRACING THE TERRITORY

The total area of the Walfish Bay territory is 450 square miles, and the boundary line can be traversed clear round in four days' hard riding; but the horseman will be without water for one long stretch of forty miles from Nxonidas to Ururas. As already stated, the settlement at Walfish Bay lies twenty-five miles from Swakopmund on the northern border, and fifteen miles from the southern border. Let us now lay off a rough diagramatic map, with the mileage between the main points. From Swakopmund, as the crow flies, to Pelican Point is twelve miles, and from the latter point to the South Coast Beacon is fifteen miles, making a total length along the sea of twenty-seven miles. This is the western coast line. Now moving northward: From Swakopmund Beacon to Nuberoff Kop is ten miles. Then moving southward along the eastern border: From Nuberoff Kop to Ururas is, roughly, forty miles. Then moving westward along the southern border: From Ururas to the South Coast Beacon is sixteen miles. Finally, the distance from the settlement at the sea to the furthest corner at Ururas is about thirty-eight miles.

CONCERNING THE CLIMATE

At Walfish Bay there is an abundance of sunshine and no frost. It seldom rains. Unfortunately, meteorological records have not been kept over any considerable period, but the inhabitants speak of three showers of rain in two years, and in some years none at all. It once rained, however, for twelve hours. Although rain is very rare—so much so as to induce many persons to say, loosely, that it never rains—heavy mists frequently descend over the settlement, sometimes as much as three-quarters of an inch at one time. It is probable that the Swakopmund rainfall records would be a fairly safe guide for the average annual precipitation at the settlement. But, in any case, it does seem regrettable that no effort has been made to secure reliable and continuous climatic data from this most interesting part of the Union of South Africa. The hottest time of the year, as well as the coldest, is from May till September. Then the weather fluctuates from a dry, parching easterly wind to a humid, cold northerly wind. The hot wind comes from the deserts in the east. It crosses a micaceous country and makes a cloud of

glittering dust. Far away it is perishingly cold, but it becomes warmed up in traversing the desert. This mica wind lasts from May until September. The worst wind comes from the south-west. It is the prevailing wind, starts about noonday, and often lasts until evening. The sand-laden wind very quickly corrodes the more delicate portions of machinery.

THE THREE RIVERS

Let us now study the river system of the district. The chief river is the Kuisip. Its length from the sea to the German police station at Ururas is thirty-four miles. This river runs almost every year as far down as Ururas, where it gets lost in the sand. It rises in the mountains beyond Windhuk. In the German territory it is a well-defined river, and passes between deep rocky banks. Ten years ago, in 1904, it flowed into the sea, and then the Hottentots living near the Walfish Bay Settlement had to leave their pontocks (huts) and take up their abode on the top of the sand-hills, and dwell there until the waters subsided. Eighteen years ago, in 1896, it also flowed with a strong current, and covered the flats at the bay to a depth of about two feet. It is believed at Walfish Bay that both the wild guinea-fowl and the scorpions know of the coming of the river long before its rise is known to man. At any rate, these creatures always leave the river-bed some time before the waters flood the plains by the sea.

As I stood on the wide delta of this wonderful river I tried to imagine the time when its waters swept in full flood to the welcoming sea—a majestic river well worthy of a noble bay. And to think that up to the present moment Walfish Bay has been deemed a useless, worthless piece of British territory! But all that is now changed. For in the deep alluvial loams of the Kuisip River lies a fortune for the industrious husbandman, and already we may safely predict the future prosperity of the settlement is for ever assured. The stored-up waters of the river, which can easily be tapped by a series of cheap bores, windmills, and small pumping plants, will furnish a permanent supply of fresh water for the inhabitants of the bay, for their live-stock, and for the irrigation of their crops. And so in place of these wind-swept wastes we shall see, at no distant date, green fields of maize and corn and lucerne, blossoming orchards and fruitful gardens, and the comforts and blessings of civilisation. All these become possible with the development and cultivation of the rich silt lands of the Kuisip River.

The second river in importance is the Swakop. It forms the northern boundary of the Walfish Bay territory. It is difficult to say how much of this river, or its alluvial overflow, could be

used for agricultural purposes, but at present no use whatever is being made of it on the British side. There is no doubt that considerable tracts of its deep, rich, silty soil could be turned into green fields and gardens. There is every indication of an abundant underground water supply, which could be easily tapped either by digging wells or by deep boring. On the German side of the line the water for the town of Swakopmund is taken from this river. It is used for domestic purposes and for irrigating the trees in the streets and parks. As already mentioned, one industrious settler has formed a vegetable garden on the sand of the sea-shore, which he irrigates by means of a home-made pumping plant erected close to the river-bed.

Another dry river runs through the Walfish Bay territory. It is called the Dupas. This is not a river of any great length; it rises in the Namieb Desert, in the German territory, about eighty miles away. It flows through a tract of mica schists, spreads out, and gradually loses itself in the sand-hills to the north of the settlement. No water has been looked for or found in this river in British territory.

THE AGRICULTURAL ZONES

For convenience of analysis we may divide the territory of Walfish Bay into four distinct agricultural zones, which, although having certain well-marked characteristics, yet do not possess any clear-cut lines of demarcation, but shade imperceptibly into one another. They are: (a) The Namieb Desert; (b) the Shifting Sand Desert; (c) the Lower Kuisip; and (d) the Upper Kuisip.

The Namieb Desert is a dry, waterless tract of country. It consists of the whole of the eastern border, and is about forty miles long by eight to ten miles broad. The vegetation consists almost solely of scanty, scrubby, desert plants, which grow in isolated clumps, often miles apart. On the Shifting Sand Desert there is no vegetation whatever. It stretches from the settlement to Swakopmund, and is twenty-five miles long by four to five miles wide.

The Lower Kuisip may be divided into two sub-sections: (a) The dried-up delta of the river, which possesses the richest alluvial soil in the territory, is brackish on the flats close to the sea, and at present destitute of vegetation. With drainage, pumping, and ploughing all this land can be laid under crops. (b) The upper portion of this zone consists of sand desert partially tied down by vegetation. Here the sand-hills would travel as in the Shifting Sand Desert, but they are partly tied by narra bushes (desert fruits) and tamarisk trees. Rushes grow in certain isolated dried-up vleis (marshy land), where fresh water can be obtained by digging a few feet into the ground. The Upper

Kuisip zone extends from Rooibank to Ururas in the extreme south-eastern corner. It is eight miles long and from one to one and a half mile broad. It comprises the river-bed of the Kuisip and the overflow of that stream. This is the forest zone of the territory. Here is an abundant vegetation—quick and stick grass, beautiful ana trees and camel thorns. Ebony trees are very numerous, also wild fig trees. There are both narra bushes and brak bushes, and many other kinds of scrubs. The Rhenish Native Mission has a settlement in this zone.

WHAT IS THE NARRA?

In a volume entitled *The Conquest of the Desert*¹ (see page 33) I gave an account of the tsamma melon, which has been well described as the life-blood of the Kalahari Desert, for it furnishes the traveller with both food and drink. And here again I have to record the marvellous provision of Nature which has placed in the territory of Walfish Bay another plant—the narra fruit—which may with truth be termed the 'Wonder of the Waste.' The narra country begins about two miles from the sea among the sand dunes, and extends along the south-eastern border of the territory as far as Ururas. The narra fruit forms the staple food of the Hottentots of that region—the Alpha and Omega of their existence.

It belongs to the botanical family which includes both pumpkins and melons; but, unlike those plants, it is leafless. It spreads up the sides and over the summits of the sand dunes in dense straggling masses. The green tendrils are thickly interlaced, and bear long, sharp thorns, which protect the plant against browsing animals. The ripe fruit is about the size of a croquet ball or small water-melon, and weighs 3 lb. or over. When ripe it can be divided into ten sections, which contain a large number of seeds. The main root is usually about the thickness of a man's arm. It may be as much as fifty feet in length, and goes right down below the sand dunes into the damp ground beneath. The narra has a miraculous growth. No matter how often the stem is covered up with wind-blown sand, the narra always pierces through and spreads its prickly mantle over the topmost dune. A plant with broad leaves, like the pumpkin or the melon, would soon be weighted down, and must ultimately perish underneath the dunes.

The nutritive power of this fruit is extraordinary. Natives on the verge of death from starvation, after a few months in the narra lands on the dunes are completely cured, and become stout and strong. To the natives of these arid wastes the narra is indeed the elixir of life.

¹ Published by T. Werner Laurie, Ltd.

Tamarisk trees are usually found along with the narra fruit, but a short distance to the north-east of the settlement the narra grows alone on the otherwise barren sand dunes.

In the award under the Alfonso Arbitration between Great Britain and Germany, the British claim to Rooi Bank was upheld. Rooi Bank possesses a permanent water supply and excellent grazing grounds for cattle. In this region, which has been described as the Upper Kuisip Zone, grows the wonderful ana tree. So far as I know, it has not been described before. It is a tree of remarkable properties. The leaves are eaten with evident relish by all kinds of stock, both large and small. The fruit is a legume. This bean, when dry and ripe, is of a brownish and oily appearance, and insignificant to look at; but it is most nourishing, and stock fatten on the seeds of the ana tree in a very short time. Mr. Gale, who knows more about the economic plants in the territory than anyone else, said to me with reference to the ana: 'It puts more flesh on an animal in a shorter period than any other fodder I have ever seen.'

THE HEALTH OF THE COMMUNITY

The climate of Walfish Bay is very healthy, especially for the children of Europeans. They have a fine colour, and run bare-footed on the sandy beach. Amongst the Hottentots, however, tuberculosis is rampant, and the death-rate of infants under twelve months is appalling. In proportion to the size of the community, it is probably higher than anywhere else in the world. The total death-rate per 1000 for the year 1913 was 63.15, mainly due to phthisis. In 1912 the mortality of infants under one year was 14.28 per cent. of the total mortality; but in 1913 it rose to the terrible figure of 47.63 per cent. There is no doctor for either the Europeans or the coloured folk living in the settlement. To obtain a physician from Swakopmund costs 25*l*. Both medical men in that town are busy, and at times unable to leave their practice. Besides, they don't speak English, and the description of an illness or the diagnosis of symptoms is not an easy matter in these circumstances. The high death-rate amongst the Hottentot children is chiefly due to neglect and to the insanitary huts in which they are reared. Servants and nurses for the European children are taken from this unhealthy environment, and the risks the latter run need not be dwelt upon. That this settlement should be without medical aid is a scandal to the Government of the Union and a disgrace to a civilised community.

EDUCATION AND INDUSTRIES

In such a neglected settlement it is not surprising that we seek in vain for a teacher of any kind for the children of the

Europeans. They have to be sent to Cape Town, which means for the parents the upkeep of two houses or the cost of a boarding school. Yet Walfish Bay is essentially a place where children would make rapid progress with their studies, as they have not to endure the long, hot hours of the interior or the eastern coast of South Africa. There is, however, a school for the Hottentots, which is maintained by the Rhenish Missionary Society. The natives cultivate nothing. The only crop they reap is that of the wild narra fruit. They live in communities in Sandfontein, Rooi Bank, and Wortel, and earn 3*l.* per month.

The chief industry is fishing, and it is making steady progress. Here are the figures for snoek fishing: Snoek shipped away in 1912, 347 tons, value 4164*l.*; in 1913, 472 tons, value 5664*l.* Most of the snoek is consumed in the Cape Province, but some is shipped to Mauritius. Other fish are harders (grey mullet), steembras, and barbers. The fishing licence is 1*s.* per year for any boat under twenty tons, and 1*l.* per year for all boats over twenty tons. The British and South African fishermen complain that they cannot fish in German waters, whilst the German fishermen can fish freely, without molestation, in British waters. During the past year two whaling companies were operating in the bay—namely, the Walfish Bay Whaling Company, Ltd., of Glasgow, and the Durban Whaling Company of Durban. The value of oil and whale guano shipped from Walfish Bay in 1913 was 59,458*l.* If we add the value of snoek shipped—viz. 5664*l.*—we get the total value of the export—namely, 65,122*l.* The whaling season for 1913 was considered unsatisfactory so far as the number of whales caught was concerned; but the quantity of oil produced has been greater than formerly owing to the condition of the whales being better. It should be mentioned that whales are becoming rarer every year, or at least are being driven further out to sea. A note on the port of Walfish Bay may be of interest:

	1912	1913
Number of vessels entered	73	83
Gross tonnage of same	176,771	219,100

In connexion with the development of future industries, it may be of interest to state that coal costs the local inhabitants 3*l.* per ton. In Cape Town coal intended for Walfish Bay costs only 8*s.* per ton, but the freight charges are very heavy, in consequence of which the price rises to the high figure just mentioned.

LAND AND WATER

The whole territory of Walfish Bay is made up of Crown lands, and there is no doubt that to this fact the arrested development of the whole district is largely due. There is no competition of any kind. No one can buy or sell land. There is no

freehold, or leasehold, or any sort of security of tenure. The inhabitants have lost heart. As far back as the year 1886 a township was surveyed and laid out in stands by the Government of that day, and then hurriedly withdrawn for fear that Germans from Swakopmund and elsewhere would come in, buy up the land, and ultimately get control of the settlement. Thus, in place of a large and thriving community we find a poverty-stricken, decaying dorp. And these pegs of craven parsimony still remain in the ground, marking the City of What-Might-Have-Been.

And now a word as regards water. The majority of the people of the settlement depend for their water supplies upon the Government condensing plant. It distils the sea-water, which is then sold to residents and others at 1*l.* 1*s.* per ton (200 gallons). Masters of vessels say this water is the most expensive in the world. This pumping plant is a comedy. It is worthy of the bioscope. Imagine taking water out of the sea in front of the settlement for drinking purposes, and distilling it at great cost, instead of pumping the fresh water from the river-bed behind the settlement! And in all the annals of Walfish Bay, to think that no one has ever suggested the utilisation, by irrigation, of the great fertile delta of the Kuisip River for the growing of crops for the settlement!

In my childhood days I was told the story of a vessel sailing in the mighty Amazon, while the crew lay dying of thirst, thinking they were still out in the open sea. At last another ship hove in sight. The suffering crew signalled a message of distress. A moment later the amazing answer flashed back: 'Dip down.' This motto I leave with the authorities of Walfish Bay.

CINDERELLA OF THE EMPIRE

Certainly, Walfish Bay is the Cinderella of the British Empire—despised by all our politicians, not one of whom has ever visited this part of the Union. Here is a little British settlement without a single vote. Who is their member in the Legislative Assembly in Cape Town, or their senator in the Council? Who can tell? Assuredly, they do not know. Yet as a free people their needs and aspirations should be made known in a free Parliament. Our past policy, so far as Walfish Bay is concerned, has been a record of indifference and neglect. No money must be spent. Nothing must be done. Consequently, we find that everything is second-hand: a worn-out lighthouse from Port Elizabeth, a wheezy tug from Cape Town. Everything is old, poor, dilapidated and falling to pieces. Indeed, it is rumoured that a big bonfire will be lit on the beach by the inhabitants to celebrate the first brand-new article that arrives from any department of the public service for the settlement.

Yet all these years the bay, with her sunlit hinterland, has been a priceless possession, a 'precious stone set in the silver sea,' only waiting for some sympathy to yield up the vast hidden stores of her abundant wealth.

NAME AND DESTINY

And what of her name? It is spelt variously—Walwich, Walfisch, and Walfish. The first two you will find on the older maps and charts. The last is the more modern, the shortest, and the best, and so it will remain for all time to come. It is said that a certain highly placed patriot in the Department of Justice at Pretoria has recently issued circulars to compel the use of the word 'Walvis' for the bay in all official documents. But compulsion is a seed that does not thrive in South Africa, whether sown in the name of the Dutch or the English tongue.

To the new German, ever seeking more worlds to conquer, sustained by a great army, and his rapid-growing navy, it must seem strange that he may not grasp this unguarded pearl of the Western Sea. To the proud Spaniard it is surely a matter of more than a passing sorrow that the gay colours of Castille no longer float on that grey tunnelled rock—the impregnable fortress of his beloved land. To the invincible American, inspired by Canning and nourished on Monroe, it is still a bitter pill that he may not star another State on the fertile loams of the Peace River or quote the cost of corn in the châteaux of Quebec. But these things may not be. For Providence hath ruled it otherwise.

And what of her destiny? Walfish Bay stands as the symbol of Empire—linked by the speaking wires to her fair sisters wherever they be; tranquil, wide and free; broad as her splendid purpose, benign as her gentle sway; welcoming the ships of the nations with wealth of farm and mine—a haven of peace in this waste of sea.

Yesterday, as I journeyed through German South-West Africa on my way to Walfish Bay, all the land was at peace. To-day, as I pen these final words, we are at war, and none can foretell the fate of to-morrow. Yet one thing is certain. If Germany were to win, she would at once annex the bay. But that shall not be. In my travels I have seen, with admiration, the order and the patient industry of her people: and even now it is appalling to think that these same sturdy settlers have been thrown into the maelstrom of a gigantic conflict merely to satiate the battle-lust of Berlin. Nor can there be any doubt that, with the German country in the south-west conterminous with the Union and Rhodesia for over a thousand miles, we should for ever be menaced by a ruthless military despotism entirely foreign to the

spirit and ideals of modern democracy. It cannot be. The flag of our own free Empire must float over that desolate land from the Orange River to the Portuguese border. Three railroads should be built without delay to the bay : the first from Cape Town, the second from Johannesburg, and the third from Bulawayo. Phoenix-like, a great city shall arise on the sand dunes of the shore, and the dry farmers of the West will pour their products to the sea ; while on the gateway of the young town there might well be carved in letters of gold that motto which South Africa has taught to a wondering world—Union and Peace : Friendship and Fraternity.

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

LIÈGE AND THE LIÉGEOIS

THERE is a Walloon saying, 'Les grands más fet rouvi les p'tits'—the great evils make one forget the little—which might be repeated as the sad consolation of Liège this autumn. For she has had more than her share of troubles, early and late, and the wonder is that with them all she has kept an individuality that neither coal-smoke nor siege-guns can kill. As for the Liégeois, they have a temperament only to be expressed in their own dialect, and in the 'Spots' or proverbs and 'Cramignons' or songs still heard in the neighbourhood. Out of these, with the town records, the Memoirs of Philip de Comines, and Sir Walter Scott's *Quentin Durward* to help, you get by degrees some real idea of this people, whose survival at all seems extraordinary, whose fate interests you the more because their existence has so often been threatened. And then you understand the feelings of those who barely a month ago watched the Kaiser come and take the unfortunate city by the throat, and remembered all she had gone through in previous sieges.

There is a particular accent in the voice of a Liégeois when he speaks about Liège, and you will find a note to correspond and an intimate air even about its formal records. The Walloons, to begin with, are a race apart, direct heirs of the old Belgae, who gave the Roman Kaiser some trouble in his day, and to confuse them with the 'Tixhons' or Flemings is like confusing Highlander with Lowlander, a mistake into which Scott fell in his novel. We shall come presently to the fierce episodes which he turned to account. The story of Liège begins some centuries earlier, and to understand it you should take it in the Liégeois manner, with the air of a 'Cramignon' running in your head, such as 'Wisgui, Wisga.' A Cramignon, I should explain, is a very light-hearted offspring of Provençal song, which allows for any number of iterations and makes a great point of the refrain :

C'est pour un homm' de guerr' qui a barbe au menton,
Wisgon!

Et la pipe à la bouch', fumant comm' un dragon!

(*Refrain*) *Wisgui, wisga,*
Mon père loriga,
Loriga fringa,
Et de la moustiga fringa.

In the next stanza we learn that the soldier is on a horse (which is *mignon* to suit the rhyme) and wears the *culott' rouges* of the French army. But this takes us too fast along the Liège road, and from its verses we must turn back to Bishop Notger, whom we might call the father of the city. It was he who gave to her the proverb: 'Liège owes Notger to Christ and everything else to Notger.' Otto the Great made him bishop in 971, and with him began the line of episcopal princes who ruled Liège like autocrats, and more than once had to pay for it. For beside their religious hold on the commonalty, they too were infected with the fighting contagion of the Liégeois, and used the strong hand without scruple; and Notger gave them a bold lead.

In his day Immon, the seigneur and castellan of Chevre-mont, was the terror of the city and the country round, and feared neither God nor Church. It befell however that a son was born to him, and he sent for Notger to baptise the child; and the bishop came, attended by an imposing tail of monks and lay-clerks. But when they had entered the castle, at a word from Notger they threw off their cassocks and emerged men of steel in full armour to put to the sword all who resisted. Immon, adds the chronicler, was ruined 'à rez-terre.' But the bishops who deliver a city from a lord of thieves like Immon are apt to rule it like constables; and in truth the struggle between the bishops of Liège and the citizens, and between the big bourgeoisie and the little bourgeoisie, helped to keep the storm-cone flying all through the Middle Ages, with an occasional summer lull.

It was so with a vengeance in the years during which the Liégeois saw three peaces—the Peace of Bierset, the Peace of Huy, and the *Paix des Clercs*, 1253 to 1288—signed in quick succession. They bring us to the local strife of the *Citains*, or 'Grands Bourgeois,' with the *Serfs*, or 'Petits Bourgeois.' After many fierce passages the Little Bourgeois and the *Métiers* were victorious, and in 1313 a kind of city-state, with democratic institutions, was authentically put upon the roll.

It was a Bishop who gave Liège its charter of liberty, the famous 'tribunal of peace,' which held good for four centuries. The court, says Mr. Boulger, 'sat in the Cathedral, the burgesses beside the Bishop, and dispensed summary justice on all alike—only priests and princes being exempted from its jurisdiction.' But we are forgetting the Bishop's tragedy associated with the name of William de la Marck, 'the Wild Boar of the Ardennes,' whose Castle of Aigremont is still a landmark on the riverside not far away. It was this characteristic Liégeois memory that led Sir Walter Scott out of his French domain thither in

Quentin Durward. He was a great juggler with history, as we know, and did not mind confessing how he did his casts back and tergiversations. The Bishop in question was Louis de Bourbon, who was not really murdered till 1482, whereas in the romance the event is carried back fifteen years, as Scott freely admits in his notes.

In the months of August and September in that year, that is 1482 [he writes], William de la Marck, called the Wild Boar of Ardennes, entered into a conspiracy with the discontented citizens of Liège against their Bishop, Louis of Bourbon, being aided with considerable sums of money by the King of France. By this means, and the assistance of many murderers and *banditti*, who thronged to him as to a leader befitting them, de la Marck assembled a body of troops whom he dressed in scarlet as a uniform, with a boar's head on the left sleeve. With this little army he approached the city of Liège. But so soon as they came in sight of the enemy the citizens, as before agreed, fled from the Bishop's banner, and he was left with his own handful of adherents. At this moment De la Marck charged at the head of his *banditti* with the expected success. The Bishop was brought before the profligate knight, who first cut him over the face, then murdered him with his own hand, and caused his body to be exposed naked in the great square of Liège before St. Lambert's Cathedral.

Even a Scott idolater must admit that Sir Walter, who had the art of interpreting the spirit of a place and getting at the *genius loci*, especially when his home country gave the scene, hardly did full justice to Liège in his story, good as that story is. It was impossible for him to do so, since he had not learnt, as we have heard, to distinguish 'Wallon' and 'Tixhon,' Walloon and Fleming. In the dramatic episode of the Bishop's murder, he makes his Wild Boar of the Ardennes, that 'monumental beast,' call the citizens 'porkers of Liège' and 'Flemish hogs.' However, he did not mistake their temper, which, from the time of Charlemagne, has been marked by the two moods of the Walloon—wit and amiability with a touch of choler in times of peace; fierceness and courage to the death in times of war. Many episodes could be given from the Liège chronicle to prove this urbanity turned into a rage of resistance, which has been a surprise and a world's delight in this war. And as the old volumes of Philip de Comines are not very readily to be come by, we may take the final pages of Scott's novel for a siege-cartoon, to put beside that of the recent assault with all the enginery of the German army behind it. In both scenes we are tempted to feel as we watch that we are assisting at what might be called the murder of a city. It was a night affray, too, in the story.

Three o'clock had struck, when a noise like that of disturbed bees, mustering to defend their hive, was heard. Instead of the lazy murmur

of the Meuse, it was really the feet of the unfortunate Liégeois advancing to a sally on the besieging host.

Scott, following De Comines, means us to be on the side of the besiegers; he has the terrible monster, William de la Marek, to despatch by his hero's hands, and he has to work out the revenge for the Bourbon Bishop's death; and he makes the French king speak of those 'thick-heads of Liège,' just as he made the 'Wild Boar' call them pigs. De Comines, however, leaves them with pity. 'I must give,' he says, 'an account of the calamities of the wretched folk who fled out of the town, that I may confirm what I said before about the misfortunes and dreadful consequences that follow those who are defeated in battle, though it be king or prince, or any potentate whatever.' He tells how they fled into the Ardennes, men and women and children, to be attacked there by a 'gentleman of those parts,' who wished to ingratiate himself with the conqueror.

The companion picture is that of yesterday, when another exodus of the Liégeois follows another siege. Mr. Dillon's account brings it home to us, just as De Comines' pages did formerly:

Some thirty thousand of its inhabitants fled from the place in terror when the enemy's guns began to shower shells upon the forts from Fléron. The remainder buried themselves in cellars and underground passages, scores huddling together without food, drink, or other of life's necessities. The city bears marks of havoc everywhere. There is not a street in which shells have not fallen. The very asphalt is ploughed up in places like a cornfield at sowing time. Hurriedly made graves with their soft mounds protrude in unexpected places. During the day the Germans are everywhere in evidence. They patrol the principal thoroughfares, stand at the barricades which they have raised at all the approaches to the town, or creep up towards the forts with remarkable recklessness. The inhabitants are cowed by the terrors that hang over them even if they obey strictly all the enemy's behests; and Liège is becoming a dumb, dismal place. At nightfall the city assumes the aspect of a churchyard. The silence is soul-curdling, yet the hearts of the inhabitants beat quicker and louder when that silence is broken by the heavy tread of the Prussian patrols or the rending thunder of heavy guns. All the doors still left have to be kept wide open. Early in the morning, when the bakers remove their bread from the ovens, German guards, who are posted wherever victuals are to be had, pounce down on the entire output of the bakeries, for which they probably pay, but the inhabitants have no share.¹

One cannot bear to leave the story there, just because it is hard to believe that the spirit of a city, any more than a man's, can be destroyed. The consolation comes, as it may over the recollection of the man, in looking over the signs of her vitality. There is a delightful old print of Liège at which it is a comfort

¹ War Correspondence: *Daily Telegraph* and *Manchester Guardian*.

to look in the day of war, for it shows her at peace as she was long after the desperate siege and the ruin wrought by Charles the Bold, and proves how recuperative she could be. The river Meuse, as in every other view of Liège, curls comfortably about her like a serpent; and her array of tall and narrow roofs at all angles, towers and spires, bridges and town walls, falls in this faded cartoon into a rich pattern, like a town painted in the bottom of a soup plate. A few barges sail on the river, and one is drawn by a horse with a man on his back, going so fast that one wonders what they will do when the towing path ends? For it breaks off abruptly not many yards away. The bridges in this picture have houses on them and are double or even treble-gated, and a strongly fortified line of churches, curtain-walls, and other buildings is marching uphill to the Chartreuse on top. As you examine the detail and the approaches and water exits of the town by the Pont Avray and the Pont des Arches, you realise what a place was older Liège for a bishop's princely progress or a day of street pageantry. The 14th of August, the Feast of the Assumption, is a great day in Belgium, which has more Notre Dames in it, probably, than any other country; and Notre Dame de St. Rémy, which was not far from the Cathedral of St. Lambert, kept the tradition here. Her flower was the white clematis, and we cannot help speculating in what wrecked garden it was gathered this August, while the guns were still firing from the forts at Pontisse, Barchon and Evegnée.

But just as one is grown melancholy over Liège and her evil fate, some absurd song in which she made light of war will recur to you :

Il était un beau garçon
Qui était marchand d'oignons,
Comme il allait à Cambray
Pour y vendre des oignons,
(Refrain) Et allons, ma tourtelourinette,
Et allons, ma tourtelourinon.

Comme il allait à Cambray,
Pour y vendre des oignons,
Quand il fut sur la montagne,
Qu'il entendit le canon.
(Refrain) Et allons, etc.

The effects of the cannon on the 'beau garçon' are such and they are described with so Rabelaisian a gust, that the rest is not quotable. The typical Liégeois song or 'Cramignon' is merry and light-hearted—'the Liégeois,' says the proverb, 'makes you laugh, and not dream or doze!'—while the theme is usually the old one, love, and not war at all. But it is inevitable now to think of the one grim topic and to look in the ballad-book

for its echoes. Here is another Liège ditty that tells a story as old as war itself :

Soldat qui revient de la guerre,
Hourra!
 Un pied chaussé et l'autre nu;
 Pauvre soldat, d'où reviens-tu?
 (Refrain) *Hourra, hourra, hourra!*

Il y a de grand' guerre en France,
Hourra!
 J'tuerai le père et les enfants,
 Puis je r'joindrai mon régiment.
 (Refrain) *Hourra, etc.*

Several intervening verses are omitted, but the gist of them is the return of the soldier to find his sweetheart married to another man—a local variant of a ballad sung all over Europe. These lyric 'Cramignons,' and the 'Spots' or proverbs, are the folk currency in which Liège has expressed all her moods and the wisdom of her fairs and market-days. A 'Spot' is a word which seems to imply something ejaculated or spat out, and Dejardin's collection of them runs to some hundreds. A few of those bearing on war may be added: 'On n'sâreut fer l'guerre sins touer des sodars'—one does not know how to make war without killing soldiers. In another, Liège speaks from bitter experience: 'I fat esse èglome ou martai' (*Il faut être enclume ou marteau*); and a phrase which has by use grown into a 'Spot'—'Dipeu les viès guerres' (*Depuis les vieilles guerres*)—will have a new inflexion after this year of 1914. 'Li bon Diu n'est nin co moirt' (*Le bon Dieu n'est pas encore mort*) is a more reassuring word for us to keep at heart.

'On pourçai aime mi on ston qu'ine lé-moscade' (a pig loves an acorn better than a nutmeg), the last a favourite spice in the 'gâteau des rois,' a local delicacy, represents the other side of Liège. 'C'est on baron del' poussire'—he is a baron of the dust—is an ironical 'Spot'; and 'Ni d'veur qu'âs Wallons et âs Tixhons' (*Ne devoir qu'aux Wallons et aux Flamands*) serves to tell how unwise it is to trust strange creditors; for 'On n'sé wiss qui l'dial firé ses côps'—one does not know where the devil keeps his *cops* or *coups*. Two more 'Spots' that touch the citizen's philosophy or his fears—There is no war, 'qu'on n'âie vinou à n'pâie,' out of which one does not come to peace at last, and 'Save-tu: on towe les laids' (*Sauve-toi: on tue les laids*) must close the Liégeois repertory so far as it can be given in a casual page.

But there is one story of the countryside that ought to be told when the fighting tradition is in question. It is as in-

dispensable in the chronicle as the tale of the Bull of Cualgne in Irish lore, and it is known as the famous

‘GUERRE DE LA VACHE DE CINEY’

A peasant of the Namur district, a man named Jallet, stole a cow at the cattle-fair of Ciney, and took it to a place called Andennes (between Liège and Huy). He was pursued; then, on agreeing to return the beast to Ciney, he was allowed to go by the baillie; but when he reached the baillie's district at Condroz he was seized and hanged. Out of this grew a feud, in which the Duke of Brabant and the Counts of Flanders, Namur, and Luxembourg took part; and Liège was threatened. The feud, in fact, blossomed into a war, and 20,000 folk, it is said, perished by reason of that one cow; and Philip le Roi had finally to intervene and make peace.

This affair, which is well told at greater length by G. W. Ommond in his book on *Liège and the Ardennes*, is actual history, with a dash of extravagance; and another episode reminds us that some such nicknames in Liège are as old as the Thirty Years' War—for instance, the Chiroux and the Grignoux. Three hundred young men of the high bourgeoisie formed themselves at that time into a band under vows to defend the Catholic Faith and serve the prince; and an old fellow of the town, struck by their white *gorgerettes* and sombre-coloured *culottes*, dubbed them *Chiroux*, which means a swallow. The name stuck and survived the band. The Grignoux got their name in turn as being *mutins* and impertinent. They were the democracy, and from 1631 to 1636 they were kept very busy in holding their own and evolving under difficulties that noble thing, the liberty of a city-state, the individuality of a townsfolk. The individuality remains, though, even before this war came, the antiquity of Liège had been driven out of most of her streets, thanks to her many sieges. In one she lost all her town-walls, in another almost every precious bit of architecture she had besides the religious houses and buildings, while the French Revolution did something to spoil the churches that Charles the Bold had left. As for the Belgian Revolution of 1830, although the Dutch held the citadel and the outliers of the town, I am not quite sure how far the town itself suffered; but it is certain some chimneys and door-handles were knocked off. She did not suffer personally in the Franco-Prussian war, but after the battle of Sedan, in 1870, she saw the wounded carried to hospital. At Bouillon the *Place* was crowded then with distracted fugitives, and M. Lemonnier describes how behind the 'white blinds of one house, the Hôtel de la Poste, a restless shadow moved about all the night through'—the Emperor Napoleon the Third.

As one turns over the whole roll, from Notger's time to ours,

it is to feel an extraordinary sympathy with Liège, which has been a bishop's stronghold, a city-state, a republic (for in 1793 the République Liégeoise was federated with the French Republic); which has lost, in the struggle to hold her own, her cathedral and nearly all those famous older houses and domestic buildings that once gave her streets colour and architectural distinction. But her own individuality as a place in the world, with a tongue, a dialect, a wit of her own, she has never lost; and the world and the providence of cities will see to it, when the reckoning comes, that Liège is paid in full for what she has undergone in one of the greatest defences in history. Her own chronicler, Henaux, showed what he thought of the city, the province and the people, when he ended his record forty years ago with the words: 'Liégeois of the country of Liège, never forget that you have been a free people.'

ERNEST RHYS.

THE ENGLISH AND THE OTHERS— THROUGH POLISH EYES

A PSYCHO-POLITICAL STUDY

ANY claim that my opinions concerning the differential characteristics of the Slavs, the Teutons and their cousins, the Anglo-Saxons, may have is based on the fact that my active life has been pretty evenly divided between residence in Russian Poland, German territory, and England. Of course, mankind has much in common everywhere, and between selected individuals of almost every race there is little fundamental difference. But no one who has had the opportunity of direct and intimate observation of the average or normal people belonging to the three great groups I have named can doubt that there are certain racial distinctions, which, whatever their origin, can fairly be called profound. Probably nearly every one of my readers has among his acquaintance one or more members of all three races, but in most cases it would not be right to accept these as typical embodiments of their fellows. The mere fact of their presence in England and friendship with English people is presumptive evidence that the Russian and German are of the cosmopolitan or international type. And any fundamental racial characteristics which they may possess are likely to be so deeply buried beneath the veneer of cosmopolitan culture and manner that ordinary intercourse will never discover them.

A consideration of some of these fundamental differences can hardly help being interesting at the present time, for we are in the midst of a clash of races quite as much as an imbroglio of statesmanship. This is true rather in the Eastern field, which seems to me to be the centre of real hostility, than in the Western field, where the parties involved are so largely by reason of alliances with the real belligerents. Naturally in England interest is mainly concentrated on the latter field: equally naturally, I find my attention drawn rather to the great struggle in which the future of my own race is involved.

Observations of national characteristics made during a state of war would be of little value, for they would show a striking similarity. Whether great wars like the present are made by

rulers and War-Lords or no, there seems no room for doubt that they are entered into and carried on by their peoples almost as holy wars. For just as the English are fighting for the honour and dignity and independence of their country, so also are the French and the Germans and the Slavs for theirs. The only valuable comparative psychology is that of the nations at peace. Then only are manifest the spirit and idea for which at bottom they fight. And just as in medicine the diagnosis of disturbed physiological conditions of the utmost importance is made by the observation of seemingly trivial symptoms, so only can profound racial tendencies be gauged by observation of the simple speech and action of every day.

For a European to write about European nations for European readers is no easy task. But for a foreigner to write for the English about England is almost impossible. I fully sympathise with that foreign ambassador who, a month after he had taken up his duties in London, resolved to write a book on England. Before he had begun it, however, he thought it wise to let another month pass in order to get to know the English better. The second month passed, but the ambassador did not feel much better informed on his subject. At the end of three months he realised that his task was growing more, rather than less, complicated. The book is still unwritten.

Short of a visitor from Mars, no European can observe the English with more detachment than can a Pole. Poland is not and never has been one of England's rivals or enemies. We have never, at any rate until now, been entangled in any political affairs in which at the time England has also been interested. At no stage of our history have these two countries in any way influenced each other's fate. England is one of the few nations in Europe whose blood has never mixed with Polish blood either on a battlefield or through a royal alliance. There consequently has been between these countries that disinterested good will which often exists between people totally unconnected by family or business ties. True, it is rather a negative relation of the live-and-let-live order, but on the whole it is a sympathetic one. No doubt this friendliness, at any rate so far as the Poles are concerned, has been helped by their consciousness of the traditional role of England as the protector of small nations. When I was a boy I well remember my father telling me about the chivalry and liberalism of the English people, and the name of Gladstone was as familiar in our house as if he were a national hero. When I left home to study in Germany my father was bitterly opposed to my settling down abroad, but when, a few years later, I signified my intention of making England my home all his hostility vanished. Authoritative English opinion has always carried

great weight in Poland. In international matters we look upon England as standing for what is just and liberal, and among enlightened Poles the involvement of England in the present conflict gives them hope that in the final settlement the voice of England will be used on the side of equity and justice.

For Polish opinion, and my observation confirms it, is that the superiority of England is intimately associated with ~~the self-~~restraint, not only individual but collective, of her people. Compared with other countries, England, at any rate modern England, seems anxious to understand the point of view of other nations. Of course, the general reign of tolerance is not yet in any country. But I find among members of all classes in England with whom I have been brought into contact a surprising recognition of the fact that it takes all sorts to make a world, and that other people have as much right to their characteristics as one has to one's own. If there is any meaning in progress, in development, in civilisation, surely this trait is a proof of higher organisation. Writers on psychology and morals are too apt to compare the subjects of their criticisms with an ideal of their imagination. But it seems to me more interesting and more valuable to compare peoples with one another. Even when a people's psychology is treated comparatively, the comparison is generally only between the people criticised and the race of the critic himself. However, a more satisfactory way of advancing the mutual understanding of nations is the study of several peoples one with another, with as little prejudice and bias as possible. It is regarding them from this point of view that I am unable to sympathise with those who find the English narrow and insular.

Though perhaps I have no right to do more than record what I have seen and the impressions that I have received, it is difficult not to philosophise a little as to the why and wherefore of this English trait. English life strikes me as ever so much richer and more complicated than that of any other country I know. And this I say after an intimate experience not only of life in the well-to-do parts of London, but also of life in the slums of the East End. Factors complicating life in this country are many indeed. There is the enormous trade with oversea Dominions, which England managed to secure before anybody else had time to think about them. The desire of maintaining her possessions and the experience gained in connexion therewith led to the development of great political abilities. Then again, two hundred and fifty years of Parliamentary life put England far ahead of all other countries in domestic as well as foreign affairs. In English politics tact and tolerance and consideration for personal liberty play a far larger part than in any other European country.

Then again, England never seems for long to lose her consciousness of the real aims of national life and national organisation. Great as have been her conquests in the field of war, militarism is always regarded but as an instrument, never as an end in itself, and nowhere is there a healthier suspicion of anything like officialdom. War is regarded by all classes, even by most of the military caste, as but a possible and painful necessity.

This attitude towards militarism and officialism makes English life altogether different from life in Germany. In spite of the position which science and art and commerce hold in German estimation, to the ordinary man, and especially to the ordinary working man, the impression is constantly being given that the military and official life is the real life of the nation, and that all industries exist but for their maintenance. The English have kept their sense of proportion, and have put their officials into their proper places—that is, as public servants. As such they are not exposed either to humiliation or to undue admiration; they are paid adequate salaries, and they are expected to give service in return. In Germany, where the salaries are smaller, officials expect the public to make up the balance with excessive respect and veneration. In exchange the public gets in service what it pays for in cash, in arrogance and condescension what it pays for in servility. In Russia, where few officials except the very highest ones get a living wage at all, they expect to be treated by civilians almost like gods, whilst bribery and blackmailing are naturally enough called in to bring their wage up to a reasonable level.

Here we have one illustration of an English trait which strikes the foreigner very forcibly. When I first came to England nothing in the English character impressed me more than the un-Slav-like quality of the Englishman in the matter of facing the facts, no matter whether pleasant or unpleasant. Both Poles and Russians notoriously avoid doing things which are in any way unpleasant or inconvenient. Both in the affairs of their countries and in private life they like to leave difficulties to solve themselves. 'It will happen somehow' is a favourite saying. They prefer to look the other way or close their eyes rather than recognise and deal with a problem of the existence of which they cannot but be perfectly aware. The sort of false economy of underpaying their officials, who are thus naturally driven to dishonesty and corruption, is typical of this kind of moral laziness.

Even in such matters as personal health the difference is striking. Whereas rather than know the truth about himself, fearing lest it might be unpleasant, a Pole or a Russian will commonly avoid going to a doctor until driven by absolute necessity, a normal Englishman prefers to face the truth at once,

however uncomfortable, and to deal with the situation in a thoroughly practical manner. This habit of facing facts is of a piece with the common sense and unsentimentalism of the normal Englishman. Even in the application of their laws and regulations there is a certain latitude of interpretation according to circumstance and intention. It is rare, indeed, for anyone to be punished in England, at any rate at all seriously, for an offence committed in ignorance or unintentionally. Consequently a foreigner often feels more at ease in England than in his own country. I am afraid this could hardly be said of the Englishman travelling in any European country. In no country is ill-will differentiated from ignorance to the extent that it is in England.

The English are commonly reputed to be stiff, conventional and conservative in religion, morals and manners. Such a verdict could only be arrived at nowadays by a very superficial observer. As a matter of fact, no people are more open to alter their habits, whether it be in dress or method of locomotion or code of etiquette or even in such large matters as naval organisation. It is only necessary to convince the English that a given course is in accord with common sense for it to become a national custom. Of course, there is an obverse to this. Common sense and what is called the practical are apt to serve as measures of value, not only in dealing with matters where they rightly hold, but also in the world of art and the spirit. I am afraid that here the foreigner gets an impression of stodginess and insensitiveness. I know that England has produced many great, indeed eternal, poets, men of imaginative science, and painters, but that does not affect the impression given by the average Englishman, even among the educated classes. It is in the sphere of will and action and practical intelligence that the English qualities surpass. The average Englishman likes to look outward not inward, forwards not backwards. An idea is of little use to him unless it can be materialised or expressed in action. He is not moody or introspective, and the contrast between Russian and English literature is exactly paralleled by the difference between the Slav and the Anglo-Saxon. Again, as contrasted with the German, the Englishman is very free from pedantry. He has a marked faculty for seizing on the essential and eliminating the trifling. This shows itself in every department of the national life, from the kitchen to the police court. In this way the English save an immense amount of energy, and probably are able accordingly to accomplish more in a short day than the people of any other European country can accomplish in many more hours.

There is one other great distinction between life in England on the one hand and life in Germany or Russia on the other, the manifestation of which strikes the foreigner as serving to

lubricate the wheels of daily intercourse and reduce nervous friction, and that is the omnipresent humour. Nowhere but in England does one joke with the policeman, the baker, one's employer, even, on occasion, with the judge. This is the more easy in that the Englishman has fewer illusions about himself and his motives. He seems to have a sort of confidence in his peculiar strength, and therefore does not mind gently mocking at those parts of himself that he considers unimportant. He accepts human nature for what it is, and is frank about his selfishness and his limitations. He has little tolerance for 'highfalutin' sentiment and idealising; indeed, he carries this to such an extreme that he is apt to overlook real genius when he comes across it.

One curious result of this lack of idealism and imaginativeness strikes one at first as strangely at variance with the Englishman's heavy common sense. This is his craving for second-hand 'sensations.' Nowhere else except in America is there such a market for ghost and crime stories and the marvels of the Sunday Press. Nine tenths of the literature consumed by the great masses of the people is of this order, and the dramas commonly shown at the picture theatres are very largely of the same *genre*.

In towns like Berlin and Munich people of the same class patronise literature and drama of an altogether higher kind. There is, in Germany and Austria, a much higher standard of intellectual life among the masses of the people—at any rate in the towns. Education is considered much more important than is generally the case in England, and this certainly has a marked democratising effect. Intimately associated with this faith in education is the characteristic of German life which, more than anything else, strikes the foreigner at every turn, and that is the universality of discipline. Discipline in the army, of course, but discipline in the schools, in the streets, in the shops, even in the home, carried to a point that anywhere else would seem grotesque. Consequently routine, rather than initiative, is all-powerful. Middle-age and seniority hold authority, while youth is kept in the background. Naturally resulting from this is the comparative irresponsibility of the young men of Germany as compared with young Englishmen and young Slavs, and the greater proportion of puppies among them. In England, in particular, young men of twenty-two or thereabouts are to be found in all kinds of most responsible positions; in Germany, hardly ever. Now, while this preference given to age undoubtedly leads to the smooth running of a repetitive machine, the suppression of youth leads to the throttling of those qualities of independence, initiative, and originality which most commonly

accompany youth when given opportunity of development and manifestation.

Still, no one can dispute the success of the training in so far as the resulting order is concerned. Order is everywhere, and the Germans are very proud of it. They are convinced that the potentialities of their nation are bound up with it. It shows itself in every little matter, domestic and otherwise. In the cleanliness of the homes, even of the poorest; in the clothes of the children; in the serving of meals. Although wages are lower than in England, one is spared the sordid disorder of the London slums. There are no ragged children; there are no dirty and dirtily clad men. There is a sort of physical personal pride which seems quite general. Whatever the reality may be, a German town certainly gives the impression of prosperity and general well-being. They drink, and drink heavily, but not amid the sordid surroundings of the average English 'pub.' Where the working man drinks in Germany, his wife may, with dignity, accompany him, and next to him may sit his employer. So that, although the State is much more military, and, to that extent, medieval, yet life is, in many respects, much more democratic than in the theoretically democratic England. Certainly there is a much greater approximation to equality of opportunity, and every facility is offered to native talent and ability. This is true of Austria even more than of Germany, and, whilst in England the learned professions are practically closed to all but the upper and middle classes, there no one is excluded by reason of the accident of birth.

I spoke just now of that discipline which everybody associates with German life. That discipline is mostly external and formal, and is in entire contrast with the self-restraint and internal discipline of the English. Where the established rules and customs no longer apply, the German is apt to be crude, primitive, and undignified. The way in which a German eats his dinner is typical of many things in his private life, of his relation to women, his self-engrossment, and his disregard of social amenities generally.

The German lacks that tender consideration and affection for his home and his family which characterise the bulk of English people, but he has a much more personal and romantic, or at any rate sentimental, affection for his country; and this in spite of the fact that Germans perhaps more than any other people readily take root and become truly naturalised in almost any country in which they happen to settle. Yet at home in Germany they practise a rather narrow and petty exclusiveness to foreigners, so far as national privileges are concerned. They show this curious

jealousy in many ways. The idea of Germany for the Germans is never far from their consciousness. They are terribly afraid that some foreigner will reap benefit from the structures which their labours have created. I remember, with a smile, that when I wished to enter my name for certain courses at the University of Munich I was refused admission to every course for a fortnight after the opening of term, so that there might not be the smallest chance of a German student being displaced; this proved to be very unnecessary, for at the end of the fortnight the vacancies were more than half available to foreigners. Their fear of the use of other languages at public meetings, their tariff policy, their treatment of captured provinces and colonies, all illustrate this almost morbid fear of liberty and free competition. This would seem to indicate a great lack of self-confidence, yet their justified pride in their achievements in science, in art, in commerce, and in arms is very evident. It is this pride which makes them feel, in their more expansive moods, that, as their Kaiser would say, they have been chosen by God to play a great and imperial part in the management of the world and in the development of civilisation. Their temperament, as well as their military achievement of forty years ago, leads them to regard the French as a somewhat soft and degenerate race. For the English they have more respect, though they are inclined to believe that the British Empire has passed its zenith and has entered on a period of slackness, or even senility. At the back of their minds the more ambitious have a not dishonourable idea of Germany as the next great world empire. Beyond their eastern boundaries lies their great doubt.

The Slav is an unknown quantity. His possibilities cannot be measured. He is enormous in bulk. He is essentially young, virile, and potent. To the German mind, Russia embodies the forces of barbarism, with all its destructive implications, at the same time with all its strength. The hordes of Russia seem to the imagination of the civilised German as the Huns, almost as the very forces of darkness themselves. Instinctively the Germans know no other enemy. The possibility of a Russian invasion is the one dread which unites every section of the German people. In contemplating the Slavs there are in Germany no socialists, no liberals, no conservatives, but only Germans.

Is the German view true? Are the Slavs a race of barbarians? Are they a menace to civilisation? No direct Yes or No answer is possible to these questions. A few very important facts must be remembered before we attempt to give any answer. Among the peoples of Poland and the Russias there is no uniformity. Even for a moment taking Russia as a single unit, there are

such great distinctions between its own people and the people of Poland that they cannot be lumped together if any rational conclusions are to be drawn. Besides the fact that they both belong to the great Slav family there is not much that unites them, either in their character or in their aspirations.

Intellectually the Poles are much superior to the Russians, a statement I make, suppressing my feeling of national modesty. This view by the way is also expressed by the leading Russian paper *Novoje Vremia*, which is by no means friendly disposed towards the Poles. This journal even went so far as to corroborate its opinion by figures. It pointed out that in schools with mixed nationalities we find on an average out of ten Poles seven unusually gifted boys, whereas out of ten Russian boys only three show special talents. Temperamentally the Russian type is heavier and slower, the Pole being more quick-minded and more excitable. The latter is also more artistic in his disposition and therefore more unstable. Some of the German ethnologists attribute this as a striking national feature even to the lower classes in Poland, pointing out their love of harmony in colours and shape. They are certainly less 'barbaric' in their tastes than the Russians.

Endowed with unusual gifts in an exceptionally high degree, the average Pole lacks discipline of any kind, and is thus a prey to his fancies or to circumstances. In this respect the Russian with all his shortcomings is decidedly superior, and collectively is capable of achieving more. I believe that there is some morbid defect in the psychic organisation of the Poles which makes them hate the idea of any authority above them, a condition which has often proved disastrous in its effects.

The records of Poland are not matters of general European knowledge. But to those who are inclined to lump Slavs collectively as barbarians and foes of civilisation, a Pole may be allowed to point out that the University of Cracow was founded in 1396, being one of the first in Europe. What is now known as the Polish Kingdom presents, it is true, little evidence of the glory of its past, but this is entirely to be attributed to the tragedy of its history. In that tragedy the Government of Russia played the part of principal tyrant. But in that tragedy the people of Russia, themselves victims of like tyranny, played no part. Though it is a sad fact that Russia is still but a half-civilised country, it is not a surprising fact. It is readily explicable by the external facts of history and environment. The inherent or racial characteristics of the great body of Russia cannot be reasonably determined, for the simple reason that they have had so far no opportunity of development. One has to remember that

during 300 years Russia was under the Mongolian yoke. According to the historians, this yoke must have been even worse than the three yokes thrown on Poland taken together. Apart from the records of the past, we find in the present sufficient evidence to make us believe all the horrors told of the Mongols. Their rule kept back progress in Russia for many centuries. They also left behind many undesirable traces, especially on the good-natured Slav character of the old Russians. The Eastern conception of cruel despotism was inoculated into the Russians as shown in the deeds of such types as Ivan the Terrible. Even Peter the Great, though undoubtedly a great benefactor of Russia in more than one respect, was in his manners an Asiatic despot.

In this connexion it is interesting to remember that, whilst nearly every ruler of Russia has died a death of violence, only one Polish king died from other than natural causes. Nearly any of them might truly have spoken the words actually spoken by one of them : 'There is no man in my country on whose breast I could not safely sleep.'

A closer knowledge of the Russian folk of to-day shows the same mixture of the two primitive components. The one is the Slav element, the other is the Mongolian, extra-European. The first one is, I believe, largely responsible for the charm of Russians which seems to fascinate so many English people ; and it is also that part of their nature that they can more easily display on foreign ground. Their sociability and their intellectual gifts, generally revolving round very sublime and idealistic theories, are certainly attractive to cultivated observers everywhere. Their obvious lack of any evil intentions helps them materially to win the sympathy of the others, who have not lived in Russia. There is hardly a topic that a Russian man or woman would not eagerly discuss, the discussion of problems being one of their favourite occupations. They often get extremely heated over a slight disagreement, frequently caused by some transcendental idea on a non-existent subject, produced by one of the debaters. They surpass each other in the selection of words to prove the correctness of the several statements, which, however, are but rarely listened to by the opposite party. It is very difficult to gain audience for anyone, however wise his words may be. I think the Russians have produced an embarrassingly small proportion of listeners as compared with the great number of leading men of the spoken and written word.

It is very disappointing for many a Western person to discover after a shorter or longer period that the very promising words of the great idealists prove to be mainly of theoretical value. Those who utter them hardly ever dream of applying their

views to real life; it is evident that they are not considered with any practical application, the greater part of their energy being spent on the eloquent exposition of their ideas. In this respect most Slavs are alike.

The other side of the Russian character is, I am afraid, concealed from the eyes of most English people who have not lived in Russia. The Eastern trait of that nation comes forth in the ordinary everyday life, which can only be watched on the spot. This is their Eastern passivity, their habit of living in a realm of dreams and succumbing to a fatalistic outlook on life. This habit of obeying blindly some unseen force inevitably leads too often in the direction of an absolute despotism. So that whoever has a chance of abusing his power does so without any scruples whatever. Justice is an ideal which has not yet grown very deeply into the minds and souls of the Russian citizens. Thus it is not of much good or sense to fume with indignation about the awful things happening in Russia every day—anyway, not more than to break one's heart over the cannibals in Central Africa.

I am positively sure that the cause of the constant abuses committed by the Russian officials, as well as by Russian citizens, is not wickedness on their part, but a dead seriousness about everything they attempt, which often amounts to stupidity. Most of their sins are due to a combination of weakness of will, fatalism, and lack of humour. They are inclined to take their responsibilities and position very seriously, and are thus, even though possessed by the highest moral purposes, often led into acts of the greatest injustice and cruelty. The methods of Russian officials called upon to deal with emergencies nearly always have the character of panic. A kind of obsession seems to get hold of them, and they act almost blindly, regardless of consequences.

I remember a Russian officer being shot by a revolutionist in Warsaw. The Cossacks were summoned and ordered to fire down the street in both directions with the object of punishing the perpetrator of the crime. Several people were killed and many wounded, but the culprit left Warsaw quietly by the next train. Even in this performance there was more stupidity than intended brutality.

In apparent contrast with what I have been saying, the intellectual life among the educated classes stands at least at as high a level as in England or Germany. That the Slav intellect has the highest possibilities is shown in Russia not only by such distinguished scientists as Mechnikoff, Bechtereff and others, but also by such masters of literature as Turgeneff and Tolstoi, and in Poland by such examples as Sienkiewicz and Mme. Curie.

The great failure of Russian people lies in their inability to

make any practical application of their high ideals. This disparity between reality and theory is interestingly shown by their sentimental admiration of Western life without their realising the impossibility of suddenly grafting it on a barbarous country. They get a vague idea of wonderful foreign institutions and arrangements, they dream of their adoption in Russia, but can construct no path leading to the realisation of their dream. How great is the gap in their minds between principle and practice, and to what degree they are often unconscious of it, may be seen from the following. An intellectual Russian traveller in Finland was so struck by the high civilisation he met at every step, and particularly by the presence of letter-boxes in a dark wood, that he could not help expressing his wish that Russia might soon be able to trust her people to the same extent. A minute later the would-be reformer, having got tired of walking along the road, suggested to his companion to walk through the wood. For that purpose he with his stick broke down the wire fence separating the wood from the main road.

Most of the measures taken by the Russian Government are characterised by their superficial, trifling, and irritating nature. In no other country have I felt the truism of the old Latin proverb 'Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus' more than in Russia. The main reforms in the schools of Poland, for example, were the alterations of the inscriptions outside the buildings from Polish to Russian. Similar far-reaching reforms were made with regard to railway tickets.

Some of the school regulations we had to comply with may be of some interest to the English public. We were not allowed to leave our homes after 6 P.M., and were not to appear at the railway station without a special permit from the school authorities. The reason for such rules was, and is still, obscure to me. The amount of energy which a special staff of officials used to spend on the carrying out of espionage amongst the boys was really amazing. One could see sometimes the poor victim chased through the streets of my native town by his persecutor for hours, before the latter succeeded in the identification of the culprit. As we used to wear bright uniforms at school, it was a risky undertaking to contravene the regulations. The object of our excursions was nearly always a harmless one, such as visiting a friend. I remember one of my colleagues coming to my house dressed up as a maid, because he was anxious to evade the school spies. I am not surprised now any more that I took part in the great school strike at the age of seventeen, demanding a radical reform of the system of education. The hatred and contempt we had for our instructors found in it a free outlet, and we were very proud of leaving our class rooms never to return again.

Such was the end of my stay at the Russian school, which, seven years previously, I had entered, fresh from my father's warning : ' Forget your nationality so long as you are there, and consider it all as a bitter and unpleasant necessity, required from you for the sake of a better future.'

Since the bulk of this article was written, Russia has sent to my country a message which must fill every Pole with renewed hope for the future. It would be easy and perhaps not altogether unnatural, bearing in mind the facts of history and the circumstances under which Russia has spoken, to adopt an attitude of cynicism, or, at any rate, of scepticism. But I think we have reasonable grounds for hoping that Russia's enthusiasm for our well-being and individuality is genuine and will outlast the present period of stress. It has taken the Russian people a long time to find out the possibilities of Slav unity and of Polish loyalty, and that the racial enemies of the Slavs are not other Slavs but Teutons.

G. DE SWIETECHOWSKI, M.D.

SEX AFTER DEATH

For the purpose of this article I postulate, as I obviously must, a personal existence of some sort for mankind after death. Granted this, can the distinctions of sex, which figure so largely in our present life, be retained in any such future existence, and if so, within what limits? Are they transient features or permanent elements of a human personality? Are they vital and spiritual, or merely physical and physiological characters of our race? These are the questions with which I here attempt to deal.

The origin of sex is a somewhat curious story. Nowadays sex is associated with reproduction, and is regarded merely as part of the machinery for the perpetuation of a species. As a matter of fact, however, the process from which it sprang had no direct connexion with reproduction, and aimed at the benefit rather of the individual than of the race. Reproduction in its simplest form, as it appears in unicellular organisms, is merely division. The parent cell, when it has attained its limit of growth, breaks into two halves or daughter cells, each of which possesses an independent existence. The daughter cells, in their turn, break up into other cells, and so the species multiplies. In cases of this kind the cells and the reproductive process are alike asexual, and the reproduction may be regarded simply as a growth beyond the limits of the individual organism. There is however another process which takes place between unicellular organisms, and which is known as Conjugation. Essentially this consists in a fusion between two full-grown single-cell organisms, which range themselves alongside of each other for this purpose, and gradually coalesce. After the union has become complete, and the two organisms are enclosed in a single cell-body, a separation once more takes place by simple division, and two new organisms are formed, between which the germ-plasms of the two original organisms are divided.

This is the process from which sex was originally evolved; but it is obviously something quite distinct from reproduction. In fact, so far from increasing the numbers of the species, its first effect is to diminish them by a half. In these primitive

organisms it is not a necessary antecedent to reproduction, nor is reproduction its object. It must, of course, have a racial value or it could hardly have survived; but nevertheless it was adopted in the first instance, not for the benefit of the race, but for that of the individuals undergoing it. According to Professor Hartog and others this benefit consists in a kind of mutual rejuvenescence of the conjugating cells.¹ It might be supposed that the fresh vigour thus induced would, in its turn, promote multiplication, and thereby prove conjugation to be an indirect auxiliary to reproduction. But the latest experiments seem to show that conjugation does not rejuvenate in this sense.² Professor Dendy considers that the habit of conjugation probably arose from the necessity of making good some disturbance of equilibrium in the protoplasm of the cell. This incapacity might well be brought about by the repeated fissions of ordinary multiplication under which some of the individuals so produced might have too much of one constituent, and too little of another. It might even be 'that from the very first the inequalities of fission resulted in the accumulation of more active protoplasm in some cells and a greater amount of reserve material in others, and that this was the starting point of the differentiation into male and female.'³ Professor Dendy is inclined to ascribe the mechanism of the process to some difference of polarity between the conjugating cells.⁴ M. Le Dantec goes further, and holds that the elements of sex are in the cell from its earliest stage. He regards the cell as an agglomeration of bi-polar elements, between which intra-cellular sexuality takes place.⁵ Weismann, it is true, protests against the theory of rejuvenescence, but his objection seems verbal rather than substantial. For he admits 'that the fusion of individually different simple organisms must or may bring about a direct advantage—a stimulation of the metabolism, and at the same time an improvement of the constitution in different directions.'⁶ This he considers to have been the reason for the first introduction of conjugation among the lower forms of life. Indeed it is difficult to come to any other conclusion. For the first result of conjugation is a commingling of the germ-plasms, or hereditary substances of the two conjugating cells; and however beneficial this may subsequently prove to the race, it must first have been adopted for the benefit of the two particular cells. The ultimate advantages of conjugation to the evolution of the race have been variously explained, but we are not for the moment concerned with these explanations.

¹ *Problems of Life and Reproduction*, 18-24.

² Morgan, *Heredity and Sex*, 9.

³ *Outlines of Evolutionary Biology*, 127-8.

⁵ *The Nature and Origin of Life*, 217, 227.

⁴ *Ibid.* 143.

⁶ *Evol. Theory*, ii. 225.

When multicellular organisms appeared on the scene the simple method of commingling different germ-plasms by means of conjugation became impossible. Accordingly, by an application of the principle of dividing labour to which Nature so constantly resorts, the germ-cells were set apart from the body-cells, and segregated in the reproductive organs. In this way the commingling of germ-plasms has now become, in all the higher multicellular organisms, closely associated with bi-parental reproduction, but this does not affect the question of its original purpose. Following Weismann, let us call this commingling, however produced, 'amphimixis,' and bi-parental reproduction 'amphigony.' It will readily be seen that though amphimixis is inevitable in amphigony, amphigony is not necessary for effecting amphimixis.

'The significance of amphimixis,' says Weismann, 'cannot be that of making multiplication possible, for multiplication may be effected without amphimixis in the most diverse ways.'⁷

Thus, in unicellular organisms reproduction by fission of some sort without amphimixis is the ordinary rule. But even with multicellular organisms amphigony is not an absolute necessity, as is shown by the remarkable phenomenon of Parthenogenesis. Parthenogenesis is unisexual reproduction, i.e. reproduction by the mother alone, and shows, as Weismann remarks, 'that even in highly differentiated animals the apparently indissoluble connexion between reproduction and amphimixis can be dissolved if circumstances require it.'⁸

Among some of the lower forms of multicellulars parthenogenesis is found to alternate with amphigony as a mode of reproduction. The aphids, for instance, which swarm on our rose trees, produce, during the summer months, when the weather is warm and food plentiful, many generations of females parthenogenetically. But, as the weather grows colder and food more scarce, male births take place, and there is a recurrence to amphigony.⁹ The same peculiarity has been noticed among the crustacea and in butterflies and moths. In fact, this ancient mode of reproduction dies hard, and traces of it perhaps survive in the ovarian dermoids which occasionally occur in the human species.¹⁰

Again Hermaphroditism plays an important part in many divisions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, e.g. in snails and flowering plants, thereby reminding us that even bi-sexual reproduction need not always be *bi-parental*—in fact that bi-sexual reproduction can take place without amphimixis. Moreover, even where amphigony has been definitely established, it

⁷ *Evol. Theory*, ii. 193.

⁸ *Ibid.* ii. 212.

⁹ Geddes and Thomson, *Evolution of Sex*, 46.

¹⁰ J. Bland Sutton, *Lancet*, May 25, 1912, p. 1390.

has been found possible to dispense with the male element in reproduction by replacing it with an artificial substitute. The male, in short, is not always a necessary factor in what should be bi-sexual reproduction. Dr. Loeb found that if the eggs of the sea-urchin were placed in sea water to which a certain proportion of Magnesium Chloride was added, they would proceed to develop in exactly the same manner as if they had been fertilised sexually. This experiment shows that in certain cases a purely chemical stimulus can take the place of the male element. Some experiments of MM. Bataillon and Henneguy have carried the matter further still. The ova of frogs were placed in sterilised water, and pricked with a minute platinum needle or a sharp spicule of glass. In this case also a similar process of development began, and though it frequently broke down before completion, yet out of 1000 eggs thus treated 120 tadpoles were produced, one of which practically reached the stage of a mature frog.¹¹ This experiment is doubly remarkable, partly for its having dealt with so high an animal as the frog, and partly because it showed that a mere mechanical stimulus could take the place of male co-operation. And this rounds up the evidence against any inherent connexion between amphimixis and reproduction. Parthenogenesis shows the sufficiency of a female origin of life, the above experiments demonstrate that the co-operation of a male factor is not invariably necessary, its only purpose, *so far as reproduction is concerned*, being to supply a stimulus to the ovum. Sexual distinctions, no doubt, arose in the first instance from amphimixis, i.e. amphimixis by conjugation; but amphimixis and reproduction are processes essentially distinct from each other, and while the purpose of the latter is the multiplication of the species, the purpose of the former is *communion between individuals*.

It was this need for communion, therefore, which gave rise to the process—conjugation—from which the two sexes and the differences which distinguish them were ultimately developed. But how? The single cell which multiplies by simple fission has strictly no sex at all, but it is obviously more like a mother than a father, and therefore we may, with practical accuracy, describe life in this primitive form as female rather than male. How then does this female or quasi-female thing come to bring forth the maleness with which it is now so sharply contrasted? We may perhaps find a clue in some of the phenomena connected with conjugation. We have seen that two conjugating cells, after their fusion, normally break up into two equal daughter cells. But Professor Hartog points out that this does not always occur, and that they sometimes break up, by means of a rapid series of divi-

¹¹ *Lancet*, May 25, 1912, p. 1391; *Nature*, June 22, 1911, p. 568.

sions, into a number of daughter cells of *unequal* sizes. Midway between the unicellular and multicellular organisms stands a group, belonging to the lower Algae, of what are called 'colonial' organisms. *Pandorina Morum*, one of the simplest of these, is a colony of sixteen single cells, each of which retains a considerable amount of independence. Each cell of the combination is still self-sufficient, and can, if need be, reproduce the whole colony from itself. But, when they break up by fission, the resulting cells are of three sizes, and consequently conjugation between equal cells, or on equal terms, as we may put it, cannot take place between all of them. The members of the two smaller classes can and do conjugate on equal terms with the other members of their respective classes; but in the large class conjugation does not take place at all. In addition, however, to this limited power of conjugation, a new process appears, which clearly foreshadows bi-parental amphimixis. Conjugation on equal terms cannot take place between a larger and a smaller cell, but a union between them can be effected by the absorption of the smaller into the larger cell. In this case the smaller cell plays a part analogous to that of the male in amphigony. The largest cells of *Pandorina Morum* are purely female or quasi-female, and members of either of the two smaller classes can act as males to them; while the medium-sized cells can act as females to the smaller cells and as males to the larger ones. The difference between the proto-typal maleness and femaleness in these cells is, in fact, a question not of essence but of magnitude. 'We have then here a very rough attempt at sexual differentiation.'¹² And 'the real origin of sex is . . . the gradual differentiation of pairing cells into categories of distinct size and habit.'¹³

So much for the origin of sex. We now have to face the equally difficult question of its determination. What is the principle or influence which regulates the sex of the offspring? Or, as we are chiefly here concerned with the human race, what is that which determines the sex of each human child? Various explanations have been suggested, such as the time of fertilisation, the age of the parents, their comparative vigour, or the influence of nutrition. None of these, however, are entirely satisfactory, and Mendelism has recently suggested an explanation which seems to be nearer the truth. It may be briefly stated as follows:

Excluding parthenogenesis, every multicellular individual, be it plant or animal, is the product of a combination of two distinct sexual cells, the male sperm-cell and the female egg-cell. These cells are called 'gametes' (pairing cells), and the individual produced by this union is called a 'zygote' (the product of a yoking

¹² Hartog, *Some Problems of Life and Reproduction*, 14. ¹³ *Ibid.* 13.

together). Now the zygote is obviously a compound structure in which the constituents contributed by each of the parental gametes will remain, during the zygote's existence, linked together in partnership. But in due course the zygote will itself begin to form gametes out of its own germ-plasm, and then 'the partnership is broken up and the process is reversed. The component parts of the dual structure are resolved with the formation of a set of single structures, the gametes.'¹⁴

Thus if we suppose a zygote AB to be a combination of the gametes A and B, when AB begins to form its own gametes, the combination breaks up, and the gametes will be either pure A's or pure B's. This being the general principle, let us consider its application to specific qualities. In the case of contrasted characters, such as the tallness or dwarfness of the common pea, with which Mendel chiefly experimented, it is found that when these are united by cross-breeding one of them predominates in the offspring of the first generation to the entire exclusion of the other. This predominating character is called the Dominant, the other, which is apparently extinguished, is called the Recessive. I say apparently, because the Recessive is still there, but latent; and in the next generation it begins to appear. Thus, when Mendel crossed a tall and a dwarf pea, *all* the progeny were tall—tallness being dominant to dwarfness. There was not, as might have been expected, a generation of *medium-sized* plants. So if a grey mouse be crossed with a white mouse the offspring are all grey, grey in this case being dominant to white. Nevertheless, the recessive white has not been lost, and if these offspring—i.e. of the first generation from the original cross—be interbred, the progeny will be grey and white in the proportion of three grey to one white. Here the recessive begins to come in sight; for these whites of the second generation from the original cross are found to be 'pure' recessives; that is to say that, if interbred, they produce for all subsequent generations nothing but whites. But, with regard to the grey members of this generation, one third only are 'pure' greys, while the other two thirds are 'impure' greys—i.e. greys with a latent mixture of white; and if these impure greys be interbred they produce a third generation consisting, like the second generation, of one fourth pure greys, two fourths impure greys, and one fourth pure whites. The theory by which these facts are explained is that, though opposite characters are combined in a zygote, the gametes formed by that zygote *can carry one of them only*. The opposed characters are called 'allelomorphs'—that is to say, they are alternative to each other in the constitution of the gamete, and where one is present in a gamete the other is not. They are believed to be due

¹⁴ Punnet, *Mendelism*, 4-5.

to a definite something (or perhaps rather the presence *or absence* of a definite something) in the gamete which is called a 'factor.' The characters due to these factors are called 'unit characters.' Accordingly, when the zygote begins to form its own germ cells, these divide into two equal communities, one of which carries throughout the factor (say) of tallness, the other the factor, say, of dwarfness.

And now, turning once more to the question of sex determination, the opinion is fast gaining ground that sex is not determined by environment, or parental conditions, or any external influence of a similar kind, but is an allelomorphic character following the above law. Dr. Saleeby, in his *Woman and Womanhood*, tells us that, among the higher animals at any rate, sex seems to be a quality originating in the *mother*. The gamete of the father (spermatozoon or sperm-cell) is always male, and wholly male; but the gamete of the mother may carry either maleness or femaleness. The mother, in fact, in forming her ova, forms them of two kinds—one bearing maleness, the other femaleness. When an ovum bearing maleness is fertilised by a spermatozoon—which always carries maleness, and maleness only—the result is a male individual. If, however, an ovum carrying femaleness be similarly fertilised, the result is a female individual; for though this zygote will be a combination of maleness and femaleness, femaleness is dominant to maleness. But mark the difference between the male and the female.

The female . . . is not female all through as the male is male all through. So far as sex is concerned, he is made of maleness *plus* maleness. In Mendelian language the male is homozygous, so called 'pure' as regards this character. But the female is heterozygous, 'impure' in the sense that her femaleness depends upon the dominance of the factor for femaleness over the factor for maleness, which is also present in her.¹⁵

Or, as Mr. Bateson puts it, 'The female contains a factor which makes her female, but the male is a male because he is without this factor.'¹⁶ In corroboration of this view it may be noted that a female in old age, or when her ordinary female development is otherwise interfered with, begins to show some of the peculiarities of maleness. In fact, when her dominant femaleness begins to grow exhausted, the recessive male factor in her tends to assert itself. A male, on the other hand, if his normal development be arrested, may fail to develop some of his peculiar male attributes, but he never shows any signs of femaleness.

Professor Morgan arrives at a similar conclusion, though his account of the procedure is somewhat different. Moreover, the experiments on which he relies seem to have revealed the particular physical correlate with which the factor of femaleness is

¹⁵ *Ibid.* 75.¹⁶ Mendel's *Principles*, 190.

associated. Only the briefest explanation, and that only of a typical case, is here possible. The nucleus of every cell contains certain constituents called chromosomes. These are considered to be the bearers of hereditary qualities, and one of such chromosomes is now said to have been identified as the chromosome which bears the factor of femaleness. Originally both sperm-cell and germ-cell contain the sex chromosome; but, as the result of various complicated processes by means of which the respective cells become ripe for pairing, this chromosome disappears from *half* of the sperm-cells of the male organism, while it remains in *all* the egg-cells of the female. If an egg-cell is fertilised by a sperm-cell carrying the sex chromosome, the zygote is a female: otherwise the zygote is a male. According to this theory, all the egg-cells are the same, but there are two kinds of sperm-cells. According to Dr. Saleeby, the sperm-cells are all the same, while the egg-cells are of two kinds. But each explanation goes to show that sex is determined by the characters of the particular gametes which combine to form the zygote. It is, in fact, a heritable quality like tallness or dwarfness in plants, whiteness and greyness in mice, and so forth, and follows the established laws of heredity.

In either case the arrangements obviously provide for the production of the two sexes in approximately equal numbers. What is the full *evolutionary* significance of this? It might seem at first sight that its purpose was simply to facilitate bi-sexual reproduction; but, regarded as a *factor in evolution*, this form of reproduction is more or less of an anomaly, and its very existence seems a matter of some perplexity to the learned. Professor Morgan remarks 'If we are asked what advantage, if any, has resulted from the process of sexual reproduction, carried out on the two-sex scheme, we must confess to some uncertainty.'¹⁷ It brings about new combinations of germ-plasms, no doubt, but conjugation produces the same result. These new combinations may help individuals to adjust themselves more readily to varying environments, but we cannot conclude that this process can make any permanent contribution to evolution.

It is true that Weismann has advanced the hypothesis that such recombinations furnish the materials for evolution, but as I have said there is no evidence that supports or even makes plausible his contention. . . . Sexual reproduction might be beneficial to a species in maintaining itself, it cannot be utilised to explain the progressive advances that we must believe to have taken place during evolution.¹⁸

But notwithstanding such criticisms on the utility of bi-sexual reproduction, bi-sexual *distinctions* may, nevertheless, have a value of their own which is wholly independent of reproduction

¹⁷ *Heredity and Sex*, 2.¹⁸ *Ibid.* 19.

in any form. Now amphimixis produces new combinations of germ-plasms and consequently of qualities, but these qualities are at first distributed indiscriminately among the members of the particular species. In the lower stages of existence this arrangement sufficed, but, as development advanced, it seems to have become inadequate. For we find that after sex appeared the respective sexes began gradually to acquire distinctive qualities—commonly described as secondary sexual characters. I venture to suggest, therefore, that one purpose, at any rate, of a double sex may have been to bring about this selection and segregation of distinctive qualities. For it has been ascertained that the sex chromosome carries, not only femaleness, but a variety of qualities which have become linked with it; and this distinctive distribution of qualities may bear directly on the future of humanity by promoting the *evolution of character*.

And here we touch the psychical aspect of the sex question. Professor Hartog, as we have seen, refers the origin of sex to 'the gradual differentiation of pairing cells into categories of distinct size and habit.' (The italics are mine.) In other words, though the distinction between male and female is originally a difference of *quantity* only, it subsequently begins to carry differences of *quality* also. The different cells acquire different *habits*, and this difference of habits in time produces difference of *character*. We should naturally expect, indeed, that difference in size would sooner or later initiate a difference in habit; and this is precisely what has happened. In nearly every case the large female cell, swelled with its store of cytoplasm, becomes passive and inert, while the minute male cell—often hardly more than a nucleus with very little surrounding cytoplasm—is active and restless. These differences of habit developed in course of time into physiological differences, differences of constitution; the male constitution being what is called *katabolic*, that of the female *anabolic*.

In phraseology which will presently become more intelligible and concrete, the males live at a loss, are more *katabolic*—disruptive changes tending to predominate in the sum of changes in their living matter or protoplasm. The females, on the other hand, live at a profit, are more *anabolic*—constructive processes predominating in their life, whence indeed the capacity of bearing offspring.¹⁹

In the female organism the physiological processes tend to the construction of living substance and storing up of nutrition and energy. In the more active male the processes are rather disruptive and disintegrating. There is a more rapid wear and tear, and a less persistent tendency towards repair and reconstruction.

Herein lies the physiological basis on which the distinctive qualities of the respective sexes ultimately rest. As life grew more

¹⁹ Geddes and Thomson, *Evolution of Sex*, 26.

complex, the manifestation of these characteristic differences also grew wider and more diversified; but the radical difference between male katabolism and female anabolism is the ultimate source of them all. And here Nature's principle of dividing labour would again come into play. For, as more and more specific qualities gradually appeared, it would grow increasingly difficult for Nature to combine in the same organism qualities, which, though equally worth preserving, conflicted with each other. This difficulty would be disposed of by distributing them between the two sexes, so that each of the rival qualities could find expression without paralyzing any of the others.

It seems, therefore, from what has been said, that sex is an evolutionary development arising out of a process (conjugation) which aims merely at a physical communion between two cells, without any reference to reproduction. When, in due course, organisms arose too complex for conjugation, the process was necessarily abandoned between them, but Nature utilised the impulse which inspired it by attaching it to the reproductive functions in these higher organisms. Finally, as the two sexes became more definitely differentiated, sex offered her a basis for the distribution of contrasted qualities which she was prompt to employ. If this be so, we may fairly presume that, so long as these qualities are required for the scheme of evolution, the sexual division which preserves them will endure.

Mr. Havelock Ellis and others have collected much valuable information as to the distinctive secondary qualities of men and women. There is no need, however, to discuss them in detail, as in their broad outlines they are familiar to all. Miss Jane Harrison has lately summed them up in a paper read to the Sociological Society (28th of October 1913). She describes woman as more 'resonant' than man, more subject to induction from the social current; and man as better insulated, more independent, more individualised. Deep down, as Mr. Havelock Ellis points out, there is in men and males generally

an organic variational tendency to diverge and to progress; in women, as in females, generally, an organic tendency, notwithstanding all their facility for minor oscillations, to stability and conservatism, involving a diminished individualism and variability.²⁰

This is quite in keeping with the katabolic and anabolic tendencies which are respectively peculiar to the earliest sexual forms. The line is not everywhere sharply drawn, yet the qualities which are on the whole distinctively masculine are easily separated from those which are distinctively feminine. These respective qualities have clearly been serviceable to the race in the past, or they would

²⁰ *Man and Woman*, 369.

not have survived, and, so far as can be seen, they must be equally indispensable in the future.

'The hope of our civilisation,' says Mr. Havelock Ellis, 'lies in the development in equal freedom of both the masculine and feminine elements in life.'²¹ And, since the essence of civilisation is soul-evolution, the elements which are necessary for that evolution here will be needed for the stages which await us beyond the grave, though their expression and their activities may vary. For, to those who believe in the survival of the soul after death, it seems plain that the chief purpose of the physical organism is to serve as an instrument for psychical development. Body, in fact, is chiefly valuable as a vehicle for mind or soul. Life and mind are different manifestations of the same spiritual energy, and work loyally together. Thus every physical character will be matched by a psychical correlative. Every human being, therefore, has a soul which corresponds to, and registers the experiences of, the body, with which it is associated : and consequently, in the matter of sex, every human being will have a male or a female soul. Many of the qualities now distinctive of sex have a value which is wholly independent of the physical function of reproduction, and consequently there is no reason why they should perish merely because the soul becomes dissociated from the body.

Indeed, as we look closer into these distinctive differences we begin to divine both their reality and their purpose. They lie deeper than convention, deeper than education, deeper than environment : they are part of the cosmic scheme itself. They are part, that is to say, of a scheme whose aim is not a conglomerate and unintelligible whole, but rather an ordered diversity, wherein its manifold constituents may realise themselves in due relation to each other.

In his essay, *Sur les Femmes*, Diderot, contrasting men with women, remarks :

Plus civilisées que nous en dehors, elles sont restées de vraies sauvages en dedans, toutes Machiavelistes, du plus ou moins. Le symbole des femmes en général est celle de l'Apocalypse, sur le front de laquelle il est écrit : Mystère.

This rather inflated description need not be taken too strictly, but it is based on a genuine perception of the realities of the case. Woman, as the highest representative of primeval femaleness, is rooted more deeply than man in the ancient order of things. She is *φυσῇ πρότερα*. She is nearer to primitive nature, to its massive instincts, and its untamed emotions. Rouse these into action, and for the moment the old fire may leap out. When her depths are thrilled she may answer to the cry of the wild ; but

²¹ *Man and Woman*, 396.

her answer is as often a prayer as a menace, and finds utterance in some outburst of tenderness, sympathy, or self-sacrifice, welling up from the eternal motherhood of Nature. In the man such qualities are seldom so pronounced, and the emotions which inspire them are usually more restrained. Nevertheless, the original female is the type of stability and repose, while the male, her offshoot, embodies the restless energy which is needful to avoid stagnation. And thus, while woman is the custodian of the treasures of the past, man is ever striving to wrest from Nature new spoils to deck the future. Physiologically, according to Mr. Havelock Ellis, the woman in advancing life tends to revert to the child, the man to the ape²²—a significant distinction.

If it be true therefore that male and female qualities are alike indispensable to the due course of evolution, it is reasonable to suppose that the sexual distinctions which give these qualities free play by separating them from each other will be found in succeeding stages as they are found here.

So far, the soul's development has proceeded in association with a material body; and it is likely enough that, for many a stage yet in its upward evolution, *some such* body may be needed for the due exercise and growth of its capacities. Under such conditions the preservation of something like the existing distinctions of sex would present no particular difficulty. But as the soul advances in spiritual growth and acquires a closer adaptation to an environment ever growing more spiritual, will any fitting place be left for sex and its distinctions? For, when the present physical body has been replaced by some vehicle of a finer make, we may reasonably expect that the transition from one stage to another will be effected by some less violent process than physical death. Physical reproduction may also be expected to disappear: for in these higher realms of being it will no longer be required to repair the ravages of death or to provide physical tenements for the dawning soul. And under these exalted conditions can sexual distinctions still persist?

So far as they are concerned with mere reproduction, obviously they can neither be necessary nor, in any sense intelligible to us, possible. But reproduction, which completes the tale of sex for the animal, tells but half the story for mankind. The qualities which have clustered round it, and the divine grace which irradiates them, are part of the spiritual heritage of the race, hardly won, and still more hardly to be spared. The strange affinity between opposites so often found in the physical order of the universe displays in the delicate counterpoise of these qualities its highest, its loveliest, and in many ways its purest manifestation. Nature, indeed, ever careful for the perpetuation of the

²² *Man and Woman*, 390.

race, subtly interwove them with the instincts upon which this perpetuation depends. But they have a purpose which transcends the function to which they now minister, and they will endure and grow fairer when the function has passed away. Here they still feel the sway of the instincts which have enslaved them : it could hardly be otherwise. But even here the bonds are breaking. We need hardly wander beyond the playground of society to find intercourse between man and woman into which these elements enter not at all, or with a step so fleeting as to pass unheeded. And here the light magic which draws the two together lies in the interplay of those qualities which set them eternally apart—qualities now linked with, yet essentially diverse from, the primitive instincts which they veil and adorn. No love note throbs in it ; it is rarely a plea for pity ; it may even be a challenge without losing its charm. And this charm, too daintily to depict, too elusive to analyse, is like the fugitive hues which gleam and hover where the waters of two fountains clash and break. Rarer, perhaps, because less amenable to the existing conditions of life, are the cool, clear comradeships between man and woman, wherein sympathy does not melt into tenderness or passion enter to disturb the even flowing loyalty of a faith between friends. Finally, if we turn from the complex intimacies of society to the quieter circle of home life, the relations of mother and son, brother and sister, bear testimony to an affection from which love in its narrower sense is perforce excluded, but which none the less depends for its warmth and vitality on the play of the contrasted qualities which beckon sex to sex. For, be it remembered, the primitive female principle is enshrined in the mother rather than the wife ; and, even in the woman of to-day, the mothering instinct is usually stronger and always more enduring than the instinct which bids her to mate.

Sex, indeed, with all its subtle influences, outranges far the purposes of the functions which it now subserves, and its distinctive qualities cannot perish though physical reproduction should cease. Even here the friendships and affections of our earthly life are not centred on the bodily presence of those whom we love, but on the mental and spiritual qualities with which their presence is associated. The bonds are woven not round body and body, but round soul and soul ; and unless—which is almost unthinkable—intercourse between discarnate spirits is precluded, soul will still call to soul, though bodily form should be swept away. Every hope which we may fashion for the life to come is bound up with this belief. We cannot but think that the affections and friendships of earth will survive as we survive ; and that, when the dawn of the new life breaks, we shall 'wake and remember, and understand.' Remembrance, however, implies

recognition, and in this we encounter one of the hardest problems which eschatology presents. How and in what guise are we to be recognised, for our aspects are many? For instance, as I have elsewhere written :²³

A young mother dies leaving an infant child : the child attains manhood and weds the woman of his heart, who bears him children : she dies ; and finally the man himself dies full of years. How are all these to meet in heaven? The young mother will yearn to see her baby once more, the wife her lover and husband, the children their revered father. Can the man be all these at once? If not, how are the conflicting claims to be adjusted?

Clearly, to make recognition possible, there must be some spiritual link between those who are to recognise each other : a link which will survive all changes of the body and serve as a clue to all changes of the soul. For, as our spiritual capacities expand, we may gain a deeper insight into the *latens schematisma* of another personality and the *latens processus* of its development. We may win to a fuller apprehension of even its familiar traits and a wider grasp of its possibilities.

The mother cannot regain her baby, but she may be able to recognise the infant in the man, the promise in the performance ; and her tender memories of her child will be illumined, not overshadowed, by the soul in which she recognises her son.

But if there is to be recognition between souls it is imperative that their essential qualities should persist. If, however, the soul of man were to lose its masculine and the soul of woman its feminine elements, even recognition would be barely possible, and the affection, friendship, or love which once knit them together must vanish beyond recall. Such an outcome as this would stultify the whole scheme of soul-evolution, if we rightly discern its trend from the history of the past. Qualities so laboriously evolved and established can hardly be destined to ultimate extinction. Nor, indeed, can we imagine any sphere for *human* energies where the respective qualities of man and woman should be lacking. Quickened and enlarged they may be by the experience of thousands of centuries, and idealised as they have risen from baser to nobler surroundings, but their distinctive features cannot be lost. The soul of man will remain virile though the primary purpose of sex may have passed away. Woman, no longer a mother, will yet retain the mother instinct, and the delicate qualities which have grown up around it.

True, we can set no limits to man's upward course or pierce the mystery which shrouds its goal. In the end it may be that all personalities will be absorbed in something more comprehensive : we cannot tell. But so long as the evolution of mankind

²³ *Some Problems of Existence*, 19.

continues to be human, man's soul and woman's soul must alike be needed for its work. From our present standpoint it is not easy to descry the heights before us, and while we are burdened with the ape and tiger we cannot hope to scale them. Yet even now, if we shut out the senses and turn our gaze inwards, we may catch some faint glimpse of a future when the spirit shall take up the torch which the flesh first kindled, and the lowly attractions which bring cell to blend with cell shall be replaced by the loftier influences which link soul to soul. In such a communion between man and woman no breath of the sensuous could taint an affection which has passed beyond the reach of passion without losing the aspirant impulses by which earthly love is hallowed. The endearing qualities familiar to us here may shine in fresh aspects and unfold a newer charm :

Some interchange
Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile.

But they will be transfigured rather than changed. For so long as human personality endures it cannot be stripped of the attributes which make it human. The body may fade away with its bodily needs and desires, but the souls of mankind must be the souls of men and women to the last.

NORMAN PEARSON.

A NEW LABOUR EXCHANGE

IN an article which appeared some nine months ago in this Review¹ the view was expressed that nothing in the feminine labour world 'is more urgently wanted than some sort of systematic inquiry going back to first principles, which shall determine what kinds of employment are best suited to women, and what sort of training is best calculated to bring out the characteristic excellences of their work.' The writer went on to suggest that 'the result of such an inquiry . . . might well be the establishment of some central body, either constructed *ad hoc* or developed from existing agencies, which should do for the work of educated women what the newly created Labour Exchanges are intended to do for industry.'

It is interesting to learn that the experiment is to be tried, and that just such a body is being constituted in the best possible way as a development of an existing agency of long experience and proved efficiency. *The Times* of the 6th of July, and the Press generally, have announced the formation of a Higher Professions Committee in connexion with the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, and more particularly in close touch with a branch of that Bureau's work, the Students' Careers Association, to which most of the women's colleges and the principal girls' schools are subscribing members.

This Higher Professions Committee is at present quite a small body, and it is intended to consist only of women of proved experience in actual professional work or in the public services, which, next to teaching, medicine, and nursing, afford the most promising future for educated women. In a sense its formation may be said to be an answer to the challenge thrown out to women by the much debated pronouncement in the recent Report of the Royal Commission on the Civil Service that 'women's services are (subject to exceptions which in the higher branches are important) less efficient on the whole than those of men,' because 'in power of sustained work, in continuity of service, and in adaptability to varying service conditions the advantage lies with

¹ 'The Prospects of Women as Brainworkers,' by Mrs. W. L. Courtney, *Nineteenth Century and After*, December 1913, p. 1287.

men.' To these *obiter dicta* of the Commissioners, which they indeed base upon the evidence heard but which seem to contradict a good deal of it, we shall return presently. We merely note, in passing, that the publication of these mainly masculine views, dissented from by eight Commissioners, including the two experienced women on the Commission, has not unnaturally caused an immense fluttering in feminist circles, and has called forth a number of amusing, if somewhat acid, comments.

But comment and controversy are not so much to the purpose as an organised attempt to examine into the conditions of women's professions and to put square pegs into square holes. Two thirds of the failures, whether in the public services or anywhere else, arise from the fact that the wrong women get into posts, and that the right women do not know what posts to get into. Time and again private people, supposed to have means of knowing, are asked to recommend suitable candidates, and are at their wits' end to know whom to lay their hands on at that particular minute. They have to fall back upon general capacity. 'There is Miss So-and-so, of course; I don't know if she has ever done that sort of work, but she is very capable, and no doubt she will soon learn.' And often enough—so great, *pace* the Commissioners, is feminine adaptability—she *does* soon learn, and the recommendation works out well enough; but how much safer it would be if, in place of the capable woman 'who would soon learn,' we knew where to lay our hands on the ideally suitable woman who has learned already. That is exactly what the Higher Professions Committee, acting through the Central Employment Bureau, is to enable us to do.

Of course it can't work miracles; but if it can, as it proposes, include among its members a representative of every important profession, who knows that profession and its requirements from having actually practised it, it will have gone a long way towards solving the problem of bringing expert knowledge to bear upon training. At present the public services, business, and journalism are well represented, and so are, indirectly, the nursing profession, medicine, and teaching. The last three have such well-defined courses of training already provided for them that they are less important to begin with, and they are also strongly represented in the Students' Careers Association.

The first problem which the Committee have to solve is what advice to give to the educated girl, whether from the universities or otherwise, before she embarks upon a professional career. Only too often she has little enough money to expend upon special preparation, and certainly none to waste, as it is frequently wasted, by being expended upon secretarial or business training not specially directed to any promising opening. They have next

to centralise and make generally known all such advance information about posts likely to be vacant, or new public appointments likely to be made, or fresh openings which seem to be promising, as they in their private capacity may be able to obtain. To this end they will invite all interested people to send in such information, which will be carefully sifted and tabulated by the Bureau's experienced staff. A good deal is already received at this centre; but there is a great deal more, often known to public people, who would no doubt be willing to pass it on to a committee with names which inspire confidence, who might be trusted not to make recommendations either for personal reasons or out of misplaced philanthropy. At the present stage of women's work no philanthropy can possibly be more misplaced than to recommend the wrong women for important posts, requiring not only ability but also tact, if masculine jealousy and opposition are to be overcome. As long as we find distinguished bodies, like Royal Commissions, laying it down as a proved fact that women are lacking in 'adaptability,' we, who know what capable women are really like in business, can only deplore the wrong choices which must have been made, if these criticisms of the women public servants are in any sense justified.

It will be for us to see that no such misfits occur in the future, if the employer and the public will do us the honour to consult us before they make appointments. No doubt they might refer to the schools and colleges direct, as they have often done in the past; but, if educationists will forgive us for saying so, in this matter of recommending candidates for employment they are amateurs, for they have rightly been too fully occupied with their own work of education to have had time to acquire first-hand knowledge of professional conditions. It is not the slightest use for head mistresses and heads of colleges to meet together and say, as they have said lately, 'We have educated our girls on such and such lines, which seem to us the most truly educational; now will the Government, or somebody else, kindly find places for them?' It is not the slightest use, because in the long run the laws of supply and demand insist on being respected, and no *a priori* argument based on first principles has the remotest chance of prevailing against them.

This has been admirably brought out, in slightly different form, by Mrs. Sidney Webb in a recent article on 'The Right of the Woman to Free Entry into all Occupations.' She points out with great justice that, though in the abstract that right is incontestable, in practice it must be subject to the right of the consumer to choose between a man and a woman. Consequently girls should concentrate their endeavour upon obtaining entry to professions where this right of the consumer is maintained; that

is to say, let them qualify themselves to ply the trade, whether of a doctor, or a barrister, or a solicitor, or what not, and then leave the consumer free to employ them or not as his choice, or their merit, may decide. But where the passing of an examination carries with it not only the general right to ply the trade, but also a specific right to be provided with a definite post, as would be the case in a competitive examination for the public service, Mrs. Webb holds that the consumer's freedom of choice is not maintained, and that therefore no such right of free entry belongs to women until the consumer's representatives, in this case the electorate, have decided to abolish or ignore sex preference.

This argument, admirable in itself, is especially cogent with regard to that much debated question, the desirability of increasing the number of women to be employed in the public service. This question, more than any other, has been agitating the feminine labour world for the last two years, and the publication of the Civil Service Commission's Report in May last has made it acute. Granting for the moment that such an increase is not only generally desired by women but in itself desirable, there are two very different ways in which it can be advocated. There is the *a priori* way, taking its stand on abstract principles such as sex equality, equality of opportunity, the right to work, and so on; and there is the *a posteriori* way, which takes its stand on experience and is content to ask that women may advance by proved efficiency from the stepping-stones of the lower grades to the higher. The first way is of course the more showy and spectacular; it makes the boldest demands and arouses the most enthusiasm. At present it is the way apparently preferred by the leaders of women's education; but I venture to think that the second, which I may call the professional way, is the one most likely to commend itself to the woman of professional experience. We who have dealt for years with the women actually in offices, who know their weaknesses and their limitations as well as their excellences, may be quite as indignant as the most ardent propounder of first principles at hearing women pronounced indiscriminately less efficient than men, and yet perceive that the true way to refute the charge is not to hold indignation meetings or make unqualified claims, but to set about to remove the causes of possible inefficiency.

Take this question of the Civil Service. It consists, as we all know, of three branches—the inspectorate, or special posts, for which outsiders may be nominated; the first division clerks (mainly university-educated); and the second division clerks, who enter before the university age. Women are at present included only in the inspectorate, in a division of their own, known as

women clerks, which ranks below the second division, and in a lower grade still as female typists. The relative efficiency of these women, if they are inefficient, was by witness after witness ascribed to one of three causes: the low rate of pay, and consequent inability to secure good food and adequate recreation; the monotony of the work; the absence of prospects. The first of these grievances is admitted in the Majority Report of the Commission, which recommends that from henceforth no woman clerk entering the service shall be engaged at less than 25s. a week, or 65l. per annum. They further recommend that the salaries of the typists should range from 20s. to 32s., and of shorthand-typists from 26s. to 42s. This is a distinct advance, and brings the Government pay more up to the level of good private employment.

On the other two points the Report is less satisfactory. Apparently the majority of the Commissioners, influenced by official opinion, do not see their way to any widening of the range of the women's work in these lower grades. They still stick to the principle, 'once a typist, always a typist,' and they see no advantage likely to accrue to the State from allowing women clerks to rise even into the second division. They do, however, recommend the limitation and adequate remuneration of all overtime work, and greater attention to health conditions in the typists' environment. A minority, representing half of the signatories to the Majority Report, are more liberal. They lay greater stress on the existing causes of inferiority, showing that in their opinion the women have not yet had a fair chance, and they urge the necessity of providing the stimulus of promotion.

Do not these recommendations mean a good deal for the future of women Civil servants, especially as they are coupled with a recommendation 'that the Treasury, acting in communication with the various heads of departments, and after consultation with competent women advisers, should institute an inquiry into the situations in each department which might with advantage to the public service be filled with qualified women'? Does not such an inquiry open up a prospect of some extension of the employment of women, and might not that be one of the results of the present terrible state of things? If war proves that in some departments of activity women are not the equals of men, may it not also prove that in the hospital, and housekeeping, and health-preserving departments there is not only room but urgent need for their services?

In any case do not let us throw away the half loaf because we cannot get the whole. We have a chance, if these recommendations go through, to improve the efficiency of the women already in the public service. We have a chance, with improved

conditions and the suggested raising of the lowest age of entry to eighteen, to attract a better educated class of candidate, who will have finished a good course at a secondary school before entering upon any of the 'cramming' courses, euphemistically termed 'special preparation.' It will be for these candidates to show by their improved work their own fitness for promotion, and in that way, slowly perhaps but surely, the higher grades will be won. To many of us this seems a more promising way than the passing of resolutions calling upon the Government to open the first division to women, because women exist who have received the same sort of education as that which is given to male candidates. That at once provokes the reply, made explicitly in the Minority Report, that the question is one of expediency rather than of justice. Clearly, before we can claim the perfect equality of women and men in the matter of employment, we must educate the electorate to desire such equality, and there is no better method of educating them than to make them see how excellent is the work women can offer.

This they have a chance to do in the inspectorate. Here it is encouraging to see general agreement that women's work is admirable and should be extended. It leads one to hope that some day their admitted administrative capacity may be recognised by giving them more responsibility within the various departments, and eventually a voice in determining departmental policy. But in that case it is of the first importance to have the right women, and it is just here that the Higher Professions Committee should be able to prove its value. If it is perpetually collecting and sifting information, passing it on to the educational authorities, receiving from them in return the names of capable girls, instructing those girls as to the best lines of preparatory work to take up and the proper way to train for them, it will be creating a valuable body of public servants for the future, and furthering not only the best interests of women but the welfare of the State.

To this end it will need money, and when the present time of tension is over no doubt it will make some general appeal. It will need money to prosecute its inquiries, and still more it will need it to support the excellent Loan Fund, which already exists in nucleus but is in great need of development. So many women would prove admirable workers in various fields if they could only afford the necessary training. Where help has been given from the existing fund of the Central Employment Bureau the results have been most encouraging. With scarcely an exception, all those to whom loans have been made are doing well and making regular repayments. Four per cent. interest is charged to cover working expenses, and this converts the accept-

ance of a loan into a business transaction and relieves the recipient from any humiliating sense of being an object of charity. The loans are only granted when the Bureau has reason to think the applicant promising and the career which she proposes to adopt one with a future before it. If only this fund can be put upon a sound and permanent basis there seems no limit to the good which it could do in guiding and steadying the labour market among the educated. Is it too much to hope that when we can again turn from destruction to construction, from the counsels of war to the paths of peace, this may be among the first of the good causes to engage the attention of society?

JANET E. COURTNEY.

THE ECONOMIC POSITION OF ENGLISH ACTORS

WE are now within practical reach of the day which records the three hundredth anniversary of the death of Shakespeare, an event which cannot altogether be dissociated in the public mind from the theatre, and from the poet's connexion with the stage and his indebtedness to it. In fact, his plays may be said to have come into existence through the enterprise of the elder Burbage, who built the first English playhouse. With James Burbage, too, Shakespeare began his career as an actor. The coming Tercentenary, then, does not only commemorate the death of our greatest national poet : it also chronicles the rise of modern English drama, and the establishment of the acting profession, while in Richard Burbage, Shakespeare's theatrical partner, England discovered its first great tragedian. Nor should it be forgotten that in the Court of King James the Globe players took rank as grooms of the Royal Chamber, and wore the King's livery, an honour never granted to a company of players before nor since, and which was due undoubtedly to the great achievements that Shakespeare and Burbage accomplished for their profession.

It is said that the festival of every anniversary dispels some illusion, and if Shakespeare were living as an actor to-day he might appropriately say in the words of Sir Philip Sidney, 'What is birth to a man if it shall be a stain to his dead ancestor to have left such an offspring?' English actors are perhaps less well organised or stable in their economic position now than at any other time. Let it be granted that the characters in a play are but 'shadows'; they are none the less impersonated on the stage by men and women. To them acting is an occupation which presents realities of a very practical nature, including the all-important question of subsistence. Again, to-day, actors are liable to repeated failures, which are too often embittered by a sense of injustice, because the disappointments of their profession are largely due to insecure conditions of employment. A striking article on this subject has recently appeared in *The New Statesman*, from which we quote the following passage :

The conditions of employment which compel large numbers of people periodically to sponge upon their relations, borrow, or suffer the hardships

of complete destitution, are obviously intolerable in a civilised community. 'The profession' is a largely sweated trade; it is a casual trade, and it is a seasonal trade. Even the London actor with an assured reputation and a large fee may be out of work for several months in the year; even his salary is less, therefore, than the '£—— a week' we hear of him drawing; and the salary of the minor man or woman, even where it would be adequate were it regular, is often reduced below a decent wage by this almost constant factor of long spells of 'resting.' 'The average day for an average actress,' remarks Miss Ashwell, 'is one in which she looks for work.' The state of the industry is simply chaotic.¹

How true are these statements about the salaries of London actors may be instanced by a quotation from another source :

I remember some little time ago speaking of an actor whose salary had attained the giddy height of anything from twenty-five to forty pounds a week. Mine at that time was the modest sum of three pounds; but I had been fortunate enough to be in a continuous engagement for three years, and a ten-pound note would have sufficed to cover the difference in the total amount we had both earned in that time!²

From the same book we take an extract touching upon the economic problem of those in the profession who are married :

If the wife of an actor is an actress (and a very poor time of it she will have if she is not, for the husband will generally be away when his wife wants him at home, and at home when she wants him out of the way) she will not always be certain of obtaining a joint engagement, which means a great deal of separation. And if there are children by the marriage the inconveniences are multiplied, for then a third home has to be found for them whilst the husband and wife are away on separate tours.

Besides these difficulties which are inseparable from the actor's calling, there are other tragedies of a temperamental nature with which its members have to contend. The actor is seldom fitted by nature for that drab and sordid life which poverty entails. He is more sensitive to external influence than inartistic natures. He has too often to bear that heaviest of sorrows—the remembering of better times and better things; while to see the sufferings of those he loves must have a disastrous effect upon his mind and heart.

It may be urged, however, that men and women should avoid overcrowding a profession which offers material advantages only to a few; and in this respect it must be admitted that much responsibility rests upon managers who control employment on the stage. How seldom is an opening in a theatre refused to a novice, provided he has a good appearance and a fashionable outfit. And yet to fill the profession with 'clothes-props' can only end in its permanent impoverishment and injury. Until this inrush of stage aspirants can be stopped the task of ameliorat-

¹ *Employment in the Theatre.* By X.

² *The Actor's Companion.* By Cecil Ferard Armstrong.

ing the misfortunes of those who depend for their livelihood upon the stage will always be a heavy one. The following words admirably sum up the situation :

It is said of a celebrated alienist that he tested the sanity of his patients by setting them to empty a tank which had a tap flowing into it. The sane turned off the tap first. So we would imagine that a sane society could in some way turn off the tap of unsuitable aspirants, and so have some chance of emptying its tank of misery. But the problem is a difficult one. It is in trying to solve it that Socialism and Communism and many other Utopias have been planned, all with a noble purpose, but all, as I think, entailing some weakening of fibre, some condition which is more serious than that which it is designed to cure. There is, I fear, no escape from the survival of the fittest. But at least conditions will be softened and ameliorated if the strong will help the weak and the hale will gather up those who have fallen.

This is part of a speech delivered by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle when occupying the chair at the annual dinner of the *Artists' General Benevolent Institution* in 1913. Now it is worth noticing that at this dinner 3384*l.* was collected for its funds; while the gross receipts for the year, in subscriptions and donations, amounted to 11,603*l.*, of which 5663*l.* came from legacies. The fund was started as long ago as 1814, so that it has been in existence for a hundred years, and during that time it has distributed donations amounting to 185,374*l.*, while of this sum 79,864*l.* has been allotted within the last twenty years. In 1913 grants amounting to 4131*l.* were divided among 197 applicants in sums varying from 5*l.* to 100*l.*; and further aid was contributed by the Royal Academy to the extent of 600*l.*, chiefly in annuities. We are told, moreover, in the Report, that the object of the *Artists' Benevolent Fund* is to 'extend relief to distressed meritorious artists, whether subscribers to its funds or not, as well as to their widows and orphans.' It is difficult to ascertain how many artists there are in the profession as no statistics are given, but they are probably not less than six thousand.

The *Actors' Benevolent Fund* exists for the relief of the needy in a profession of about ten thousand persons, all of whom are engaged solely in the business of representation on the stage. This Fund was established in 1882, and has been in existence therefore for thirty-two years. It had last year capital invested to the amount of 32,935*l.*, and collected at its annual dinner 907*l.* It distributed in the year grants and allowances to the extent of 3121*l.*, and granted loans to the value of 606*l.*, most of which was money specially raised for the purpose of immediate use.

This is the only charity connected with the profession which is supposed to give relief without the applicants being themselves contributors to the Fund, and yet the executive announce in their current Report that 'A subscription of ten shillings carries with

it not only a first claim upon the Fund for pecuniary help, but it gives the power besides to recommend deserving applicants.' The *Royal General Theatrical Fund*, a private institution, is formed for the purpose of granting permanent annuities which are regulated by the rate of quarterly subscriptions paid by members in accordance with a published scale. The amount subscribed quarterly depends upon age, and also upon the class of annuity, and varies from 11s. to 6l. The *Actors' Association* is a protective society which exists primarily for the purpose of regularising and, wherever possible, ameliorating the conditions under which actors and actresses carry on their work. There is a 15s. annual subscription, and a 5s. entrance fee; the number of members is less than a thousand. As to the advantages of these benevolent societies which are self-supporting, Sir George Alexander, speaking at the annual dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, said :

Although the pathos of the spendthrift is touching, I believe that the pathos of the actor and actress who in times of prosperity come to us regularly four times a year and place in the hands of Mr. Cruikshanks (the secretary) a small amount of money is greater, for it is money gained by self-sacrifice, money won by hard work, and they place their small amounts in his hands, so that when age comes on them they are able to retire with dignity and a fair thought of repose. It is for this reason that this Fund appeals particularly to me, because it rewards those who in times of prosperity do not forget that lesser prosperity is possibly in view for them, and that when their health fails they can with dignity and repose come to this Fund. It is from actors in the first place that we receive the means to give these pensions.

But it is obvious that no self-contributing benevolent fund can help those who, as it has been said, 'sponge upon their relations, borrow, or suffer the hardships of complete destitution.' By far the greater number of those in the profession do not get a salary of 2l. a week when they are at work, and nothing at all for the weeks or months in the year when they are 'resting.' Miss Lena Ashwell, in her communication to *Women Workers in Seven Professions*, says, 'The average yearly income of an actor is 70l. From this, 37l. may be deducted for travelling and other expenses. . . . On these figures the average weekly earnings of an actor would be 12s. 6d.' If this is the case, the writer in *The New Statesman* is justified in saying that the state of the profession is 'chaotic,' and there is no doubt that the task of reducing it to order will be a very difficult one.

Of course the sudden outbreak of the war must have deplorable consequences for all professions connected with art, and yet it may not be an unqualified evil for the stage. There must come a great depression in theatrical affairs which will remove a large number of so-called actors who have no special aptitude for

the work they undertake. Here, then, is the chance to re-organise the profession on a sounder economic basis. Unless permanent work at higher salaries can be ensured for our actors, and proper facilities obtained for dispensing grants and annuities to those capable artists who have become disabled and aged in their calling, the art of the theatre will perish altogether. Long runs and spectacular drama supply work for the 'once an amateur always an amateur' type of person, who accepts 30s. or 2l. a week as salary because he knows his manager has too poor an opinion of his abilities to offer him better terms. But the public which tolerates these conditions encourages industry in a form of drama which is a discredit to the country. The system also injures the community by increasing the number of casual workers.

It is hoped, then, that in April 1916, when Shakespeare's memory will be specially honoured, something will be done to remove the many disabilities under which those on the stage now carry on their calling, a profession to which the master dramatist himself belonged, and for which he wrote plays unequalled in the opportunities they afford the actor for the exercise of his art.

WILLIAM POEL.

AFFORESTATION AND TIMBER PLANTING IN IRELAND

DURING the last two hundred and fifty years every now and again public attention has been drawn more or less energetically to the serious danger threatening the British Isles from the lack of a sufficiency of home-grown timber, owing to what is now recognised as having been reckless clearance of the primeval woodlands with which these islands were originally covered. The precise form in which this question presented itself has varied from time to time. Originally it referred mainly to anxiety regarding oak timber for ship-building, and especially for the Navy. As early as 1543 the Statute of Woods had tried to remedy matters in their initial state in England, by enforcing certain restrictions upon landowners regarding timber in copsewoods; but as British commerce and maritime power developed, the question of maintaining adequate supplies of oak timber gradually became of such importance as actually to have been, by tacit consent, raised above party politics. During the eighteenth century bounties were provided for mast-spars, tar, &c., and restrictive measures were passed regarding the clearance of white pine forests in the American colonies, from which Navy stores were then largely procurable.

This state of affairs continued down till about a hundred years ago, when Britain had assured herself of the mastery of the seas, and could obtain from her colonies and from foreign countries all the timber of every description needed in addition to her own scanty and diminishing woodland produce. During the second third of the nineteenth century the immense improvement in communications, through the invention and development of steamships and railways, gave an entirely new character to the timber question in Britain; and this was further altered in 1866, when, after a short period of preferential treatment in favour of our colonies as against foreign countries, the timber import duties were entirely abolished. This gave a death-blow to the old national form of British arboriculture, which for over two hundred

years had been a very important part of our rural economy. British Forestry became practically a lost art throughout most of the United Kingdom, and the wooded portions of landed estates gradually became valuable chiefly as ornamental objects and game-coverts.

During the last fifty years still further changes have taken place. On the conclusion of the Civil War in 1865, the United States of America began to increase marvellously in population through the attractions it had to offer to emigrants from older countries, and began to develop its still rapidly expanding industries; whilst, almost simultaneously therewith, the attainment of German unity in 1871 also led to an equally marvellous and energetic development of that empire's internal and external trade and commerce. And so great has been the increase both in the population and in the industrial expansion of these two countries that, in place of now being able to supply their timber requirements from their own woodlands, they have become our keen competitors for the purchase and absorption of all the surplus light coniferous timber available from the vast forests of Canada and of the Baltic territories.

The position of affairs now is in reality far more serious than it has been ever before; and although the question of afforestation has for some time back been prominently before the public, its true importance is not yet generally realised. During the last twenty-five years, while our population has increased by twenty per cent., the value of our wood and timber imports has increased in value by over sixty per cent.; and this rising percentage is likely to increase rapidly in the near future as American and German competition increases. In round figures our total wood and timber, wood-pulp and manufactured wood-pulp imports aggregate on the average about 37,500,000*l.* per annum, very little of which is re-exported as manufactured articles. But it is with regard to pitwood and wood-pulp that the figures are most startling: for we now require to import annually about 3,000,000 loads of pitwood, valued at about 3,500,000*l.*, and about 700,000 tons of wood-pulp, also valued at about 3,500,000*l.*, and these demands must rise if our population and our trade increase.

Pitwood is almost a necessity for coal-mining, one of the greatest of British industries, and one which furnishes an article indispensable alike to our trades and to our households. Substitutes, such as concrete, may possibly have to be largely used as the price of wood rises; but the gradual enhancement in the price of pitwood means a constant rise in the cost of coal, which must in time deal a serious blow to British commerce, and may perhaps even cripple and disable it in the life-and-death struggle

already begun with our strongest competitors, Germany and the United States. And wood-pulp for paper-making has become almost a necessity in these days of cheap newspapers, which cannot long continue to be issued at present prices seeing that the cost of their raw material is increasing. In fact, since the great European war was declared four weeks ago, pitwood has risen over twenty-five per cent. in price, and the supply of wood-pulp has been so curtailed that all of our daily newspapers have become greatly reduced in size. The Baltic Sea being closed to navigation, the prices of pitwood and wood-pulp are bound to increase the longer the war continues.

Without troubling the reader with detailed figures, it should interest him—and, I hope, also impress him—that in order to provide home-grown supplies of light coniferous wood to equal our present imports of pitwood and wood-pulp we should require to have now in regular and continuous working fully 3,000,000 acres or more of new and additional woodlands in the United Kingdom under coniferous crops, worked with a rotation of fifty years, so as to yield a fall of 60,000 acres annually. And even given the necessary money, which would probably mean a total cumulative capital investment of at least about 15,000,000*l.* to 18,000,000*l.* (and possibly more) in land and timber within the next fifty years (without calculating compound interest), no magic wand can possibly produce such additional woodland area throughout the British Isles in less than thirty to fifty years—during which time our requirements will probably have largely increased, while the import value of pitwood and of wood-pulp is absolutely certain to have also become greatly augmented.

These are now, in reality, among the most important of our wood and timber imports; and if afforestation be practicable on any large scale upon our waste lands and poor pastures, it is precisely pines, spruces, firs, and useful softwoods that can there be grown at the smallest cost, and with the best chance of proving profitable woodlands furnishing substantial and regular returns at an earlier period than the hardwoods, which usually need altogether a better class of soil. Hence the growing of conifers with a reasonable prospect of profit is really the crux of the whole question regarding afforestation. Any enquiry as to the precise extent of benefit that may thereby be obtainable as affecting the unemployed raises a purely subsidiary question; because it stands to reason, that almost the whole of the money spent in clearing, preparing, and planting land with young timber-crops would represent sums paid for labour in one shape or another—while the tending, felling, preparation, transport, and distribution of these timber-crops would provide for at least 20,000 men being per-

manently employed in the woodlands, in addition to keeping in and distributing throughout the United Kingdom very large annual sums that are now being sent abroad. This seems, indeed, so self-evident that it appears strange to have considered it necessary to refer the question to the Royal Commission on Coast Erosion and Afforestation in April 1908, whose Report was issued on the 4th of January 1909, recommending the purchase—by compulsory acquisition, if necessary—and planting by the State of 9,000,000 acres (6,000,000 in Scotland, 2,500,000 in England and Wales, and at least 500,000 in Ireland) at an average total cost of 13l. 6s. 8d. per acre, and at the rate of 150,000 acres a year, and costing 2,000,000l. annually, for the next sixty years.

So far as Ireland is specially concerned, historical evidence proves that it was once richly wooded, and that until long after the Norman invasion the woodlands formed fastnesses in which the native population held their own. Giraldus Cambrensis states, in his *Topographia Hibernica*, that at the time of his sojourn (1184 to 1188) the plains, or cleared and opened lands, were of less extent than the woodlands. But be this as it may, there is no doubt that early in the thirteenth century there were still large wooded tracts, some of which, and more especially those within easy reach of Dublin, were during the early Plantagenet period attempted to be 'afforested,' or brought under forest laws similar to those enforced in England. Some of these old woods were considered dangerous, and a Statute of 1296 stated that 'the King's highways are in places so overgrown with wood, and so thick and difficult, that even a foot-passenger may hardly pass: Upon which it is ordained that every lord of a wood, with his tenants, through which the highway was anciently, shall clear a passage where the way ought to be, and remove all standing timber, as well as underwood.' Even as late as Henry the Eighth's time the English Pale was encircled by dense and impassable woodlands, and some of the larger forests survived in most places to the middle of the sixteenth century, and in many parts even till well into the seventeenth.

It was during the Tudor period, however, that the woodland area began to become considerably reduced. Systematic destruction of the still remaining primeval forests commenced in Westmeath under Henry the Eighth, although in 1534 every husbandman within the Pale was commanded to plant twelve ash trees inside the ditches and closes of his farm. Throughout other counties the clearance of woodlands was vigorously extended during the time of Mary and Elizabeth; and the last part of the island which was thus cleared was Ulster, when Tyrone's death removed the most powerful of the later Irish chieftains who successfully opposed the English rule. The colonisation policy under

the Stuarts, and the harsh tyranny of Cromwell, operated strongly in the direction of destroying the still existing remnants of the woodlands, both from deliberate intention in the first instance, and also from the accidents of civil warfare; and after the Restoration the development that took place in Irish industries was greatly encouraged at the expense of the woods, which furnished much of the raw material for the charcoal used in iron-smelting. So rapid, indeed, was the disappearance of the woodlands through excessive consumption of wood that about 1682 turf began to be used by the people as fuel, for, as Thomas Dinely recorded in his *Journal*, 'The wars and their rebellions having destroyed almost all their woods both for timber and firing, their want is supplied by the bogs.'

The destruction thus taking place was so great that in 1698 'An Act for Planting and Preserving Timber-trees and Woods' was passed, 'as by the late rebellion in the kingdom and the several iron-works formerly there, the timber is utterly destroyed, so as that at present there is not sufficient for the repairing the houses destroyed, much less a prospect of building and improving in after times, unless some means be used for planting and increase of timber trees.' The planting of 260,000 oak, elm, or fir trees annually was therefore ordered to be carried out proportionally by owners of heritable lands, while resident freeholders and tenants were also placed under definite obligations to plant on a small scale.

During the reigns of Anne and the first two Georges restrictive legislation was passed to limit the use of wood and prohibit its export, save to England; but in 1775 this earlier legislation was repealed as a failure, and fresh provision was made for the preservation of timber-trees.

About this time there must already have been a striking want of woodlands throughout Ireland, for when Arthur Young published his *Tour in Ireland* in 1780, after residing for two years at Michelstown (1777-79) as Lord Kingsborough's agent, he remarked (vol. ii. p. 62) that 'the greatest part of the country continues to exhibit a naked, bleak, dreary view for want of wood, which has been destroyed for a century past with the most thoughtless prodigality, and still continues to be cut and wasted as if it was not thought worth the cultivation.'

From about 1740 to 1800 premia for planting were offered by the Royal Dublin Society and the Irish Parliament. In many cases the money was well spent, and it encouraged the formation of nurseries, and basket-making and similar industries; but though otherwise satisfactory, these efforts did not lead to the creation of any plantations on a large scale, and they can hardly

be said to have done much to promote Irish Forestry. And finally the apathy regarding woodlands, which commenced about a century ago and extended as communications improved, culminated when the foreign timber import duties were abolished in 1866—for this economic measure affected Ireland even more injuriously than any other part of the United Kingdom.

As regards its present condition Ireland is the most poorly wooded country in Europe—except Iceland, whose barren surface only supports a dwarfish species of birch and some small willows and juniper bushes. All Ireland's woods and plantations, estimated in 1880 as nearly 340,000 acres, but now aggregating only 293,886 acres, amount merely to 1.4 per cent. of its total area; and this is less than one-third of the general average for Great Britain, itself very poorly wooded in comparison with other European countries. One great disadvantage of this want of woodlands in Ireland is the absence of the beneficial shelter they would afford mechanically against cold, cutting winds; and this kindly shelter is badly wanted in such a wind-swept country, where grazing in the open field and on the unprotected hillsides is the chief method of stock-raising. But even this inadequate area under woodland is being rapidly decreased through the operation of the Land Purchase Act, 1903, by clearances without replantation, while the character of the cuttings in the remaining woods is such as must soon result in considerably deteriorating their quality. About 200,000 acres, or more than two-thirds of the total woodland area, consist of mixed woods in which broad-leaved trees (and particularly the oak) predominate; while about 94,000 acres, or less than one-third, are coniferous crops in which the larch predominates and forms the most valuable timber. The mixed woods chiefly of broad-leaved trees are the remains of the original copsewoods formerly worked for timber and bark, and of the old plantations which now for the most part are demesne woods and ornamental plantations serving as shelter belts around the residential portions of large estates, though many of the oak coppices have either been interplanted with larch and pine or have been left to fall into a scrub-like condition, much neglected and intermixed with self-sown softwoods such as birch, willow, and alder. The coniferous plantations as yet uncleared have all been formed during the last seventy years, since the great famine in 1846-7, and consist chiefly of larch, Scots pine, and spruce and silver fir grown on poor land and mainly with a view to profit, though many plantations made with coniferous trees have also been formed as game-coverts and shelter-belts, and are managed chiefly for the preservation of game, 'a fine wood for cock' being one of the most highly valued portions of an Irish estate.

As a matter of fact, the great bulk of the plantations made during the last seventy years have been of conifers, of which the larch has usually been the chief tree, and is certainly now by far the most valuable timber.¹

If, however, the whole of the 94,000 acres of coniferous woods throughout Ireland were regularly distributed as to age-classes, and were being methodically managed under well-considered schemes—conditions which do not obtain at present—then, taking the average maturity of such crops at sixty years, the annual fall would amount to 1600 acres, and each year's fall would be balanced by replantation to the same extent. But such is not the case. Usually the conifer crops are cut and exported to England for pitwood at from forty to forty-five years of age, equal to an annual fall of 2133 to 2400 acres, which ought to be made good by a like amount of replantation. As a matter of fact, however, owing to irregularity of age-classes, the actual total felling over an average of several years has amounted to about 1500 acres annually, while replantation is taking place only to the extent of 1000 acres per annum. Thus Ireland's woodlands, already far too small for her economic requirements, are gradually decreasing in area; while the cutting out of the best trees, in woods that are 'picked over,' leaves only inferior timber standing, so that there is a large and growing proportion of 'skeleton woods,' stocked only with about one-third to one-half of the crop they might be bearing. To try and improve matters the Department of Agriculture now sells to holders on settled estates young trees at one-third of their cost; in 1912 and 1913 about 80,500 were thus sold for planting, and this experiment is being rapidly extended.

About thirty years ago the question of afforestation in Ireland began to receive more or less serious attention. In 1884 Mr. Howitz, a Danish forester, was asked to examine the waste lands and report concerning their re-afforestation; and then Dr. Schlich also reported in January 1886 that afforestation could take place to a 'total estimated area of 2,000,000 acres, without trenching to an appreciable extent on the fodder resources of the country.'

¹ One of the most interesting and instructive of such plantations made in the famine time grew into a valuable wood on Garryduff Hill, near Rathdrum, in County Wicklow. This was a rough and stony grazing tract, which only brought in about 11*l.* a year for the whole area of 473 acres, or less than 6*d.* an acre. Exposed towards all points of the compass, and ranging up to 925 feet above sea-level, it was planted by Earl Fitzwilliam in 1846-49 to provide work for some of his poor tenants, the stock being chiefly larch and Scots pine, with spruce on moist spots and a few silver fir here and there. From about 1866 onwards it furnished profitable thinnings; and although storms had committed damage here and there, 60 acres of it were sold in 1903 for 50*l.* an acre, while the whole crop has since been gradually cleared for replantation.

But the over-sanguineness of this estimate was almost apparent from his statement made regarding Donegal, Mayo, Kerry, and Galway, that 'it may be assumed that the greater portion of the waste land in these counties, amounting to 1,896,000 acres, could at once be made available for afforestation. At any rate, I feel sure to be within the mark by counting on 1,000,000 acres, or scarcely more than one-half of the waste area.'

The first practical result of these two reports was the planting of 960 acres on an exposed situation at Knockboy, near Carna, on the Connemara coast, in 1890—an experiment which was abandoned in 1900 as a total failure after upwards of 10,500*l.* had been expended on it.

After the formation of the Irish Forestry Society by the late Dr. R. T. Cooper in 1900, fresh attention became drawn to this important subject. And when the Irish Land Act, 1903, was being enacted, a partial survey was made of the existing woods and plantations, and the waste lands and poor pastures that might probably be planted with a fair chance of ultimate profit, throughout the five south-eastern counties. As regards the prospect of fresh afforestation this examination resulted in an estimate that waste lands and poor, degraded pastures in a more or less wasted condition seemed plantable to the extent of about 51,200 acres—an estimate which happened to correspond to about one-fifth of the total area returned officially as waste lands (261,809 acres), excluding water, roads, fences, &c. And applying this ratio of about one-fifth to the total area of 3,779,640 acres then officially scheduled as waste land, this gave about 755,000 acres or 1180 square miles as the total extent to which the better classes of actual wastes and of poor, degraded pastures seemed capable of being planted with any fair chance of direct monetary profit. But one immediate practical result of this preliminary examination of the south-eastern counties was of considerable importance to Ireland, for it resulted in the selection and acquisition of the late Mr. C. S. Parnell's house and estate at Avondale, near Rathdrum, in County Wicklow, for the establishment of a Forest School for the training of young Irish foresters; and this was opened, in 1904, to supply a want concerning which public opinion was unanimous.

Although 750,000 acres of waste and poor pasture seem a comparatively small plantable area when the waste lands alone aggregate 3,779,640 acres, yet it must be recollected that a very large proportion of these is—at present, at any rate—totally unsuitable for planting with any fair prospect of direct profit. About 1,070,000 acres are above the 1000 feet contour line, and over 1,124,000 acres are turf bog, and in neither case can any

considerable portion of these wind-swept and unsheltered tracts be classed as plantable land under existing circumstances. That such is the fact seems clear from the more detailed investigations which have been made since the Department of Agriculture (in 1906) appointed a special forestry expert, to assist in particular enquiries regarding the tenure and the possibility of acquiring extensive areas suitable for planting, so as to obtain more reliable data and prepare material for consideration by the Departmental Committee on Irish Forestry, appointed on the 29th of August 1907. In the course of his evidence this expert witness said it is improbable that more than 10 per cent. of the mountain land in Ireland is suitable for profitable afforestation under the existing conditions; and he further made the following important statement, which, if it can really be substantiated, deals a deadly blow to the possibility of carrying out any great scheme of national afforestation, except under costly conditions that must ultimately interfere with existing grazing to a serious extent, without appreciably (if at all) diminishing the large area of waste land :

Judging from statements frequently made in public, the idea appears to prevail that mountain land is either valueless or possesses a nominal value of one or two shillings an acre only. So far as the upper and peat-covered portions of the mountains are concerned this is probably the case; but such land is quite useless for profitable planting, and is dear at any price for forestry purposes. The mountain land which can be profitably planted to some extent is that which constitutes the lower slopes of the higher mountains, or the entire surface of lower hills, and which is not more than 1200 or 1300 feet above the sea-level, and practically free from peat. This type of land is usually worth from 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. an acre to the sheep-farmer or stock-breeder, and much of it would pay to plant if purchased at a fair price in large blocks. But herein lies the chief difficulty with which the intending planter is confronted, owing to the fact that most of this type of land is divided between a number of holdings, arrangements with all of which have to be made before the land can be acquired. The general state of affairs is found to be the joint grazing of a mountain or section of a mountain by eight or ten mountain farmers, whose rights usually correspond with the amount of enclosed land they occupy below. No intersecting fences exist to distinguish one man's portion from another's, but the grazing is held in common. Negotiations for the acquisition of this land are, therefore, likely to be of a complicated nature, and the price asked for the land in any case is usually well above its real value.

The first part of this evidence is all the more startling in view of the actual economic conditions obtaining in Ireland, and of the very large area of about 3,780,000 acres of land classed as waste and poor mountain pasture.

In one shape or another the tenant rights on poor hill-pastures form a serious difficulty with regard to the complete acquisition on reasonable terms of extensive compact areas suitable for

afforestation and planting in any part of the United Kingdom. But in Ireland the difficulties are perhaps greater than in England, Scotland or Wales; and even where the grazing is of small value, there may be trouble in including such rights within the purchase. Nor should it be forgotten that in Ireland the great bulk of the grazing lands now giving a yearly rental of only about 3s. 6d. or 4s. an acre were once of considerably higher value. Many of them were formerly under the plough, as the traces of ridge and furrow still show; and most of them have during the last thirty or forty years been deliberately neglected and allowed to become more or less impoverished, in order to secure a continuous reduction of rent, and later on peasant proprietorship at the lowest possible price. Such partially impoverished grazing lands, however, are capable of being easily improved by energetic owners assured of reaping the full fruits of their own industry; and it is sincerely to be hoped that such will soon be the case, now that the tenants have in large numbers obtained actual proprietorship.

While extensive clearances of woodlands under the operation of the various Land Acts in the last thirty years have not been balanced by replantation, temporary sawmills have sprung up in large numbers for roughly preparing the timber for the English market, as there are now but few native wood-consuming industries compared with the number formerly flourishing on a small scale in Ireland, wherever there was any considerable quantity of timber obtainable locally. In 1881 there were 245 sawmills chiefly employed in preparing wood for local industries; under the operation of the Land Acts passed from 1881 till 1903 other 349 sawmills sprang up; and from 1903 to 1907 these increased by another 249, making in all a total of 843 sawmills, mostly temporary, engaged in the rough preparation of wood for export, while for the consumer of timber in Ireland *'the worst feature of all . . . at the present time, is the wholesale export of round timber, which is rapidly ruining his sources of supply and robbing the country of important labour-employing industries.'* The annual export rose to about 193,000 tons, representing one million trees, and only about one-fourth of this was used in Ireland for industrial or other purposes—these industries being of a type most desirable to encourage, and to support as largely as possible against the impending extinction threatening them.

It is easy to understand how the various Land Acts have had a destructive influence on Irish woodlands. On large estates being broken up, the interests of many landlords had naturally lessened in the wooded portions; and even where resident land-owners might be desirous of planting, this could only be done

on outlying parts of their estates, isolated from the central demesne portion. Thus some large proprietors were anxious to sell timber growing on land with which they would soon have no further concern; and with regard to such cases, which were very numerous, the Land Act of 1903 had made no provision for dealing with woodlands on estates being sold to tenants, except in Section 4, which remained practically inoperative through no financial clause having been added to give effect to it, in order to enable advances to be made to trustees for the purchase of any portion of an estate sold under the Act, and for preserving the woods and planting other suitable land. When estates were purchased by the Estates Commissioners (under Sections 6-8) the only terms they were allowed to offer for the woods were such as must be unsatisfactory to the owner, who was then only too glad to sell the timber to the first merchant making him an offer; and even where woods passed to tenant purchasers, the Commissioners were unable to offer any terms or to take any steps to induce the purchaser to refrain from selling the timber in like manner. Hence the Estates Commissioners could only offer to include woods in their purchases when they could see their way either to realise at once by selling the timber, or else to hand over such woodlands at cost price to some authorised Forestry Department or County Council. And so the position created was that the existence of woodlands actually interfered with and retarded the transfer of tenanted or untenanted grass lands, while a landlord was practically prevented from selling his estate to the Commission till all his marketable timber had been sold and felled. Consequently a sad waste was taking place under the operation of the Land Act that, apart from any other aspect of the forestry question, there was no justification for allowing to continue unchecked. Not only were the woods still standing on the estates being destroyed, but land suitable for afforestation was also passing through the hands of the Estates Commissioners; and if this latter class of land could not be acquired and retained for the purposes of forestry, no such favourable chance would ever again occur of obtaining it on anything like reasonable terms for national purposes. In 1909 the necessary powers were obtained through a new Land Purchase Act, under which the Estates Commission may exclude from a holding and sell to the Forestry Authority any woods, plantations, or lands suitable for planting.

The main difficulty in the encouragement of Irish wood-consuming industries, and in the acquisition and planting of lands under any great National Scheme of Afforestation, is the financial problem. To attempt the thing on any small scale would be practically useless; but, given the necessary funds, no insuperable

difficulties stand in the way of forming extensive compact woodlands for the production of much of the coniferous timber needed in Britain for pitprops, and of the softwoods most suitable for pulping. The soil and the climate of Ireland are both eminently suited for growing timber of fine quality. Both hardwoods and softwoods are there of rapid growth, and attain fine dimensions. Some of the oak, beech, chestnut, and silver fir are among the largest of their kind in the United Kingdom; and many of the most valuable North American conifers, such as Douglas fir, Sitka spruce, the giant Thuya, Nutka cypress, and others, grow well as woodland trees, yielding larger timber-crops than the European pines and firs. Possibly the milder and damper climate may tend to encourage the growth of fungus pests, such as the Larch canker disease, which was formerly unknown in Ireland, but which has during the last thirty-five years or so found its way over from Britain and has now unfortunately become epidemic in the country. These are risks, however, that must be faced in forming extensive plantations in any part of the British Isles, and they are probably of far less danger than the injuries accruing from noxious insects in many of the drier parts of continental Europe.

It has sometimes been suggested that the formation of large compact woodlands throughout Ireland might perhaps lead to the climate becoming still damper than it is, and might therefore affect agriculture injuriously. But there is little or no fear of that, as the rainfall and the damp atmosphere prevailing are almost entirely due to the moisture-laden winds sweeping inwards from the great Atlantic Ocean. Extensive woodlands might tend to equalise the high relative humidity, and perhaps even to increase it very slightly locally; but they would certainly be beneficial in providing shelter for crops and cattle, and in regulating the motion of soil-moisture, thus tending to obviate the formation of floods like those which every now and again inundate the low-lying tracts of the Shannon valley. Hence, after taking everything into consideration, the Departmental Committee on Irish Forestry concluded :

That an area under woods of 1,000,000 acres, consisting of such land suitable for planting as cannot be more profitably employed in agriculture, should be regarded as affording not more than a moderate insurance for the agricultural and industrial needs of the country in the matter of timber; and that Ireland will not be managing her business as a prudent nation if she does not take every measure open to her at the present time to establish at least such a forest area.

And the Committee's recommendations, based upon this conviction, were to the effect that during the next ten years the State should acquire about 300,000 to 350,000 acres of poor land (at

2*l.* to 3*l.* an acre), from which about 200,000 acres (averaging 4*l.* an acre) would be afforested in large blocks of 500 acres and upwards of mountain land, comparatively free from occupied holdings and unsuitable for agriculture, and would be gradually planted with timber-crops; and that other 500,000 acres should be planted by County Councils and private landowners, mostly in small blocks of 100 to 500 acres of inferior pasture or mountain land, chiefly attached to larger holdings and demesnes, but also including small areas under 100 acres of poor and rough land interspersed with arable and pasture, and uniformly distributed over the country, towards the acquisition of which by County Councils and the planting thereof by these Councils, or by private landowners, the State should give financial and other assistance by means of easy loans with deferred interest, and expert advice as to the planting and management. And with regard to the 300,000 acres of existing woods—many of which could easily be acquired by the Estates Commissioners under the Land Act, 1903, if sufficient funds were provided, and a certain proportion of which must inevitably so pass into their hands—it was anticipated that, at an average cost of 8*l.* an acre for land and scrub-woods, about 50,000 acres will be in blocks large enough to be placed altogether under State control, while in addition about 50,000 acres of smaller areas outside demesnes will probably go to the County Councils, leaving about 200,000 acres still in the hands of the larger private landowners. Thus it was proposed to establish within a period of about eighty years an ultimate woodland area of at least 1,000,000 acres, of which 250,000 acres would be State forests, in blocks of 500 acres or upwards, and 750,000 acres the property of County Councils and private owners, mostly in smaller blocks. This constitutes the great National Scheme of Afforestation in Ireland.

In forestry, as in agriculture, within certain limitations 'the better the land, the better the crop;' and there can be no doubt that on land such as that alluded to in the evidence previously quoted, timber-crops could be grown more easily and more profitably than on poorer descriptions of land truly classifiable as degraded pasture or as waste, which, however, surely ought to be the main class of land brought into economic use under any National Scheme of Afforestation. In recommending, as the Committee has done (Report, page 48), the purchase at 2*l.* to 3*l.* an acre of 300,000 to 350,000 acres, worth 1*s.* 9*d.* an acre for present grazing rent, in order to select therefrom 200,000 acres averaging 4*l.* an acre and worth 3*s.* an acre for grazing (the cost of acquisition therefore being 26½ years' purchase), their proposals seem at first sight to resolve themselves into something that does not in the slightest degree contemplate the planting of any of the

3,780,000 acres of waste land in Ireland, concerning the reclamation and planting of which no specific recommendations have been made in their Report. This seems, however, to be merely an unfortunate omission, because in the preliminary portion of the Report (page 27) a high note is struck, which appears to ring true, and which will be universally approved, regarding the '*mountain and other so-called waste land . . . a considerable portion of which would be suitable for the purposes of a National Scheme of Afforestation. . . . Such lands—beyond a fair take of rough grazing—are of little use or value . . . and to allow them to lapse into conditions of waste would be an act of national improvidence repugnant to common sense.*' Hence, if the scheme recommended be adopted, as is most desirable, the acquisition, afforestation, and planting of poor tracts can quite well take place concurrently with similar work on land of a more favourable description for profitable forestry. And even if nothing else were to operate in that direction, public opinion, and the necessity for husbanding whatever funds may become available, would probably compel proper consideration being given to much poorer classes of land than those described by the expert as the only type of land suitable for planting—namely, that which is even now '*usually worth from 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. an acre*' for grazing. To afforest and plant such land while neglecting attempts to plant very low grade pastures and actual wastes would be a breach of trust on the part of the new Forestry Section, which has recently been established under the Department of Agriculture in Ireland for the purposes of organising and bringing into operation the above National Scheme of Afforestation.

The main practical difficulty standing in the way of this well-considered Afforestation Scheme is that relating to funds, while a minor one concerns the complete acquisition of land. All the rest will practically be easy enough when once the new branch that has been formed in the Department of Agriculture is thoroughly brought into working order, although, of course, the future results of planting—and more particularly in the large compact State forests—will in no small degree depend upon the ability and far-seeing prudence of the officers charged with administrative and executive functions. But a sufficient supply of money year by year and the power to acquire the necessary woods and lands at a reasonable price are the two essentials without which the carrying out of the scheme becomes impossible.

The actual net outlay required for the whole scheme amounts to 2,855,500*l.* spread over fifty years, and payable at the rate of 44,525*l.* a year for the first decade, 66,725*l.* for the second, 74,600*l.* for the third, 67,100*l.* for the fourth, and 32,600*l.* for the fifth,

after which the income would provide a surplus over the outlay, and would later on yield $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the total cumulative capital sum invested.

The total amount asked for the formation of the 200,000 acres of State forests not yet acquired or planted begins with 17,925*l.* a year for the first decade, and amounts altogether to 1,525,500*l.* in the next fifty years, by which time compound interest at $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. would raise the total capital charge to 3,267,000*l.*; and after that income would exceed expenditure on purchase annuities and working expenses, while from the eightieth year onwards there should be a net annual return of 155,000*l.*, or over $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the total capital cost, and standing timber-crops worth 7,000,000*l.* on the 200,000 acres bought for 800,000*l.* For the 50,000 acres of poor scrub-woods and stunted or immature timber proposed to be acquired as State forests at an average cost of 8*l.* per acre, purchase annuities would amount to 13,000*l.* a year, and working expenses would be balanced by fellings; while the other 50,000 acres of smaller woods to be acquired for County Councils, and also involving purchase annuities to a like amount, would together with the cost of maintenance be met by a levy of less than three-farthings per *l.* on the rateable valuation. And in each case the 50,000 acres of woods should be self-supporting and have a value of 1,750,000*l.* in fifty years' time, according to present prices for timber, while the profits from them would also in each case be about 33,000*l.* a year from the seventieth year onwards. To assist County Councils and private landholders desirous of planting, technical instruction in forestry was to be given at Avondale and at the Royal College of Science ² at a cost of 7000*l.* a year, and 6600*l.* were to be annually granted for planting to the Councils, with free advice and plants at cost price to them and to small landowners. To encourage private planting it was proposed that grants be given to landowners as Board of Works loans under the Landed Property Improvement Act, 1866, the Settled Lands Act, 1882, and the Public Works Loan Act, 1907, passed to remove the limitation restricting such loans to planting for shelter only; and that the repayment of capital and interest at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. should be made at a rate of 5 per cent. a year for thirty-five years.

Only a very indefinite opinion can be expressed concerning forecasts as to future crops (not yet planted) upon which the above estimate of income is based. But any fair estimate on the present value of timber is likely to be safe enough, in view of the fact that throughout Europe timber has long been steadily appreciating at

² A professorship of Forestry was established at the Royal College of Science, Dublin, in April 1913.

the average rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. a year, so that a ton of timber eighty years hence will probably be worth at least four times its present market price. Given the necessary funds and suitable land, the planting of timber-crops should therefore prove profitable for the heirs and successors of those now able to make such late-maturing investments without desiring to reap any money returns in the near future. But the State is the only landowner now able to invest large sums in this manner; and it is therefore to the State that Ireland must look for the necessary funds. Hence it was proposed that the purchase-money needed for acquiring the plantable land and the still existing woods should either be repayable by annuities under the terms of the Land Act of 1903, or that payment of the capital sums should be made from the revenues that have accrued to the Commissioners of Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues of the Crown from Irish Quit and Crown rents, the unredeemed portions of which still bring in about 30,000*l.* a year. This latter course would certainly be very popular in Ireland, although the former would doubtless be preferred by the Treasury.

Under the Land Purchase Acts of 1903 and 1909 and the provisions of the Agricultural and Technical Instruction Acts of 1889, 1891, and 1899, legal powers are already possessed by the Department of Agriculture to constitute it a Forestry Authority for purchasing and managing woods if the money be forthcoming; so that funds alone are required to equip fully a Forestry Section of that Department. But though such existing machinery may accomplish much, it cannot be effective until compulsory powers are given for the acquisition of grazing rights on lands desirable for Afforestation. These grazing rights, already referred to, are usually held in common by the tenants occupying land at the base of the mountain or hillside, and any one objector might interfere with the transfer of land suitable for planting, unless some exorbitant demand were satisfied with regard to the extinction of this grazing right. This would be intolerable in view of the national importance of the work, and there ought to be no difficulty in securing the necessary legislation for expropriating at a reasonable price any interests irrationally insisted on.

Ireland is getting at least a fair share of the money now available for Forestry under the Development Act of 1909. In addition to several small estates previously bought in connexion with the Avondale Forestry School, Co. Wicklow, a grant of 6000*l.* was made in 1909-10 to enable the Department of Agriculture to acquire woods and lands from the Estates Commissioners under the Land Purchase Acts of 1903 and 1909, and to work them on business principles. Altogether about 5400 acres of woods were

bought, upon Land Act terms, with Treasury grants, and these are now being worked systematically. And as was announced in the House of Commons on the 25th of July 1913, by the Vice-President of the Board of Agriculture for Ireland, the Development Commissioners and the Treasury sanctioned a loan of 25,000*l.* for the purchase of about 15,000 acres of land approved for forestry operations. This area of plantable land has already been secured, and 6740 acres have already been obtained possession of, and will be planted when further funds have also been sanctioned for this purpose.

The advantages of a comprehensive Scheme of Afforestation in Ireland are so apparent and so great, that it will be a national misfortune if the Government fail to grasp thoroughly the opportunity now presented to benefit Ireland directly, and at the same time also to benefit England in the future by growing supplies of pitwood needed for the coal-mines, upon whose working the whole of the British manufacturing industry more or less immediately depends.

J. NISBET.

THE SACRED BO TREE

SOME few years ago, in the enclosure which surrounds the Sri-Mahabodhi tree, the famous Sacred Bo tree (*Ficus religiosa*), at Anaradhapura the ancient capital of Ceylon, an English gentleman stood gazing in wonder at the marvellous tree that for over two thousand years has been the object of reverence to millions of devout pilgrims from all over Asia.

The sacred tree has not only survived the vicissitudes of wars and conquests, the advent of alien creeds to which it was a stranger, the silent assaults of centuries, but in 1877 the ire of Heaven itself seemed to come upon it, and it was struck by lightning; and though shattered and enfeebled the trunk still bears branches that put forth leaves, which, when they fall—for they must never be plucked—are preserved as precious relics.

The Englishman had not been long there, silently pondering on the wonderful history of the old tree, when a lady in austere garb and of dogmatic demeanour mounted the flight of steps leading from terrace to terrace, and entered the third enclosure which enshrines the venerable tree, at which she gazed with undisguised scorn. Struck by the lady's unsympathetic manner of contemplating an object of such general veneration, the gentleman good-naturedly attempted to arouse the lady's interest in the wonderful old tree; he told her he had recently been travelling in Egypt, where though archaeologically the ruins might be of greater interest than those at Anaradhapura, still the latter had the advantage that those of Egypt could not claim, for probably no living person believed in the deities of Old Egypt, whereas in Ceylon the place where they now stood was still the centre of a living religion, a faith that had lasted over two thousand years. 'That,' returned the austere lady, 'is what is so dreadful: it is regular image-worship; they actually pray to idols; it is rank superstition, such as one sees at Lourdes.'

'Well,' answered the gentleman, somewhat rebuffed, 'as I am a Catholic I cannot agree with you as to Lourdes.' His good intentions of awakening her interest being summarily crushed, a somewhat awkward silence ensued, which was broken by the appearance of one of the yellow-robed priests in charge of the

shrine, who approached and courteously offered the lady some of the leaves that had fallen from the venerated tree.

With an exclamation of horror the lady waved the proffered gift aside, then opened her bag, took out a couple of tracts and handed them to the priest, who received them with the utmost politeness; then, with a stiff bow to the idolatrous Englishman, she turned and left a spot evidently repugnant to her. Feeling curious as to what manner of tracts the lady missionary, for such she evidently was, considered suitable for distribution to a Buddhist priest, the gentleman made signs to him—the priest did not understand English—that he would like to see the papers. Both leaflets were in English: one was a Temperance tract, headed 'The Barrel and the Bottle'; the other was a metrical version of the Lord's Prayer, set to the tune of 'Home, Sweet Home.'

It may be observed that in the ten precepts to which a priest vows obedience at his ordination the fifth is that he 'solemnly undertakes the precept of abstention from spirits and strong drink,' while in the seventh he 'solemnly undertakes the precept of abstention from dancing, singing,' etc. This little incident which took place in the shrine of the Bo tree is quoted to show what risks it must often have run, as, had the lady missionary had her way, no doubt the axe would have been laid to the root of the tree in question; and other missionaries have not hesitated to counsel the cutting down of Bo trees merely on the ground that 'the people regard them as sacred.' Every Bo tree being considered as invested with more or less sanctity, to cut one down, or wantonly injure it, is popularly supposed to bring misfortune on anyone who does so; and curious stories are told of how ill-luck has befallen individuals, which ill-luck is supposed to have been incurred by disregarding the general sentiment concerning these trees.

Many years ago at Ratnapura, a plot of ground on which grew a Bo tree, surrounded by a wall in which was a small shrine, was sold by a Buddhist priest to a man who evinced great eagerness to buy the land. The Bo tree was accounted a very sacred one, and the priest was loth to part with it, and only consented finally to dispose of the piece of ground on the purchaser giving an undertaking that in no circumstances would he cut down or interfere with the Bo tree. But this precaution was a worthless one; when the new owner had possession of the land he ignored his promise, and cut down the sacred tree. Great was the wrath of the priest when he learnt what had occurred and how he had been tricked.

The Lord Buddha had indeed taught his followers 'If a man foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love: the more evil comes from him, the more

good shall go from me';¹ but Buddhists often show as little regard for the precepts of their master as do Christians to the lessons of the Sermon on the Mount. This particular priest, far from displaying forgiveness on the occasion, betook himself to the spot where the Bo tree had formerly stood, and cursed the place and the man who had violated his promise not to injure the sacred tree.

Whether from the effect of the maledictions or from his own evil nature, the purchaser not long afterwards committed a still greater crime than the destruction of the tree, and murdered his wife in circumstances of great atrocity.

Eventually the plot of ground passed into possession of the Government, which, probably with an unimaginative eye to economy—for no price could have been obtained for ground under a curse—gave orders that a house was to be built on the site, as a residence for the District Judge. Workmen were sent to build the house; but becoming aware of the evil reputation of the place they were unwilling to undertake the task, and only consented to begin the job after having offered up a white cock as a propitiatory sacrifice.

When at length the house was finished, Mr. Hamilton, who had been appointed District Judge, came to take possession of it, and was met by the people of the neighbourhood, who entreated him not to attempt to reside in it till at least he also had offered the sacrifice of a cock, as they assured him that the curse which had been laid on the place could only be appeased by the sacrifice of a life.

Mr. Hamilton, however, refused to comply with what he considered a senseless superstition, and, regardless of the curse, took up his abode in the ill-omened house. He had not lived there a fortnight, when he was unfortunately seized by a severe and mysterious illness to which he succumbed in a few days. His untimely death of course rooted the belief in the evil influences of the place more firmly than ever. The neighbours shook their heads ominously, and it was whispered with horror that after his death the District Judge's body had turned quite black.

In course of time other people came to inhabit the house, but those who lived in it were said to be tormented by an uncanny feeling, as of some presence always following them, and the place was disturbed by unaccountable sounds, knocks, and curious noises. Footsteps were frequently heard hurrying up and down the staircase, but no owner of the feet could be seen. On one occasion several guests happened to be staying there; one, an elderly gentleman, was given a room on the ground floor, and two young men were put into rooms in the upper story. Next morning the old gentleman told the lady of the house he had not

¹ The Dhammapada.

been able to get any sleep, as the young men overhead had kept running up and down stairs and continually knocking at his door all through the night. He begged his hostess to give them a hint not to act like this the next night. Greatly surprised at hearing of the conduct of the young men, their hostess asked them to be less noisy at unseemly hours in future; the young fellows were equally surprised at hearing such conduct ascribed to them, and assured the lady they had not left their rooms or knocked at any door during the night.

The evil reputation of the house persisting, it was universally shunned, and finally the haunted wing was pulled down.

The story of the attainment of Buddhahood by Prince Siddhartha is too well known to need more than a short allusion to it here, but it may be well to recall the facts connecting that event with the tree over which it has shed such fame.

From the earliest times there seems to have been a belief that to live beneath a tree was in itself conducive to the attainment of virtue. In one of the Jatakas one reads 'And at the foot of trees I lived, for such abodes have virtues ten.' These ten virtues are :

1. The ease of the undertaking.
2. The freedom from anxiety.
3. The freedom from interruption.
4. The situation affords no cover for evil.
5. Its absence of confinement.
6. No necessity of taking formal possession.
7. Abandonment of all wish for household life.
8. No danger of eviction.
9. Its contentment.
10. No difficulty as to lodgings, trees being found everywhere.

Having experienced the fruitlessness of excessive asceticism, Prince Siddhartha turned to the ancient wisdom, and having made the sun-wise circle of a tree long believed to be holy, the prince seated himself at its foot with his face towards the east, resolving that, come what might, he would not stir from the spot till he had 'attained the supreme and absolute wisdom.' Mara, the Wicked-one, divined the object for which the prince had come to the Bo tree and, summoning all the Powers of Evil and assembling the blind forces of Nature, he relentlessly assailed the 'Great Being' during that dreadful night.

Undismayed, Gautama resisted all attacks and subdued all the assaults hurled against him, and just as day was about to break Mara and his legions fled, and with the dawn the eyes of Gautama were opened, and his intellect grasped 'the lotus-like flower the light of supreme knowledge.' Then the benign Bo tree showered on his priestly robes its coral-like young sprigs, in homage from

Nature, and for seven days in 'exalted calm' the Buddha sat, reposing after the struggle and anguish of that terrible night; and at length he breathed forth the solemn words which have never been omitted by any of the Buddhas :

Through birth and re-birth's endless round,
Seeking in vain, I hastened on,
To find who framed this edifice.
What misery !—birth incessantly !

Oh ! builder ! I've discovered thee !
This fabric thou shalt ne'er rebuild !
The rafters all are broken now
And jointed roof demolished lies !
This mind hath demolition reached
And seen the last of all desire !

Being now completely emancipated from all doubt and fear, Buddha arose from under the Bo tree, and went forth into the world to teach the people the secret of the 'sorrowless state.'

The tree which had witnessed the enlightenment of Buddha grew at a place now known as Buddha-goya in India. The history of its offshoot, the Bo tree at Anaradhapura, is as authentic as any history that has come to us from ancient times.

Over three hundred years before the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem had kindled a light in the East that was eventually to penetrate to the Western World, a Singhalese monarch newly converted to the light of Buddhism sought to ensure the continuance in his country of the truths of that religion, and deemed one means of doing so would be to plant in the island a branch of the tree under which the Great Master had found enlightenment, the king no doubt believing in his new-found zeal that similar enlightenment might stream from such a tree on some of those in his own land.

At this juncture the Princess Anula, the consort of the king's younger brother, was anxious to be ordained into the Sangha, or priesthood; but as there was no priestess in the island to ordain her, and the Thera or high priest in Ceylon assuring the princess that he had no power to do so, Anula obtained the king's consent to the despatch of an ambassador to India beseeching the great Emperor Asoka to send his daughter the Priestess Sangamitta to Ceylon, in order to ordain the princess and five hundred of the ladies of the court, who were desirous of entering the Sangha.

The king further begged the emperor to grant him the favour of bestowing on him 'the right branch of the sacred Bo tree' then flourishing at Buddha-goya, and asked that the precious gift might accompany the Priestess Sangamitta.

When the embassy arrived, Asoka willingly agreed to bestow a branch of the Bo tree on his brother monarch, but demurred to his daughter going with it. 'My mother,' said Asoka, addressing his daughter with the reverence due to her priestly profession, 'bereaved of thee and separated from my children and grandchildren, what consolation will there be left wherewith to alleviate my affliction?' Sangamitta, divining that her presence in Ceylon was of importance, answered 'Maharajah, the injunction of my brother [i.e. the high priest of Ceylon] is imperative, and those who are to be ordained in Lanka [Ceylon] are many : on that account it is essential that I should go there.'

Then the emperor consented to his daughter's departure, gave her the right branch of the sacred Bo tree, and, accompanied by eleven other priestesses, Sangamitta set out on the journey to Ceylon. When the vessel in which they had embarked reached Dambakola Patuna (the ancient harbour of the Singhalese kings) they found King Tissa awaiting them on the shore, and so overjoyed was he at their arrival that, 'chanting songs of joy,' the monarch rushed into the waves neck deep, and himself assisted in carrying ashore the coveted branch. On landing, it was first placed in a great hall that had been purposely built for its reception, and from thence was brought in procession and planted, in the year B.C. 308, where it still stands, the site chosen being then known as the Mahamagha Garden, a beautiful spot which the king had bestowed on the priests. Sangamitta duly ordained the Princess Anula and the five hundred ladies, from whom the priestly office devolved on succeeding females for many generations. The tree grew and flourished, and is believed to be the parent stock of all Bo trees now growing in Ceylon.

In the sacred enclosure at Anaradhapura many of its giant offspring stand around as though guarding their frail and revered parent. On one occasion, wild elephants having somewhat damaged the garden, the king caused the place to be surrounded by a stone rampart, and the only wild animals that can now enter are troops of monkeys which often come there from the surrounding forest and disport themselves in the branches of the Bo trees, where they speedily become tame and take cakes and bananas from the hands of visitors.

Not only are living Bo trees regarded with reverence, but models of the tree wrought in ivory, mother-of-pearl, or the precious metals are still regarded as meritorious gifts to shrines and temples. In olden days these models were often of extraordinary magnificence : such a tree made by order of King Duttha Gámani in 161 B.C. was eighteen cubits in height, and was fashioned of the most precious materials. The tree stood on an

emerald ground (probably enamel); the stem was of pure silver; the leaves glittered with gems; the faded leaves were represented in gold; the young leaves, berries, and roots were of coral.

The tree was placed beneath a magnificent canopy which had a golden border 'tinkling with pearls.' Representations of the sun, moon, and stars were depicted on the canopy, from which were suspended lotus-flowers formed of gems, and tassels of pearls hung at each of its four corners. The jewelled tree was surrounded by a low parapet studded with pearls and precious stones, and rows of vases filled with perfumed water and containing flowers made of jewels stood around the tree.

At its eastern side, on a golden throne sat a golden figure of Buddha resplendent with gems, the Great Teacher being represented in the attitude in which he had attained enlightenment. The days of these splendours have gone, but the veneration for the tree and the virtues ascribed to it remain.

On poya days—i.e. those of the four quarters of the moon—troops of pilgrims resort to the Bo tree, to worship and to make offerings; but the greatest occasion for pilgrimage is at the Wesak festival, when as many as twenty thousand pilgrims are often seen encamped, some in the forest, some in the open space in front of the sacred enclosure.

Wesak is a thrice holy festival, for on that full-moon day of May the Lord Buddha was born under a sal tree, in the beautiful Lumbini Grove, which was 'one mass of flowers from the ground to the topmost branches'; on that day, after dreadful trials and temptations, he received enlightenment under the shade of the Bo tree at Buddha-goya; and it was on the day of the May full moon that he attained Nirvana.

The anniversary is kept as a season of rejoicing and pious festivity by the Buddhists, the more devout amongst them making it the occasion for renewing their vows of adhesion to the Pança Sila, the five precepts which are imposed on the laity in general. In the temples kneeling groups may be seen repeating after the priest:

- I observe the precept to refrain from destroying the life of beings.
- I observe the precept to refrain from stealing.
- I observe the precept to abstain from unlawful sexual intercourse.
- I observe the precept to refrain from falsehood.
- I observe the precept to abstain from using intoxicants.

Buddhism has sometimes been accused of being simply a religion inculcating the abstention from evil-doing, but over and above this it teaches active benevolence and works of mercy. A four-line stanza which was composed by one of the Master's

greatest disciples sums up succinctly the Buddhist creed in so far as it is incumbent on the mass of its followers :

To cease from ill-doing,
To fulfil all that is good,
And to purify the heart,
This is the making of the Buddha.

At Anaradhapura, in various places beside ruined temples or viharas (monasteries) still remain huge stone troughs, most of them beautifully carved. Many of these were fashioned two thousand years ago, and were used for holding the rice that was to be distributed to pilgrims or the poor. For this purpose some of them still serve, and pious Buddhists fill one of the great troughs with rice on the occasion of a festival, so that there the pilgrims may take their frugal meal.

The distribution of food and clothes is very usual; at Wesak wealthy Buddhists make it on a princely scale. At the Wesak festival in 1907 a rich merchant and a few of his friends gave away no fewer than 1348 pieces of cloth, each roll containing two or two and a half yards, such pieces being used by the people for sarongs, as the cloth covering the lower limbs is called in Ceylon; over fifteen hundred pilgrims were provided with tea in the early morning, two thousand two hundred and fifty with breakfast, and to over eleven thousand poor people were served out sweets of various kinds, tea, betel, etc. Evidence of Buddhist charity may be seen on all sides. Here passes a procession of a hundred and fifty Buddhist priests walking two and two, returning to their viharas from a place in the country to which they had gone that morning in response to a gift of forty betel leaves sent to them by a well-known Kumarahami (noble lady), the sending of such leaves being the formula by which the presence of a Buddhist priest is invited. These reverend men had been summoned to partake of the lady's bounty to her Church, and to bless by their presence a final distribution of food by the same devout lady to four thousand nine hundred pilgrims whom she had supported during the festival.

Wesak is a season of good-will and rejoicing all over the island. The dagobas are gaily decorated with flowers, pennons and tapers, strings of Chinese lanterns and garlands of flowers are suspended around, the temples are sweet with the odour of lotus, jasmine and temple flowers with which the altars are thickly covered, and temporary shrines are erected before some of the houses which are bright with flags and offerings; while sometimes a large pansala, or preaching-hall, is erected for the occasion, in which some well-known priest sits and discourses dharma (doctrine), while a little acolyte holds a large palm-leaf fan

before the face of the holy man, and crowds throng in to listen to his words, for Buddhist priests only preach when requested to do so, and a sermon by a priest well known for his learning, or especially respected for holiness of life, is an important event.

In the vicinity of temples and dagobas, wherever space can be found, rows of little *boutiques* are set up, the stalls being covered with cakes, bread, bananas, and the simple viands which are welcome to pilgrims who can afford to purchase them, or who wish to provide themselves with scents, flowers, candles, flags, and so forth, exposed for sale as offerings. Hucksters go about carrying cages filled with birds, many crammed with tiny rice-birds, esteemed a great delicacy as food, but which on this occasion are purchased for four or four and a half cents each and set free; to liberate the little captives being considered a work of merit and one in which, strange to say, the small boys eagerly take part, so that little birds may be seen joyfully taking wing by the score in all directions.

When evening comes, the scene grows still more animated. Hundreds of candles are lighted round Bo trees and dagobas and shrines. On the ledge around the dagobas Areca flowers are laid, alternating with tapers. Once lighted the candle must not be removed, but left to burn itself out. At one shrine may be seen kneeling an old man who can only afford to light a solitary green candle on his own behalf, while beside him squats his little grandson smiling with pleasure at his tiny gift of a red taper to the shrine.

A long procession of white-clad pilgrims, men and women, meanwhile winds, in single file, in and out, round Bo trees, shrines, and dagobas, bearing, some on their heads, some on their shoulders, large pottery lamps flaming with many wicks, which are carried in sign of service to Buddha. Cries of 'Sahdu!' resound on all sides; hymns are chanted by pilgrims and people; the halt and maimed of every description eagerly rattle tins at the entrance to temples and beside every available path, to attract the attention of the charitable, and afford them an opportunity of acquiring merit. The offerings are of all kinds: one devotee brings a load of bricks with which to erect or enlarge a shrine, another may present a silver alms-dish, one brings the gay six-coloured Buddhist flag, another a basket of lotus buds; fruit, flowers, incense, streamers, lanterns are all laid before the shrine to testify devotion to the Lord Buddha and his doctrines.

Transparencies representing scenes in the life of Gautama are borne aloft, the sound of the tom-toms re-echoes through the forest, and triumphantly the worshippers chant:

By ourselves is evil done,
By ourselves we pain endure,
By ourselves we cease from wrong,
By ourselves become we pure.

No one saves us but ourselves,
 No one can, and no one may ;
 We ourselves must walk the path,
 Buddhas merely teach the way.

The crowds are enormous ; at the Kelaniya Temple as many as fifty thousand people are sometimes present on the Wesak night, but, vast as is the throng, those composing it are quiet, dignified, devout, and restrained in their joyousness. The scene is one of extraordinary brilliance and wealth of colour, and high over all shines the glorious full moon, hanging like a pale golden lamp in the dark blue canopy of a tropical night, while the great forest forms a fitting and mysterious background, and rows of stately palm trees seem as though bending their crowned heads in proud adoration, and sympathy with the shaven and bare-footed company of nuns who have just enriched a small white dagoba with a lustrous ring of tapers ; then each, spreading a white cloth on the ground, kneels and prostrates herself in silent devotion.

The closing scene of this particular Wesak celebration (of 1907) ² was the most striking of all. A great chief had determined on making a princely offering by bestowing several valuable rice fields on the temple, and accompanied by his retainers, tenants, relations and friends, he proceeded in full array to carry the title-deeds of his gift and deposit them on the shrine. The procession was over a mile long, and was heralded by the whip-crackers, a distinction reserved formerly for the Kandyan kings, and only accorded to the highest of the chiefs.

Next to these came a man wearing a mask and dressed as a tappel-runner. These runners carry the mail and messages in remote districts, where they are armed with small sharp axes fixed to staves in order to protect themselves from attacks by bears in forests and lonely places ; the masked tappel-runner was supposed on this occasion to announce the coming procession. Three hundred school children marched forward carrying flags and banners, followed by men on hobby-horses, their steeds such as are sometimes seen in a pantomime, the men walking and supporting the cardboard horses ; men on stilts in motley raiment ; men dressed as white egrets ; huge paper peacocks, the sacred birds being probably an allusion to Buddha himself, who is symbolised in some ancient writings under that form as ' the golden-coloured enlightener of the world ' ; paper palm trees of various colours ; paper pagodas, tall and tapering ; carts drawn by slow-pacing stately bulls : in one cart sat a hermit in his cell, in others were the representations of steamers, one of them bearing the

² Witnessed by the present writer.

name s.s. *Wesak*, and all with real smoke issuing from the funnels; giants and giantesses with miniature heads, possibly to emphasise the proverbial stupidity of such beings; children carrying on their heads baskets filled with flowers to offer in the temple; huge gilt paper dagobas; imitation trees, with small boys got up as monkeys clinging to the branches; a paper elephant that flapped its ears; an enormous figure of a cobra with extended hood, reminding the beholders of the 'King of the Cobras who spread his hood so that neither cold nor heat, nor gnats, flies, wind, sunshine, nor creeping creature shall come near the Blessed One'; stick-dancers; women marching beneath a white canopy and carrying offerings of various kinds; a cart drawn by great bulls, the cart filled with representatives of chiefs and kumarahamies on pilgrimage; devil-dancers in eccentric head-dresses and frilled sarongs, dignified yellow-robed priests, and no fewer than forty-two magnificent slow-pacing elephants, all took part in this wonderful procession which, in ever-varying effects of colour and devices, ended with a carriage drawn by horses, in which sat the munificent chief who was making the offering and who was accompanied by his son, a brother and a Buddhist priest. The scene was a strange mixture of the ancient and the modern, a medley of the profound and the fantastic; but, strange to say, the effect was not incongruous, but interesting, and harmonised by its dominant note, which was that of exultation in doing honour to the Great Teacher, who had taught them how sin and pain, sorrow, death and rebirths might be overcome and Nirvana at length attained. It was an old-world custom not crystallised, but embracing a certain number of modern ideas, and the antique bottles had expanded to receive them. The fondness for the grotesque, a feature in many minds, was acknowledged and gratified without vulgarity, and with lurking sarcasm that served as a pinch of salt to flavour an overwhelming profession of piety which often produces a diametrically opposite effect to that intended by devotees. It was a joyous occasion and was recognised as such, and too much philosophy was not exacted from the multitude by one of the most philosophical of religions.

Another ceremony in connexion with the sacred tree is of a very different nature, and recalls only the power of Mara and of Death and the passing away of all material things. If a limb or branch decays and falls from the sacred tree, or is torn off by a storm, the bough is reverently cremated with much the same ceremonies as are observed at the obsequies of a Buddhist priest. If the bough be too large to be conveniently carried, it is cut up and the pieces wrapped in white cloth, and the shrouded wood is then conveyed to the place arranged for its burning. A white cloth is spread on the ground, over which is erected a white

canopy, around which the sacred wood is carried several times before being laid beneath the canopy. Ordinary wood is next heaped over the venerated logs, scents and sweet oils freely sprinkled over the pyre, each priest present pouring scent on it from a silver phial, after which the people reverently seat themselves on the ground and listen to a discourse from one of the officiating priests; at the conclusion of the sermon, amid many exclamations of 'Sahdu!' the pyre is solemnly lighted, and those who have arrived somewhat late for the service hurry hastily up to fling their offerings on to the blazing logs.

Close by every Buddhist temple and monastery in Ceylon there will be found a sacred Bo tree; indeed, the act of dedication of a vihara or arama is the planting of a young Bo tree. An arama for pansikas—i.e. nuns—was to be consecrated in the neighbourhood of Kandy. A young Bo tree that had been raised by the priests from the Sri-Mahabodhi of Anaradhapura was presented for the occasion, which was one of especial interest, as no arama for nuns had been consecrated in Ceylon for many hundreds of years. The nuns stood in a double line, barefooted and with shaven heads—the shaving of their hair being the act by which they dedicated themselves to the religious life; lay sisters and professed nuns, all were clad alike in a white robe, over which one of pale salmon colour was folded over the left shoulder; at one side stood a long line of grave sedate-faced priests, also shaven and barefooted, but wearing robes of brilliant yellow. Kandyan chiefs and kumarahamies in gorgeous dresses gleaming with jewels stood in the circle, and dark-eyed, glossy-haired men and women of a lower caste made a picturesque background under the interlacing branches of tall pink-blossomed gwango trees. Like most of the Buddhist ceremonies, that of the dedication of the arama was a simple one. The little tree was carefully planted, and milk was poured over the roots, then the earth surrounding it was completely covered with gold leaf, after which the gold was thickly covered with flowers, so placed as completely to conceal the gold. This sequence was, I believe, symbolic: the milk represents acts of mercy and benevolence which nourish the roots of the sanctified life; the gold typifies riches, which ought to be expended righteously; and the flowers are emblems of beauty and perfection which are superior to gold and wealth. These acts having been completed, the nuns lighted the candles which had been placed round the tree at the four cardinal points, indicating the shining through the world of the light of truth, and the ceremony concluded by the eight Buddhist blessings, known as the Jaya Mangala, being chanted by the bright-robed priests:

The Jaya Mangala Gatha

1. Oh ! Lord Buddha, King of righteousness, a mortal can in no other way express how Thou conqueredst the struggles of Thy soul, than by representing Thee as sitting in all sublimity, calmness and serenity during violent attacks made upon Thee by a visible Tempter and his wicked followers, armed with all manner of weapons. The greatness of his temptations was shadowed forth by the horrors consequent upon the convulsions of the disturbed powers of Nature. By the powers of Thy ten perfections the Tempter was defeated. By the power of these words of Truth may you be victorious and may blessings come upon you.

2. When the conflict began between Sarvangña the omniscient One and Mara and Aloka the demon, a thousand appalling meteors fell, and heavy clouds and darkness prevailed. Even our Mother Earth, with the oceans and mountains she carried on her bosom, quaked like a mortal being and like the festoon of a vine shaking under the blasts of a whirlwind. By Thy splendour, dignity and glory Thou conqueredst. By the power of these words of Truth may you be victorious and may blessings come upon you.

3. To the great horror and stupefaction of all spectators, there came, like a thunderbolt and like a huge forest fire in full flame, the cruel Nalagiri Elephant to kill Thee, but by Thy most amiable, holy and tranquil kindness, and also by Thy valour, Thine enemy was defeated. By the power of these words of Truth may you be victorious and may blessings come upon you.

4. Augulimala, the ruffian, most heartlessly raised his sword to strike Thee, but by Thy most merciful, tender, kind and compassionate countenance the enemy was subdued. By the power of these words of Truth may you be victorious and may blessings come upon you.

5. Kimhimani Kava, a woman of evil and vicious disposition, came to Thee like a tigress to injure Thee with her malice and treachery. For the sake of Thy sound and beneficial knowledge and Thy merciful thoughts, she was punished by Sakkara, the Lord of all Gods. By the power of these words of Truth may you be victorious and may blessings come upon you.

6. Suchchaka, a man of learning, came in the hope of contesting Thy knowledge, but by Thy fluent power of expression and superhuman oratory he was defeated. By the power of these words of Truth may you be victorious and may blessings come upon you.

7. When Nandopananda, a spirit in the guise of a serpent, came to Thee to give Thee battle, the ocean rose under the vibration of an earthquake, a fierce storm howled all around, and the

sun was enveloped in awful darkness. But by Thy splendour, dignity and glory he was defeated. By the power of these words of Truth may you be victorious and may blessings come upon you.

8. Baka Brahman, the heathen who was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of heathendom, which circulated in him like the deadly venom of a snake, was converted by Thy preaching and at last attained to Nirvana. By the power of these words of Truth may you be victorious and may blessings come upon you.

When the quaint measure of the old-world blessings died softly away, the assemblage of devout Buddhists silently dispersed to their homes on hill, in forest, or amidst green glittering rice-fields; happy in the faith that 'the words of Truth' would sooner or later enable them to attain Nirvana, and content meanwhile to wait in hopeful expectation that some day the little sapling just planted would grow and expand into a veritable tree of life, beneath whose branches peace and rest would be afforded to many a weary soul from the toils and turmoil of a troublesome world.

EDITH BLAKE.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON AND THE SPIRIT OF AN AGE

It has often been said, and said by men of perception, that the temper of an age is reflected more exactly in the work of its secondary writers than in that of its masters. Taking the generalisation at its apparent significance, it would seem to have but a very slender foundation of truth. The masters are gluttons of honour, and they add to their success in directing the attention of posterity to their analysis of the elemental things of life, the distinction of recording, implicitly and as it were casually, the intellectual and spiritual habit of their own time more efficiently than their subordinates. Apart from their supremacy on more important grounds, Spenser, Shakespeare and Jonson tell us more of the activity of Elizabethan England than all Dekker's admirable journalism and a dozen *Yorkshire Tragedies*; Milton and Herrick, set aptly at an angle, are the justest mirrors of their age, Pope of his. And it is always so. We know the manner of Mid-Victorian speculation and resistance and desire more accurately from the poetry of Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Morris, Rossetti and Swinburne than we do from the records of many Tupperes. These widely accepted critical generalisations, however, seldom receive their sanction for nothing; nor is the present one devoid of reason.

The measure of a poet's greatness is not the content of his art, but his art itself; by the perfect shaping of his vision and not by the nature of his vision is he memorable. And the greater and more memorable his art, the more surely will its content be transformed from the workaday symbols by which it commonly expresses itself into new and more significant symbols of the poet's devising. It is the spirit, the essence of Elizabethan England that Shakespeare gives us, not the detailed circumstance. To the great artist his art is the most important thing in the world, a very purging and ordering of life itself. An obituary notice of Mr. Brown, late of the Colliery Board, will give us a great deal of exact information about an estimable man, but what would the world know of Edward King and Keats if Milton and Shelley

were the only witnesses : yet by how much poorer would the world be in understanding of untimely death without *Lycidas* and *Adonais*? And so it is that the particular is absorbed by the great artist into the texture of his art, the outward aspect being changed while the significance is retained. The artist, in effect, brings his material into just subjection to his art, which he rightly believes to be more persuasive than life unformed and unselected. And since the intellectual habit and spiritual temper that distinguish his own age come within the range of his contemplation together with the emotional experiences common to all the ages, these too will, essentially, be wrought into his art, thence to impress themselves upon our consciousness in spite of the translation that has been made—indeed, the more incisively because of that translation. *Ulysses*, one of the poems in which Tennyson most definitely escaped the journalistic tendencies of his poorer work and asserted himself as of the masters, is finely eloquent of the character of the poet's own generation, notwithstanding an apparent indifference to it. The great artist is bearing witness to his age, but with no show of deliberation. After the great, however, there are two ranks of artists, defining themselves largely by the expression of their relation to their time. There are those, failing perhaps in their claim to be called artists at all, who can see nothing but an inert and shapeless image of their age, having no perception of its significance. They would see nothing in the career of Mr. Brown beyond the facts that he was educated at the town grammar school, joined his father, Sir Jonas Brown, in commerce at the age of seventeen, was elected . . . and so forth. In their work they substitute, in consequence, a certain explicitness of statement for comprehension, as when one of them addressed Matthew Arnold in a sonnet as

The greatest educationalist of thy time.

These people not only have no art, they have no vision. Of them it certainly cannot be said that they express their age, since they express nothing. But there is another kind of artist, not attaining greatness yet of wide influence and importance. His perceptive power is often acute, and it is directed upon the same objects as that of the masters; he too meditates upon the life common to the generations and the life peculiar to his own generation. His spiritual ardour is as loyal as that of greater artists than he, though it is less intense. He is aware of the necessity of inventing a new symbol to give authority to his expression of the thing before him, but his capacity for this invention is uncertain. In other words, although his purpose is active and not at all content with the journalistic record, his mastery over art

is incomplete. His act of fashioning does not entirely absorb and transform the material upon which it works, and his achievement will therefore, in smaller or greater degree, leave the thing that he has seen stated but not interpreted. But this very statement makes for more immediate recognition of its subject than does interpretation, and so it is that when we consider such an artist, whose work has a dignity great enough to command our respect and even affection and is yet not controlled with the final mastery, we find the material in which he has worked finely emphasised without being re-created. And since his material is in part the character of his own generation, we are apt to say that he, more clearly than another, expresses the spirit of his age.

II

Theodore Watts-Dunton was, perhaps, the most eminent example of the artist in this kind of his generation. The second half of the nineteenth century saw many poets who accomplished perfectly the expression of a slight but quite genuine impulse, making a durable music out of a not too ambitious adventurousness, but Watts-Dunton in his poetry aimed with fine earnestness at a breadth and power comparable to that achieved by his great contemporaries. Although the volume of his work as a poet is small, it is marked everywhere by the most serious intention and a diligent concern with the relating of a personal experience to universal experience. Now and again to sing consummately a secluded and delicate emotion was not at all his desire; enthusiastically he set himself to travel the wide world of imaginative thought in high-hearted emulation of the masters, more than one of whom he could call friend. If time deals unkindly with his fame as a poet, it will be because he purposed far more greatly than many whose lasting if gentle reputation, built on no finer or even less considerable a natural equipment, is assured. *The Coming of Love*, his chief poem, is designed in the manner of greatness. It has notable qualities: a large instinct for making its landscape, much variety of event and the conduct of subsidiary characters contribute to the presentation of the central character, Rhona; a deeply felt passion in the conception of that character itself; a frequent richness of diction and an occasional majesty of music. But with every grateful concession to an uncommon distinction of purpose, we have to admit that the art is not disciplined and comprehensive enough to crown so ambitious a scheme with success. The vision is individual, having something of the true discovery, but the imagination at work upon it relaxes too often to achieve the transformation of a fine vision into a great

poem. To take three varying examples of this relaxing of the imagination :

We two glide along
'Tween grassy banks she loves where, tall and strong,
The buttercups stand gleaming, smiling, yellow.

The poet no doubt saw that the buttercups were all those things—tall, strong, gleaming, smiling, yellow—but categorically to state that they were so is not at all the same thing as translating the fact into poetry. The buttercups are there plainly enough, but the explicit detail fails to give them their due significance; for the moment the imagination has ceased to work upon the thing seen, which is left at its factual value. Then :

And larks the sunshine turned to specks o' gold.

Here is an image which is an arbitrary invention of the fancy. When Milton speaks of the 'marble air' he transcends fact in the achievement of imaginative truth, as does Shakespeare when he speaks of 'golden lads,' but to call a skyward lark, which in the sunlight appears black—which, poetically, is black—a speck of gold, is not to transcend fact but to forget it.¹ And this again is a weakening of the imaginative grip. Finally :

And merle and mavis answer finch and jay.

The imaginative laxity here is none the less real because it happens to be of a curiously subtle kind. When Byron wrote

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea,

he was selecting from truth in order to create an image having a new truth of its own. It is pointless to remind him that the mountains look on the sea as well as on Marathon, and that in turn it is not Marathon alone that looks on the sea, since the mountains do this too. Byron justifies his disregard of these facts by a perfect expression of the fact essential to his purpose. But to suggest that merle and mavis answer finch and jay as against merle answering mavis, and so forth, is to make a very precise and therefore very challenging reconstitution of fact that has no corresponding gain, in the image created, to warrant it. These examples of artistic uncertainty would not be important in themselves, but there are not many pages in *The Coming of Love* on which one or another of them cannot in some degree be matched, and they are indications of the prevalent inadequacy

¹ I need hardly point out that when Shelley likens a lark in flight to a 'glow-worm golden in a dell of dew,' he is in reality likening the influence of the one phenomenon to that of the other, with no thought of identifying the appearances of the phenomena themselves.

of the art of the poem to deal greatly with a greatly intended design. The art too often either refrains from translating its material, life, or substitutes for its material a fancied life that is not quite good metal. This does not at all detract from the admirable qualities of the poem, nor is it to deny the poet his dues for a finely spirited purpose, but it does mean that in a work where continuity in the presentation of the central theme is of high or chief importance the defect, destroying as it does complete and persistent fusion, makes the final achievement impossible. The poetic mastery is intermittent and therefore, as far as the structural value of the work as a whole is concerned non-existent, and the success of the poem must remain with its more excellent parts. Failures of this kind are unfortunate for a poet's report, more unfortunate, perhaps, than they should be. Masterpieces *manqués* generally get less than their proper share of popular approval in the long run even if they get more than their deserts for a moment, but they are full of instruction and far from empty of delight for those who care to consider them. Noble purpose frustrated cannot compel the admiration won by noble purpose realised, but nobility of purpose is in either case good company. Though it may be relatively poor in conspicuous merits, and though it may fail for other reasons, *The Coming of Love* fails not more surely than most of Swinburne's and Tennyson's plays, than *Endymion*, than *The Romaunt of the Rose*. And who would wish these cancelled?

Whilst, however, Swinburne and Tennyson failed in their plays for lack of certainty in dramatic sense, and *Endymion* fails because it is but the delighted effervescence of immature genius, and *The Romaunt* because it is an almost unguided experiment in a new art, *The Coming of Love* fails because a ripened and really adventurous perception could not command an art equal to its purpose. And this fact makes the poet curiously expressive, in the more obvious sense, of the spirit of his age. Tennyson was two poets, and the lesser of these and Watts-Dunton represent the characteristic temper of their time more clearly, perhaps, than do any of their contemporaries. Tennyson at his best ranks with the other great Victorian poets as absorbing this local temper into the universal significance of his art, but there were times when his imagination relaxed in the same way as did Watts-Dunton's, leaving the material upon which it worked more exactly defined but not transfigured. And this temper was a blending of the last glow of the romanticism of which Gray and Collins and *Ossian* were the dawn, with a new and vigorous sympathy with individual men to which Wordsworth had sounded the lonely but mighty prelude. The romantic revival in England, or, as Watts-

Dunton admirably called it, the renaissance of wonder, was accompanied by a great deal of perfervid and hectic licence.

With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)

as Gray sang of his Bard, and even Collins dealt freely in 'shrill shrieks' and 'frantic fears.' But, in spite of all excesses, wonder was reborn in the work of these men, to be caught up a little later into the superb art of Shelley and his peers. Shelley's ecstasy is rarer than Gray's or Collins's, and it is more perfectly controlled into poetry, but it is still of the same texture. His worship is rather of a sublime than a familiar landscape, of the liberated spirit of man than of man captive to circumstance. This is not to say that Shelley was unconcerned with the landscape about him or with humanity; he was, passionately, but these things were not only absorbed by his art, they became in his imagination so purged of circumstance as to be magnificently incomplete. In the creation of his world he did not reject common experience, but he purified it so completely as almost at times to go beyond the interpretation to the change of its significance. And while Shelley was thus finding for the single spirit of romantic wonder its supreme expression, Wordsworth was amplifying it by an alert reference to the immediate life of the world at his door, and the wonder broadened in its range without losing in intensity. The heritage into which Victorian poetry came was thus dual in nature. It had in it the rapturous wonder of Shelley and the patient but greatly eager inquiry of Wordsworth. And the inquiry worked upon the wonder, subduing it beautifully, without destroying it, investigating experience more in terms of the concrete image and aiming at a subtler or at least more complex psychology in its observation of life, until Browning and Arnold with more in them of Wordsworth than of Shelley, Tennyson—at his best—and Morris with, perhaps, an equal distribution of the two influences, and Swinburne and Rossetti more directly in descent from Shelley than from Wordsworth, through the agency of their own individual endowments, wrought into their poetry the spirit of their age with more or less sympathy towards the one or the other of its two chief characteristics.

Watts-Dunton accepted his heritage eagerly and in its fulness, and since his consciousness of its nature was highly developed, and since at the same time the translation of his vision through art was imperfect, we have in his work a vivid and easily intelligible testimony as to what the heritage was. The instinct for wonder and the instinct for inquiry, testing and modifying each

other, move through all his poetry, expressing themselves with an openness that is almost *naïve*.

Young with the youth the sea's embrace can lend,
Our glowing limbs, with sun and brown empearled,
Seem born anew, and in your eyes, dear friend,
Rare pictures shine, like fairy flags unfurled,
Of child-land, where the roofs of rainbows bend
Over the magic wonders of the world.

In such passages as these it is not the spirit of wonder wrought to the purpose of a great art that we find, it is the wonder itself, not invested with new significance, but very definitely emphasised for all to see. And even Tennyson, in his more restricted mood, was no more precise in curious observation than this :

O God ! a blazing world of sea—
A blistered deck—an engine's grinding jar—
Hot scents of scorching oil and paint and tar—
And, in the offing up yon fiery lee,
One spot in the air no bigger than a bee—
A frigate-bird that sails alone afar,

while the very constraint of a passage such as :

The trees awake : I hear the branches creak !
And ivy-leaves are tapping at the pane :
Dawn draws across the grey a saffron streak,
To let me read at sunrise once again
Beautiful Rhona's letter, which has lain,
Balmg the pillow underneath my cheek,
While in the dark her writing seemed to speak :
Her great eyes lit my brain.

reminds us the more immediately of the analytical activity controlling it. The spirit of inquiry is here being used as material, and so deliberate is the use that it is at once evident. And it would be difficult to find anything in the poetry of the period illustrating more explicitly the interaction of the two chief phases of the period's distinguishing temper than this :

The young light peeps through yonder trembling chink
The tent's mouth makes in answer to a breeze ;
The rooks outside are stirring in the trees,
Through which I see the deepening bars of pink.
I hear the earliest anvils tingling clink
From Jasper's forge ; the cattle on the leas
Begin to low. She's waking by degrees :
Sleep's rosy fetters melt, but link by link.

What dream is hers ? Her eyelids shake with tears ;
The fond eyes open now like flowers in dew :
She sobs I know not what of passionate fears.
' You'll never leave me now ? There is but you ;
I dreamt a voice was whispering in my ears,
" The Dukkeripen ² o' stars comes ever true." '

² Prophecy.

Wonder and inquiry are very plainly written here. If the poet's sincerity were less unchallengeable or his purpose less single, the wonder and inquiry would be vague in their statement because they would be but vaguely apprehended; if his art were greater they would be suggested by a new symbol of the poet's invention instead of being clearly projected, as they are, in their own image. The spirit of the age is veritably manifest.

Watts-Dunton's poetry has been praised, and with every justification, by men whose authority is undeniable. His friendship with many of his great contemporaries may perhaps have accented their opinion of his work, but it would be not only ungracious but wholly unintelligent to suppose that the opinion and its statement were more influenced by circumstance than this. Morris wished to print *The Coming of Love*, and the sanction of the Kelmscott Press was not lightly given. Meredith and Mr. Hardy represent an attitude very naturally adopted by a considerable body of the genius of the time towards a poet who expressed so lucidly material with which it was so deeply concerned itself. Meredith wrote of a sonnet on Coleridge: 'The sonnet is pure amber for a piece of descriptive analogy that fits the poet wonderfully, and one might beat through volumes of essays and not so paint him.' The work is praised for its admirable 'descriptive analogy,' not for its art. And similarly Mr. Hardy says of *Christmas at the Mermaid*: 'it seems remarkable that you should have had the conjuring power to raise up those old years so brightly in your own mind first, as to be able to exhibit them to readers in such high relief of three dimensions, as one may say.' Again it is the vision rather than its fashioning into great poetry that is noted and admired. This is not to detract from the weight and value of such approval, but to point out the habit in which the approval instinctively moved. The indisputable evidence of intellectual effort and sincerity that this poet gave in his work could claim with authority the applause of men who knew the rare value of these qualities, and they could bestow it with perfect honesty and gladly without considering the question of creative mastery too closely. So long as the art was not unworthy, and here it certainly was not that, they were eager not to withhold their gratitude for fine spiritual determination merely because the art was not correspondingly great. And other critics than these, with, in a limited sense, equal justice, went beyond them in praise. It has already been said that while Watts-Dunton's imaginative discipline was not perfect enough to carry a great poetic design to the fulness of success at which, by its own magnitude, it aimed, he achieved many notable beauties in brief. In spite of its failure as a constructive whole, there are many memorable things in *The Coming*

of *Love*, as the spirited and deftly modulated haymaking song, such lines as :

Where golden shafts from out the quiver of morn
Pierce the wet leaves and wake the hidden thrush.

and

But when I'm dead the Golden Hand o' Love
Will shine some day where mists o' mornin' swim ;
Me too you'll see, dear, when the sun's red rim
Peeps through the Rookery boughs by Rington spire,
And makes the wet leaves wink like stars o' fire ;
Then, when the skylark wakes the thrush and dove,
An' squirrels jump, and rabbits scramble roun',
An' hares cock up their ears a-shinin' brown,
An' grass an' blossoms mix their mornin' smells
Wi' Dingle songs from all the chirikels,³
You'll see me there above.

and touches so admirably contrived as the return of the burden of the quarrel poem in Rhona's plea made long afterwards in her letter :

Come back minaw, and you may kiss your han
To that fine rawni rowin on the river.

And this fortunate management is to be found, in some shape or another, in many of the shorter poems. *Christmas at the Mermaid* is full of energy, with a swinging narrative movement and many finely visualised descriptive strokes. A passage such as :

He saw a child watching the birds that flew
Above a willow, through whose musky leaves
A green musk-beetle shone with mail and greaves
That shifted in the light to bronze and blue,

achieves, by virtue of its style, the translation of vision into poetry of which we have been speaking, and although there is in the poem at times the same kind of uncertainty as in *The Coming of Love*, it does not here interfere so seriously with the total effect, since the design is much less ambitious. The poem deserves and should continue to enjoy the wide favour that it has won. With the memory in our minds of many exquisite moments in his work, therefore, it is not surprising to hear of so authoritative a judge as Rossetti speaking of 'Watts's magnificent star sonnet.' Had it been possible for Watts-Dunton to concentrate his gifts on the production of a slender lyric output it might have been of very high, even of the first rank. But he set them to the creation of work that needed a master's far-ranging art to encompass, and his poetic achievement suffers in consequence. His responsiveness to the great masterpieces of poetry and his intimacy with men who were adding to their number led him to

³ Birds.

a lofty and eager emulation. This liberal purpose did not prosper in its highest ambition, but in following it loyally he attained to a poetry that is often beautiful, profoundly interesting as a study both in its failure and its success, and dignified always by an informing principle of earnest enthusiasm that, in its kind, touches greatness. And it has a definite place in the literary history of the age.

III

In prose Watts-Dunton wrote his widely-known romance, *Aylwin*, and a great deal of uncollected criticism. The reputation of *Aylwin* as a very remarkable book is not likely to be seriously revised even though it should cease to be very commonly tested. It has the qualities and defects of his poetry, but in a work of prose fiction these particular qualities are of the highest importance while the defects do not assume at all the same gravity. The power of projecting vision into an insinuating but reticent art is still faulty, the imagination failing at times to fuse its materials. The following passage, for example, is quite sincerely conceived, but it is unwrought. Two children, both of them under twelve years of age, are talking. The spirit of the thing is true, but the expression impugns rather than enforces the truth.

'Don't you wish,' said the little girl meditatively, 'that men and women had voices more like birds?'

The idea had never occurred to me before, but I understood in a moment what she meant and sympathised with her. Nature, of course, had been unkind to the lords and ladies of creation in this one matter of voice.

'Yes, I do,' I said.

'I'm so glad you do,' said she. 'I've so often thought what a pity it is that God did not let men and women talk and sing as the birds do. I believe He let 'em talk like that in the Garden of Eden, don't you?'

'I think it very likely,' I said.

'Men's voices are so rough mostly and women's voices are so sharp mostly that it's sometimes a little hard to love 'em as you love the birds.'

'It is,' I said.

'Don't you think the poor birds must sometimes feel very much distressed at hearing the voices of men and women, especially when they all talk together?'

The idea seemed so original and yet so true that it made me laugh; we both laughed. . . .

'The rooks mayn't mind,' said the little girl. . . . 'But I'm afraid the blackbirds and thrushes can't like it. I do so wonder what they say about it.'

But this artistic incompleteness is easily forgiven in a novel for qualities such as *Aylwin* possesses. It may pass as a little idiosyncratic to-day, but it has always seemed to me that the

first duty of a work of fiction is to tell a good story and tell it convincingly. I have the hardihood to think that the novel has set itself to many tasks that can only be accomplished by poetry. However that may be, *Aylwin* does tell a story, full of passion and observation, and it maintains its interest with admirable sureness. The faculty that created Rhona Boswell in strong vivid outline is here put to excellent use, and we become intimately concerned in the histories of many credible and arresting people. In its own generation the book attracted as much attention for its adventures into mysticism as for its more durable qualities, which, in their degree, are those of Fielding and Scott and Dumas, to prove kinship with whom remains the novelist's highest distinction. The mysticism and scientific ferment of *Aylwin* may well perish; the simple humanity and narrative power of it will survive.

A careful selection of Watts-Dunton's critical essays should be a feather in some diligent editor's cap. Long before he had published anything, his opinions passed the rounds of literary circles with authority. He was over forty years old when his first critical article, a review of Mr. Gosse's poetic play, *King Erik*, appeared in the *Examiner*. The work which he subsequently did for the *Athenæum* and other papers did more, perhaps, than that of any other man of his time to establish a proper consideration of poetry in literary journalism. That in itself was a great service, but it was by no means the measure of the work's value. He explored the principles of literature with a discernment of a very rare order, and a well-edited selection from his pronouncements would take its place as one of the most clear-sighted—though not necessarily most profound—books of criticism in the language. His best known essay, that on Poetry in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is a little formless in design, largely because of the necessities of the occasion. But his criticism is not chiefly valuable for its sustained argument or comprehensive treatment of a given subject. It moves in leisurely fashion, discursive and sometimes quite gaily superficial, but at frequent and unexpected moments it drives a shaft right to the heart of its theme. They would make a very gallant quiver-full for the gathering.

IV

I saw Theodore Watts-Dunton twice at 'The Pines.' He was then eighty years of age, but his mind was wholly unsubdued by his bodily infirmities. He was full of a most gracious courtesy, eager for any news of the literary world succeeding that in which he had lived with so much distinction. The nature of his most intimate relationship with that world, his friendship with Swinburne, has yet to be told, and it is highly fortunate

that the decision as to how far this may profitably be discussed in public rests with the man who of all others in letters to-day is by knowledge and judgment most fitted for the task. Mr. Gosse's promised monograph on Swinburne will, we may be sure, cover the ground once and for all. But it pleases me to record thus briefly the unseared enthusiasm and alertness of the old poet and critic. He talked freely of the great men who had been his friends, speaking of Rossetti as incomparably the most forceful personality of his age, of Morris's eager and noble simplicity, of Swinburne's insatiable appetite for newspaper reading sorting oddly with the amazing range of his knowledge of literature, and of a hundred other things making for pleasant gossip. He was anxious to hear about the new poets, generous in encouragement, and full of faith in the future of the art that he had loved and served. He made no mention of having written a line of verse himself, nor, save for a casual remark that 'many years ago he did a good deal of work for the magazines' and a reference to a note in a new edition of *Aylwin*, any mention of having written at all. Now and again his mind would flash out in some brief critical disquisition, praising Dickens, it might be, or attacking Ibsen. It was curiously soothing to hear this old man who had lived through a generation which if it was distinguished by great friendships was also violated by bitter animosities, talking with serene freshness at the end.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

OUR RURAL PROBLEMS AND THE WAR

WE are so conscious of the losses and deprivations due to the War that it is well worth while taking account of any good things it may bring us.

First and foremost, undoubtedly, comes the demonstration of the fact that *effective non-party action is practicable*. In three issues of this Review¹ I have been urging that there was a great deal to be said for trying to look at the problems of the rural districts from a non-party point of view, and for trying to work out the solutions of those problems as far as possible on non-party lines. I ventured to point out that the best brains and experience, so much needed for dealing with the questions of the countryside, are not to be found within the borders of a single party, and that in matters of such complexity and importance it was business-like to endeavour to enlist all the available goodwill and technical knowledge. Unfortunately, many people's notion of a non-party attitude is that their opponents should adopt their views. Of the good faith of those ingenuous ones there can, of course, be no question. They are merely unable to free themselves from the bonds in which they have been bred.

The astonishing collapse of party strife in Great Britain and Ireland on the declaration of war against Germany was due to the vivid conception which the nation obtained of the dangers to which it was exposed. Pleas for a non-party attitude towards rural reform will be listened to when our people have brought home to them, with equal vividness, that a rural life and industry full of vigour and hopefulness is at the very roots of national strength.

As soon as the war is over and we are able once more to face the problems of England outside the towns, the demand for a non-party consideration of them must be enormously strengthened by the national recollection of the value of political unity during the present crisis.

It is deplorable that work on urgent problems of the rural districts should be arrested. But it is only for a time. *The War*

¹ 'Whitehall and the Countryman,' November 1913; 'Tiberius Gracchus and his Judges,' January 1914; 'At the Mouth of Three Witnesses,' April 1914.

will make the townsman realise as he has never done before that the Land is the basis of national welfare. It is now seen that he who is in possession of land is the strong man. The farmer in his fields and the labourer in his garden, both making haste to put all their soil to the utmost service, are found to be entrenching themselves and all of us against hard times, as the people of cities are unable to do.

Thanks to the Fleet, and thanks to the fact that our most important foodstuffs come from the New World and the Antipodes, we in this country need not feel the pinch of hunger. But we may thank the War for teaching us, more quickly and forcibly than agricultural writers were able to do, that larger areas of our country ought to be under better cultivation, that we might profitably devote a greater acreage to wheat, and that national funds have never been better spent than in financing such experimental work as has been undertaken under the auspices of the Development Commission, and in providing larger resources for agricultural education.

The War will certainly call us sharply to book for the neglect to produce any of our own sugar. Every Continental country but Norway makes sugar, yet we who consume more sugar per head than any country in the world except Australia, and four fifths of it beet sugar, have only a single, struggling three-year-old factory. Last year we had more than half of our sugar from Germany and Austria-Hungary. What will become of the necessarily ill-managed Russian and French crops, which, with the German and Austro-Hungarian, normally furnish seven out of the eight million tons of sugar produced in Europe, remains to be seen. In the past, various reasons have been offered for not pressing more strongly on the English farmer the excellent alternative root crop of sugar beet, which, unlike turnips, brings in money as soon as harvested. These reasons will not now have much weight. Our admirals, who once swept the sea of cane sugar, forced sugar beet cultivation on the Continent. A reckless Germany and Austria-Hungary may, in turn, do us the service of establishing in England a crop and a food industry of great national value.

Fun has been made of a Back-to-the-land movement which took small account of the difficulties in the way of bringing back to the land people who had never been there. But during war time it will be shown that the instinct of the townsman to betake himself to the country was sound. This is not to say that he ought always to have followed his instinct. Ordinarily ill-fitted by the environment of a lifetime, and by his lack of training, to adopt the life of the hamlet, and to draw a livelihood from amateurish working of, it may be, inferior land, he is usually

happier in a City office by day and in a Garden Suburb the rest of his time. Nevertheless his instinct for the country has been worth something to the State. It has helped to form a new conception of the right provision of air and garden space in suburban housing. It has stimulated the growing interest in gardening, and no doubt the progress of a better diet, making him appreciate a greater variety and a finer quality of vegetables and fruit. The instinct of the townsman for the country was sound, because it led him to believe that health and quiet, the enjoyment of life, and the doing of something obviously serviceable, were more to be desired than a steady salary.

Even that butt of the comic papers, the seeker after a Simpler Life, has come to honour during the War. He it was who first realised the sinfulness of waste, a fact which is now being so widely advertised. *The War, to the extent to which it may curb extravagance, and bring into esteem those who seek a simpler and worthier way of living, must prove a most valuable agent of national health.* Holland is a rich country agriculturally and commercially, but compare the income and expenditure of a Dutch and an English civil servant, doctor, or merchant. It may be said that the Dutchman is as well educated, that he reads as much, that he hears as good music, that he attends as many plays, that he has as good professional advice when he needs it, that he sees as much of the world outside his own country; but all this is managed for something like half the money that must be paid in England for the same advantages. It is preposterous to believe that economies could not be effected all round in English life if we were only resolved to be thrifty. Among us, however, the religious virtue of thrift seems to be confounded with parsimony. One of the greatest chances of betterment ever offered to the nation will be missed if a determined effort is not made during the War to recover some of the former belief in, and practice of, thrift which, in Gladstone's case for instance, made him think it no shame to write postcards when postcards would hold all he wanted to say.

Although, to name three departments of expenditure only, education, the means of intellectual improvement and professional service cost more in England than they ought to do, it is possible that the most constant source of waste here is food. Meat, in the quantities and varieties in which it is consumed in thousands of households, is an extravagance. Its worth as food is often in small relation to its cost. Despite all the advance which has been made during the past few years in the knowledge of food values and of cooking, the expenditure of the average household is still lamentably unscientific. Without subscribing to everything in the book, attention may well be drawn

to Mr. Bang's half-crown translation of Dr. Hindhede's *What to Eat and Why* (Ewart, Seymour), which effectively demonstrates the waste and incompetency of much family catering.

With the outbreak of War there seems to be in the country districts, always neighbourly and friendly, a still greater neighbourliness and friendliness. The strikes in various counties have been settled, and the harvest has been got in with a will. Although the farmers will not receive the price for their corn they expected, they will do well this year and probably for many years to come. It remains to be seen how they will act in the matter of wages. In many districts the pay of the labourers has been raised; but, with the rise in the cost of food, any margin which may have existed between what the men receive and what they have to pay out has disappeared. By February the families of many honest, hard-working cottagers must be feeling the pinch. But although the farmers are getting more for their corn, the War is not all gain to them. Feeding stuffs and other supplies will cost them more. The general result, however, must be to leave agriculturists in a sound position. Hitherto the gibe of the labourer's friends, at the expense of the farming class, has been that during the periods when agriculture was most prosperous wages were lowest. Will those farmers who have lately argued that, in low-wage districts, wages could be raised by general good will without strikes and wages boards, now make it their duty to bring their backward neighbours into line and see to it that the labourer's position is bettered? The War furnishes an exceptionally favourable opportunity to promote good will between the labourer and the farmer throughout the country. It is the part of instructed rural residents, of clergymen, of everyone to whom farmers will listen, to encourage them to the utmost to make life so attractive to labouring men that they may remain in the villages. It would be a disaster to agriculture, as to the great centres of population, if there were to be increased migration townwards this winter. There is a great deal of kindness and foresight among farmers, but it is sometimes found alongside a singular inability to realise the justice of the labourer's plea for conditions of life approximating to those of other skilled workers. It is still possible, alas, to hear in country places within an hour's train journey of London such outworn phrases as that 'The poor should not be encouraged,' and that 'Working men must be kept firmly under the control of the masters.' Dour, stubborn and slow-moving farmers, as ignorant of elementary economics as of the progress of working-class organisation in the towns, and the degree to which the claims of the workers there have been conceded, are not the most hopeful agents of rural good will. The period which is approaching is one in which

many labourers' families must be in straitened circumstances. They have been in straitened circumstances before. But will they accept poverty as tamely as they have done in the past, now that they are better acquainted with the conditions enjoyed by their fellows in the cities, and have two trade unions of their own to direct them? Whatever horrors we may have to face during the War, we must not suffer the discredit of rick burnings and rural Peterloos.

J. W. ROBERTSON-SCOTT (' *Home Counties* ').

THE PRACTICAL UTILITY OF THE BOY SCOUTS DURING THE WAR

WHEN the Boy Scout movement had been in existence barely twelve months, and when the nation had had an opportunity of understanding the work of this new organisation, King Edward addressed the following message to Sir Robert Baden-Powell :

Please assure the boys that the King takes a great interest in them *and that if he should call upon them later in life the sense of patriotic responsibility and happy discipline which they are now acquiring as boys will enable them to do their duty as men should any danger threaten the Empire.*

Those were weighty words, but, written in 1909, doubtless had very little influence upon the lives of the lads who were then steadily enrolling themselves under the banner of the defender of Mafeking.

But how different is all this to-day ! In truth, Sir Robert Baden-Powell must be a proud man. Within six years of its inception the Boy Scout movement has become a great national asset, and there must be few, I make bold to say, who would question that estimate of its value. When the Duke of Connaught was in South Africa, he has related, he met Boy Scouts in every town, 'always to the front and always taking a pride in any work which they were called upon to do.' This will be readily understood when I state that the Scout movement, when shorn of its mantle of educational practice, reveals itself purely as a bold move in a patriotic direction. Its features, from whichever standpoint it is observed, are all towards inculcating the ideals of citizenship, patriotism and love of country. The moment a boy enters the ranks of the movement he is at once impressed with the knowledge that he is part of the British nation, that he must honour God and the King, and if duty calls he must be prepared to stand by his King and country. Let me say at once that because some of the accessories of military organisation are a *sine qua non* it must not be thought that the spirit of militarism is therefore part of scoutcraft. The leaders and organisers of the Boy Scouts always vigorously repudiate the common charge brought against them that the movement fosters militarism in any shape or form.

Unfortunately the student of patriotism and the lover of

country is forced to the belief that average children grow to manhood and womanhood oblivious of the fact that they are part of the British nation. They receive, of course, the elementary and rudimentary knowledge of the flag displayed by patriotic celebrations, but in their national impulses—e.g. pride in their country and devotion to its flag—are left untrained and undeveloped. The average Britisher is unquestionably a patriot at heart, with a patriotism inherited in the blood from generations of loyal Britons, or perchance brought into being by contact with the Navy and Army, but this instinct frequently lies dormant for want of knowledge and the experience to ripen it into vigorous activity. And in my opinion it is not too much to suggest that the patriotic and national salvation of the Empire may come from the Boy Scout movement. Those who, like myself, have watched the movement from its earliest days—observed its extraordinary development and seen its effect—would hardly consider that the suggestion borders on the extravagant. The Boy Scout of this day is taught that he must be prepared to serve his country, no matter what form the service assumes. And in this article I propose to show how the Boy Scouts are demonstrating the practical usefulness of their training, and testing all the theories of Sir Robert Baden-Powell during a period of extreme gravity.

As soon as the war clouds threatened to burst over England word was sent to every Scout Commissioner¹ in the United Kingdom that all Scouts possible would be needed in the crisis.

The Chief Scout went quietly to work to complete the mobilisation of his unique army, and within the space of a week had completely mobilised the whole of the 22,000 lads in the London area, and had given similar instructions for the embodiment of the Boy Scouts all over the country. Sir Robert Baden-Powell's order called upon the lads and their Scoutmasters to show in this time of national emergency how their organisation can be of material service to the country. There has been no departure from the essential principle that the movement is non-military, but Sir Robert clearly indicated that there were duties within the scope of police work which the Boy Scouts could well carry out under the direction of the Chief Constable in each county, where he cares to utilise their services; and the services which the Boy Scouts are undertaking at this moment are the following :

Handing out notices to inhabitants and other duties connected with billeting, commandeering, warning, etc.

Carrying out communications by means of despatch-riders, signallers, wireless, etc.

¹ Commissioners are appointed by Headquarters to act as its representative in each county.

Guarding and patrolling bridges, culverts, telegraph lines, etc., against damage by individual spies.

Collecting information as to supplies, transport, etc., available.

Carrying out organised relief measures among inhabitants.

Helping families of men employed in defence duties, or sick or wounded

Establishing first aid, dressing or nursing stations, refuges, dispensaries, soup kitchens, etc., in their clubrooms.

Acting as guides, orderlies, etc.

Forwarding despatches dropped by aircraft.

Sea scouts watching estuaries and ports, guiding vessels in unbuoyed channels, or showing lights to friendly vessels, etc., and assisting coast-guards.

This list does not exhaust all the duties which they are able to undertake; it merely gives an outline which can be elaborated to suit the local requirements and conditions in the respective areas, after consultation with the Chief Constables and defence authorities.

It may be asked, and with reason, what sort of training does a Boy Scout undergo which adequately fits him to undertake the duties enumerated above? For reply I cannot do better than give the tests which a boy must pass—and with proper credit—before he secures the badge which is the symbol of efficiency. Thus, the Ambulance man: The lad must know the fireman's lift; how to drag an insensible man with ropes; how to improvise a stretcher; the position of main arteries; how to stop bleeding from vein, artery, internal or external; how to improvise splints and to diagnose and bind a fractured limb, and amongst other useful things he must have a knowledge of the laws of health and sanitation as given in the official Scout Handbook. Who will question a Scout's use during war time, acting in a First Aid capacity?

The Scout Cyclist is everywhere to be seen on Government service, and before he becomes possessed of the Cyclist Badge he must sign a certificate that he owns a bicycle in good working order, and is willing to use it in the King's service if called upon at any time in case of emergency. He must be able to ride his bicycle satisfactorily and repair punctures, etc. He must be able to read a map and report correctly a verbal message.

Before employing a number of scout cyclists the Acting Quarter-master-General of the Eastern Command gave them a 'Knowledge of London' test that might have puzzled the most competent taxi-driver. These lads came very successfully through the test, and are now acting for the headquarters of the Eastern Command.

The Scout Horseman is truly a capable young man. His test ordains that he must ride at all paces and jump an ordinary fence on horseback; saddle and bridle a horse correctly; harness correctly in single or double harness and be able to drive; know

how to water and feed and groom his horse properly, and the principal causes and remedies of lameness.

Of inestimable value to troops drafted into different parts of the country and the coast must be the Scout Pathfinder. Few outside the movement have any idea of the real hard work and persevering effort that a lad has to put in before he can secure the Pathfinder's badge. To obtain it a boy must know every lane, bye-path and short cut for a distance of at least two miles in every direction around the local Scouts' headquarters in the country, or for one mile if in a town, and have a general knowledge of the district within a five-mile radius of his local headquarters, so as to be able to guide people at any time, by day or night. In addition he must know the general direction of the principal neighbouring towns for a distance of twenty-five miles, and be able to give strangers clear directions how to get to them. Again, in the country, in a two-mile radius he must know the names of the different farms, their approximate acreage and stock; or, in a town, in a half-mile radius, know the principal livery stables, corn chandlers, forage merchants, bakers and butchers. In town or country a Pathfinder must know the situation of the police stations, hospitals, doctors, telegraph, telephone offices, fire engines, turncocks, blacksmiths, jobmasters and factories where over a dozen horses are kept.

Signallers are of course of immense advantage on the coast, and before a lad is allowed to wear the crossed flags he must pass tests in both sending and receiving in Semaphore and Morse signalling by flag—minimum rate twenty-four letters per minute for Morse, thirty-six for Semaphore; give and read letters by sound; make correct smoke and flame signals with fires; show the proper method of signalling with the staff. The Telegraphist is examined in simple electric circuits, and must be able to send out and receive by Morse key and sounder a message at the rate of thirty letters a minute; be able to explain the construction of, and do simple repairs to, single-needle telegraph instruments and understand the elementary principles of a wireless telegraphy installation.

One need not continue this line further in order to recognise how highly useful are the Boy Scouts undertaking duty in any of the spheres of activity previously mentioned. No wonder therefore that, when the mobilisation of the newly-formed service of Boy Scouts was complete, calls were made for its assistance from every part of the country, and within twenty-four hours 2500 Boy Scouts had been requisitioned for various duties! All who have enlisted in the service are registered at the headquarters, 116 Victoria Street, Westminster, and also with their

local associations. From headquarters those who require their services are referred to the address of the troop in their district best able to undertake the required service.

One of the earliest requisitions came from the Prince of Wales (who, by the way, is the Chief Scout for Wales), who desired the assistance of four cyclist Boy Scouts at York House in connexion with the National Fund, of which he is Treasurer. A lady in Grosvenor Square rang up for the services of the same number in making up bandages. The Secretary of the G.P.O. asked for sixty, all cyclists, to relieve the telegraph department. Another public Department required one hundred at once who were able to give their services continuously for a week. Another one hundred were needed by the Camberwell Red Cross. Ten Boy Scouts were despatched in response to an appeal from an aircraft factory for patrol work at night times, whilst the Chief Constable of Birmingham found employment for 1500 lads.

Attached to the staff of the War Office are over 100 Scouts. Some, provided with bicycles, are messengers—swift, silent little fellows—taking their orders from the sergeants in the main halls and returning with the envelopes of the letters they have delivered marked with the time of delivery. Other Scouts are employed all over the building as office boys, running about like so many mice among the big men. Every official, high and low, is delighted with the work of these trained boys, and the authorities are recognising their services by allowing them 9s. per week each as pay.

A more confidential duty, in assisting police patrol, was entrusted to eighty Boy Scouts, who were despatched from headquarters in four parties of twenty, each under a Scoutmaster. They are being employed for night work over a wide area outside of London, and were equipped with blankets and rations. Their departure was watched by a large crowd, who showed much curiosity as to their destination. This and other instructions, however, were only given to the Scouts on reaching a notified rendezvous, some miles out of London. Another party on a similar errand left the next night. In these cases, of course, a special selection for age and physique was made throughout the whole organisation. Then, again, there was a rumour that the London reservoirs might be tampered with. An offer of patrols from Boy Scout troops in the immediate neighbourhoods of these was immediately sent to the Metropolitan Water Board. As another example of the usefulness of the Boy Scouts' service, it may be mentioned that there was circulated this notice :

'Motor-cycle, with side-car, is wanted for tampering with telegraph wires at Greenwich.'

Bodies of cyclists are kept in readiness in district camps, and thousands of names on the registers at headquarters are marked 'Anywhere, anything.'

The Admiralty attached 1200 Scouts to the troops guarding the East Coast, and it is estimated that 3000 are assisting the police in various capacities and in watching the telephones and telegraph lines. To show how perfectly the service is organised I may mention that after 6 P.M. on Monday, the 10th of August, a party of Scouts was telegraphed for to headquarters for duty on the East Coast; the East London District Association was at once communicated with, and by 7 o'clock a telegram announced at Victoria Street that the boys had already left from Liverpool Street, Great Eastern Railway. An amusing illustration of the versatility of the Boy Scout followed the receipt of a message from the War Office mess to the effect that there was a great shortage of waiters and waitresses, and asking if the service could help. The work, it was pointed out, was hard and responsible, and therefore probably not of a kind to be undertaken by boys; but it was suggested that they might find a supply of regular waiters. The service, however, was equal to the call; four six-foot Scouts were immediately despatched.

One of the smartest 'good turns' was done on Sunday, the 16th of August, by the boys. At midday, circulars relating to recruiting were sent by the War Office to the Scouts headquarters with instructions that they were to be made into slides and distributed to the 494 London picture palaces. These circulars were despatched to the ten London district offices, and so prompt was the work that the slides were actually shown on the screens of these cinema theatres the same evening.

From almost all Mayors in the London area, to whom the offer of Boy Scouts for civic duties has been made, letters have been received, expressing high appreciation of the service, and an intention to make use of it should the necessity arise. As I write Sir Robert Baden-Powell has received a large number of commendatory letters from which I select the following:

From the American Citizens' Committee:

The ladies of the above Committee wish to tender you their sincere thanks for the services of the Boy Scouts. It is impossible to say how useful and efficient they have proved.

From a Chief Constable:

The Boy Scouts have up to this been most useful in the arduous and important duties of watching the important telegraph lines throughout the county.

From the Divisional Officer of a Labour Exchange :

I have the honour to bring to your notice the excellent service rendered by the 4th Aldershot troop of Boy Scouts during the recent mobilisation of the Aldershot Division. The duty of supplying all civilian labour requirements to the Command was allotted to this department and the Scouts remained continuously on duty during the whole period at the local Labour Exchange. They were entrusted with the duty of guiding the various units, and were held responsible for handing them over at the proper barracks or depôts wherever required, bringing back receipts showing that the men had arrived safely at their allotted stations. . . . I cannot speak too highly of their energy, zeal, and cheerfulness.

In view of the public services which are being rendered generally by the Boy Scouts' Association, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War has given the Association authority to publish an announcement that the uniform of the Boy Scouts ('B-P' hat or Sea Scout cap and fleur-de-lys badge essential) is recognised by his Majesty's Government as the uniform of a public service non-military body. Everybody will be glad to know that the movement has gained Government recognition. It is important that this step should not be misunderstood. It does not mean any change in the policy or organisation of the Scouts—they remain what they have always been, a strictly non-military body without arms or regulation drill. The Chief Scout emphasises this point by a general order declaring it 'most important that no officer or scout rendering any of these services (to the War Office or the Police) should carry arms.' Of course, every Boy Scout is longing just now to be a soldier—he would not be a boy if he did not. But it is no part of the Scout movement that in the case of war it should transform itself into a number of corps of boyish irregulars, like the junior *francs-tireurs* whom France found to be of questionable practical use in her time of war with Germany in 1870.

Another branch of the Scout organisation which is rendering yeoman service to the State is that of the Sea Scouts. The latter organisation is headed by Admiral Lord Charles Beresford and, like their land comrades, the Sea Scouts are also carrying out special duties. It is not so long ago that Mr. Warrington Baden-Powell, K.C., the well-known Admiralty lawyer and brother of the Chief Scout, issued the official handbook of the Sea Scouts wherein he indicated how valuable the Sea Scouts could be in the event of war. Every headland, cliff, creek and harbour would find employment for the keen-eyed Sea Scout, who would be properly instructed how to get in touch with the telegraph if emergency should arise.

It is not too much to say that every Boy Scout in the United Kingdom who is available is doing some sort of service or other.

To those boys who have not yet deemed it expedient to consider themselves eligible to lend a hand Sir Robert Baden-Powell issues the following appeal :

Boys of Britain, don't go about waving flags because there is war. Any ass can do that. And don't stay idle doing nothing, that is almost worse. Come and do something for your country. She needs your help. The Boy Scouts are now on service in all parts of the Kingdom. Come and join the nearest troop in your district and do duty like a man.

At the other end of the scale, the Boy Scouts are also to be utilised for all sorts of work which has to be left in consequence of the workers having been called away.

Thus, the Agricultural Consultative Committee have welcomed a timely offer which they have received from the Boy Scouts' Association for the conveyance of messages between farmers and possible sources of labour, and other like tasks. They hope that this expedient may do something to overcome the practical difficulty of communication. Some of the Boy Scouts are to be lent for harvesting, a job which should be after their own hearts. One big northern district has decided to call upon sixty or seventy of the sturdier lads to help the farmers. The idea is that they should camp in the district to which they are drafted and that farmers should pay them a wage in proportion to their years.

In like manner comes an appeal from men who have passed out of the ranks of the movement and are now Senior, or Old, Scouts for some opportunity to put their Scout teachings to the test. To the suggestion that an Old Scout Corps be formed, Sir Robert has replied :

I would gladly take those who, for good reasons, are unable to serve their country in the fighting line, but I would urge all who possibly can do so to join the Navy or the Army, either in the Regular or Territorial branch. They can serve their country to the best possible extent in that way. There is little use in frittering away our strength in all sorts of irregular corps. In South Africa a great number of these were in the field, but whatever their value in that kind of campaign they would be of little use against the organised and trained troops of the Continent. With an Old Scouts Corps we can do a great deal of valuable work behind the scenes. We could train men in their evenings for defence work, and we could utilise for home defence those who are pigeon-flyers, cyclists, motorists, etc., for duties as coastguards, despatch runners, special constables, and the like, in their own counties. But above all we could use them as leaders of the Boy Scouts, who are now being largely employed in those duties.

The establishment of an Old Scouts Corps is now under consideration, but actual organisation will not take place until Earl Kitchener has obtained his 100,000 men.

In my article on the Boy Scout movement which appeared

in this Review some three years² ago I traced the development of scouting in the big Continental cities. It was being adopted with great zeal and enthusiasm in France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Spain, Sweden, Denmark—in fact all over Europe. Little did I think at that time that the Scout movement would prove such an important factor in war time. In Germany the movement has been looked upon more particularly as a distant adjunct to militarism; not so in France, Belgium or Holland. They are, as their designation indicates, 'peace' Scouts and in that capacity they are also at this moment rendering highly efficient service in Belgium. In Brussels, where I recently had the privilege of watching the local troops at practice, the Boy Scouts are being employed as despatch riders, as orderlies for the Red Cross Organisation, as 'policemen' for street duty at night and in a thousand different ways for relieving distress.

There are to-day nearly 5000 Boy Scouts in Belgium, about 1000 of whom belong to the distinct Catholic branch. Their organisation is based entirely on that of the 'B-P' Boy Scouts, and their uniform is exactly similar to the British pattern. The practical utility of these Scouts during the war is demonstrated in their readiness to assist the State in every possible way. They have splendid headquarters in the Rue des Sables, where an efficient staff directs their movements each day. Here the Scouts who have had no duty assigned to them assemble every morning to take their orders. Singly, in twos and threes, or in patrols of eight, they march off on some mission, conscious, yet not obtrusively conscious, of their responsibilities. Each lad wears a band on his right arm with the letters 'S.M.'—'service militaire.' Many of the boys are cyclists and not a few have motors on which they may be seen hurrying, perhaps from some school or hotel which has been converted into a temporary hospital, in search of stores.

A correspondent writes from Brussels: 'I have seen a Scout pack a fair-sized motor car with dressing and various cases of utensils required by some hospital, checking his list and working in a most business-like and methodical manner. Or, again, these young and energetic citizens have, on their handcarts, transported beds and hospital furniture from the army stores, or from shops to buildings throughout the town which have been converted into hospitals.

'Last Friday,' adds the writer, 'I found that I required a pass from the Burgomaster. On arriving at the "Bureau du Bourgmestre," I was at once asked my business by a Scoutmaster, who, with a score or so of Scouts under his command, had charge at the entrance of the building. With the utmost

² 'The Boy Scout Movement,' *Nineteenth Century and After*, July 1911.

courtesy, and with a celerity wholly unknown among the older officials at any Government or municipal office with which I am acquainted, I was conducted to the department where I had to obtain a pass. While talking to one of the Scouts I observed, in the courtyard of the Hôtel de Ville, a crowd of women and children, who, I learned, had come to draw an allowance made by the Government to the wives and families of the men at the front. There were some hundreds of people in the queue, which was marshalled in perfect order, and kept in that order, by four youngsters, not one of whom was over 13 years of age. Two of the Scouts, holding a Scout pole at either end, stood at the head, and from time to time allowed half a dozen women, with their children, to enter the office where the money was being paid out. Once that pole was placed in front of the waiting crowd no one attempted to pass it. It was really amazing to see those four small boys—two in front and two walking up and down—maintain order and prevent anyone pushing in before her turn. Outside in the street a similar scene was witnessed. There was an even greater crowd, all waiting for their allowance from the Government. The people were drawn up in a long line, in double file, so as not to occupy too much of the pavement. Certainly more Scouts were engaged, but this was due to the fact that there was also a constant stream of pedestrians on the pavement.

‘But even this does not exhaust the duties performed by Scouts. An order was issued yesterday that everyone must have a new “laissez-passer” to which is affixed the photograph of the bearer. These were issued by the officers of the gendarmerie, assisted by two senior Boy Scouts. An officer examined one’s papers, compared the photograph with the original, and, being satisfied, passed them to one of the Scouts, who pasted the photograph on the necessary form, and in turn handed the documents to another Scout, who filled in the name of the applicant and place of birth. While I was waiting my turn Boy Scouts were constantly arriving with despatches. . . .

‘During the day the Boy Scouts patrol the streets, as many members of the gendarmerie have been called to the colours. They form a useful adjunct to the Civil Guard, a purely voluntary force, which has been called out. Amid all these duties yet another is performed. Upwards of one hundred Scouts daily traverse the streets, begging of passers-by a contribution towards funds for the women and children and for the wounded, and whether the appeal is successful or not, the youngsters always have a genial smile. If you stop them and ask a question they at once stand to attention and answer with intelligent interest. The conversation finished, there is a soldierly salute, and the lad

passes on to seek fresh help "pour les blessés" or "pour les familles de nos braves soldats."

'It is not till 8.30 p.m. that the Boy Scouts cease from their many labours. Keen and eager, and possessed of a staunch spirit of duty, they never grumble, and report morning after morning at their day's rendezvous, ready and willing for any duty which the day may demand.'

When the whole story comes to be told of what the Boy Scouts have done during the war, both in England and on the Continent, those who in the past have sneered at the movement will have to confess that their ideas were wholly erroneous. The spectacle of thousands of boys—active, intelligent, self-reliant, courageous—working with amazing energy for the furthering of the work of national defence, has come as a great surprise to those whose knowledge of the movement was only superficial. In the splendid behaviour and genuine enthusiasm of the Boy Scouts we have a fine example of the seriousness of purpose with which the juvenile population of the country can view the graver affairs of life. No one would have believed a few years ago that our boys could have thrown themselves so heartily into the objects of that all-world organisation—the Boy Scouts. Sir Robert Baden-Powell believed, and time has justified his belief, that under his attractive scheme of teaching boys 'peace scouting'—in other words training them to use their eyes and hands for any emergency, or for ordinary workaday requirements—the boys themselves would be greatly benefited and the nation as a whole would in the future reap the advantage. Now that the scheme has stood the test this belief is shared by most people of judgment; the Scout movement has won its spurs. The oft-expressed remark that scouting was a useless and foolish idea is assuredly proved to be baseless. What of the movement to-day? The answer is to be found in the enthusiasm of the Scouts and their zeal to quit themselves like men. The Boy Scouts are just as much smitten with the fever and keenness of war time as any one of their seniors, and are ready to go anywhere and do anything for their country's sake. This alone affords conclusive evidence that in these lads the Empire possesses an asset of great value, a backbone of quality and strength, which offers the highest hopes that our future will be even greater than our glorious past. And the country has ground for thankfulness to Sir Robert Baden-Powell for conceiving and carrying out his great scheme of Boy Scouts, whose serviceability and practical utility are being so powerfully demonstrated in these grave days of The Crisis.

W. CECIL PRICE, *Captain.*

THE DOMINIONS AND THE WAR

It is generally admitted that the modern science of warfare is a creation of the German mind; that the student must go to German professors, the militarist 'intellectuals,' who are mainly responsible for the latest attempt to wreck the world's civilisation, if he wishes to learn how to win campaigns on paper by solving a series of mathematical problems. Whether the scientific principles of German theorists can be successfully applied on this occasion remains to be seen. But from what I have seen of German officers and German soldiers and their mutual relations (on which the *moral* of an army in being chiefly depends), Germany has forgotten the very existence of the personal equations which make actual warfare the most personal of all the arts. The German soldier has always had the highest reputation for courage; Frederick the Great's rebuke to the flying atoms of a broken and demoralised regiment: 'Dogs! Would you live for ever!' did not require to be uttered twice. But to-day he is slow and rather too fleshy, and inferior in hardihood, I should say, to the French conscript who has so little to eat in time of peace, and eats less—it is surprising what frugal fare suffices him after a long day's marching. The Germans will certainly not 'march the enemy to death,' as they did in the great enveloping movements of the Franco-Prussian War. In 1870 the pith of the Prussian army was drawn from the countryside where the peasant toiled very long hours for a scant living—so that he welcomed a campaign as being an end of short commons so long as the commissariat did not break down. To-day Germany is a rich manufacturing country, and the greater part of the population has been drawn into the cities, with the result that the softer and less enduring townsman is the predominant type in most German regiments. In a word, commercial success has been to some extent Germany's Capua during the last forty years.

But it is the systematic discouragement of intelligence and initiative in the private soldier which is the most serious factor of degeneration. He has been reduced to the status of an automaton by a system of discipline which actually punishes him for acting without orders in an emergency, and forbids him to act

until some *deus ex machina* of an officer has prescribed in detail his course of action. The famous raid of the Captain of Koepenick, at which the whole world shook with laughter a few years ago, did no more than justice to the effects of the intellectual and even physical tyranny exerted by German commissioned and non-commissioned officers. It is not the first time that German discipline has thus reduced itself to absurdity during a long period of comparative inaction. Frederick the Great gave Prussia a military organism which was admirably adapted to carry a dynastic war—the eighteenth-century type of war—to a successful conclusion. In the Frederician model breaches of necessary discipline were punished with shocking severity; nevertheless a strong feeling of *camaraderie* governed the relations of officers and men, and the latter were encouraged to think for themselves and not to wait for orders in an emergency, promotion from the ranks being a not infrequent reward for a display of military commonsense. No leader ever understood the value of intelligence in the rank-and-file of a field force better than the greatest of the Hohenzollerns. By the beginning of the nineteenth century, however, his famous fighting organism had degenerated into a mere mechanism, antiquated and lacking the cohesion of loyalty between its component parts, which went to pieces the moment it was opposed to the undrilled but keenly intelligent and enthusiastic citizen soldiery out of which Napoleon fashioned his weapons of conquest. It was as much to the intelligence and self-reliance of the rank-and-file of his armies (in which he found so many of his most brilliant subordinates) as to his own amazing mastery of detail and strategic genius, that the Corsican owed his tremendous victories. And it was not until 'Father' Blücher, and others of his homely way of thinking, received the long-lost *camaraderie* between officers and men, and the commonsense of corporals was once more cultivated, that Germany could hold her own—with British help—against a France whose vitality was all but exhausted. As in 1806 so in 1914—the weak spot in the German military system is the ruthless suppression by a military caste, a bureaucracy in uniform, of all intelligence and initiative on the part of the individual fighter. And this oft-confuted form of discipline has been persisted in despite the object-lessons of the South African War and of the great struggle between Japan and Russia, which made for the conviction that the vastly increased range of modern weapons, necessitating as it obviously does the systematic use of more extended and more mobile formations, has augmented in a corresponding degree the value of these qualities in the private soldier. From this point of view, at any rate, the present war, as it is being waged by Germany, is an officers' war rather than a *Volkskrieg*; if the Germans are defeated, it is not the

German soldier, but those who have made him what he is, who will be blamed for a humiliating failure.

This weak spot in the German system (which has been ignored by the war experts who, never having seen any actual fighting, or even studied human nature in its militant moods, rely entirely on the dogmas of German professors of military science) is but one result of the bureaucratic spirit which is the besetting fault of the German mind. I have discussed it at some length because this article is somewhat concerned with a very different type of soldier from that produced by the German system—namely, the soldier from the 'Greater Shires' of our sea-born polity who possesses in an extraordinary degree, as his South African record proves, the intelligence and initiative now required of the individual fighter, and is about to make his first appearance in a European theatre of warfare. Before discussing his peculiar qualities, however, it is necessary to touch on what is perhaps the most serious of all the miscalculations made by those who persuaded the Wilhelmstrasse to forget the axiom of continental statesmanship which dates from the days when Spain was a World-Power :

Con todo el mundo guerra
Y paz con Inglaterra.¹

They were well aware, no doubt, that war is a form of politics which brings latent tendencies to light and speeds-up all processes of disintegration. But they were woefully deceived in their estimate of the effects of the *ultima ratio* of politics on the British personality and the British Empire, which is its most characteristic achievement. Prince Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador to the Court of St. James, is said on good authority to have advised the German Government that civil war in Ireland was inevitable. He did not know—how should he?—that the Irishman is nearer akin, ethnologically and ethically, to the Englishman than the Bavarian, say, is to the Brandenburg; that Ireland is really John Bull's Other Island, neither more nor less; that the very vehemency of their desire for Home Rule merely proved that the Irish are more English than the English, as Mr. Bernard Shaw has pointed out. Mr. Redmond's famous speech of reconciliation must have come as a bolt from the blue to one who seriously imagined that Ireland would be Germany's ally in the Arch-Egoist's Armageddon. Yet this blunder of a well-meaning envoy, who declared two years ago that war between Germany and the British Empire was a sheer impossibility, was more excusable than that of the professed

¹ 'War with all the world—but peace with England.'

If there be a modern German version of this distich, the name of America would be substituted therein for England's, no doubt.

Orientalists of Berlin and elsewhere who felt sure that the first flourishing of the German mailed fist would be the signal for an Indian Mutiny. But of all these miscalculations the most dangerous was the conviction, not merely a Baconian 'idol' of the lecture-room but widely current among all sorts and conditions of Germans, that the Dominions would hold aloof from a European struggle, even if Great Britain was menaced. At first sight it seems impossible to find a rational explanation for the failure of a whole nation to grasp the full meaning of such significant facts as the participation of the Dominions in the South African War—for it was then shown beyond a shadow of doubt that war was a form of politics which made for the consolidation of the British Empire rather than for its disintegration.

The truth is that the German mind, because of its innate sympathy with the bureaucratic idea, is constitutionally incapable of understanding the scope and intention of British Imperialism. The Roman theory of Empire is the only one which seems practicable to the German student of history—partly, it may be, because he has not been taught to see that Greek civilisation presents a precedent for the British Empire in its embryo stage, in the colonising age of Greece, when the radio-activity of a seafaring race founded cities that were the daughters of older cities, fully independent of them and yet attached to them by a filial sentiment the same in kind, if not in degree, as that which is the spirit of the union between, say, Australia and her Mother-country. The true Hellenic Empire, of which we get faint transitory glimpses in the supreme crisis of the Persian War, never arrived at fruition; if it had, the Roman power might never have been built up about the Mediterranean into which Italy is thrust like a vast landing-stage. It has never occurred to any German scholar that the Englishman is really

. . . a Greek grown old,
Deep waters crossed and many a watch-fire cold,

a son of that undying state of the mind which we think of as Hellas, whom time has cured of the vices of political instability without at the same time killing in him the virtues that are rooted in a love of liberty. Germany is, in fact, a modern Empire on Roman lines; and no German, since his polity is from first to last the creation of centralising forces, can bring himself to believe in the secular stability of an Empire encircling the seas, which stands for equity as Rome stood for legality, which is everywhere where Rome was not, everything which Rome could never be. The Romans ruled from a centre, and they achieved uniformity rather than unity. They gave to the lands under their domination laws, institutions, a common language, roads and public build-

ings, but it was no part of their plan to bring to birth and rear from subordination to equality young nations of their own conquering race. The Roman colonies were towns—seldom settlements extending through a countryside²—which had no separate political existence. They were small fragments of Rome, garrisons of the Roman power; they were not, and were never intended to be, the beginnings of daughter-peoples. This centralised uniformity of the Roman Empire is the German's ideal; if his arms prevail in the present struggle he will impress it on the whole of Europe, and hope to do the same subsequently in many lands beyond the Old World seas. In the decentralised and diversified unity of the British Empire he sees only a squandering of strength, an expression of weakness; he will not, he cannot understand its manifold advantages. He will admit, if you press him, that his own Imperial union is a kind of family—by no means a happy family, as he sometimes confidentially confesses to himself, Prussia being such a big, bullying brother. But it is soon apparent, in the course of discussion, that he is thinking of a Roman family kept in subjection by the *patria potestas* to the central authority. The British ideal of an Imperial family of nations is not at all to his mind. In a well-ordered British family the boys, while they are too young to fend for themselves, are protected, trained, provided with food and raiment, and governed; but always with the object of making them self-dependent when they arrive at manhood. When they grow up they are not expected to remain in the paternal household and be still subject to its kindly discipline; they are expected to marry and to bring new strains of life into the family, and make and maintain their own separate homes.

This is the basal theory of the British Empire in being—that it is the function of a fruitful colonising race to rear communities which, if the worst befalls, will in some way uphold the fame and name of the original race. It is finely stated in Lord Durham's 'Report on Canada.' 'Our first duty,' wrote that great advocate, in works as well as words, of British Imperialism, 'is to secure the well-being of our colonial countrymen; and if in the hidden decrees of that wisdom by which the world is ruled it is written that those countries are not for ever to remain portions of the Empire, we owe it to our honour to take good care that, when they separate from us, they should not be the only countries on the American continent in which the Anglo-Saxon race shall be found unfit to govern itself.' To such far-sighted altruism the German Empire-builder—a disciple of Nietzsche and a materialist at bottom—replies with a pitying smile. He is not concerned

² In her later conquests Rome, it is true, annexed vast areas of the backwoods of Gaul and Germany. In these areas, however, Roman settlement was confined to narrow tracks of internal communication. The Roman conqueror never went on the land as does the British emigrant.

with the creation of independent German peoples; his object is to found an Empire in a ring-fence which shall be gradually extended by force of arms to include the whole of Europe and, later on perhaps, the whole human race. He means, of course, to be very kind to all the peoples he can bring under his yoke; there are tears of Teutonic sensibility in his eyes, his spectacles gleam mistily as he contemplates the happiness of a planet, possessed, under compulsion, of the priceless benefits of German culture. It is his mission to Germanise the cosmos; meanwhile he has made a chaos of European civilisation, and is waging war as barbarously as a robber-baron of medieval Brandenburg.

If anything could cause him to distrust his dream of a world-wide German Empire on Roman lines, it would be the spectacle of all the Dominions now hastening to help the Mother Country in her war against his war of aggression. Imperial Federation seemed a remote and inaccessible ideal when he defied all civilisation, including his own; yet he has realised it for us in a single day. Faction ceased from end to end of the British Empire the moment he gave us the choice between an honourable war and a dishonourable peace; the union that has been so mightily and miraculously accomplished is not mere addition, but an operation in accordance with the fine mathematical metaphor of the Arabic proverb: 'One and one make eleven.' The swift disappearance of political partisanship in the Mother Country, when the danger was first manifest and imminent, was remarkable enough. It will be the precedent of all true patriotism for the next thousand years. But the fact that the same lightning-flash of unanimity struck across Canada, a land so far distant from the scene of immediate peril, was even more surprising. The Canadian Prime Minister at once received the whole-hearted support of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Leader of the Opposition, in taking prompt-projected steps to muster Canada's Expeditionary Force without a moment's delay. Doubtless the latter deeply regrets the confidence in Germany's pacific intentions which caused him to oppose the building of the three Dreadnoughts which were to have been Canada's contribution to the stock of Imperial sea-power, on the score that 'an emergency should emerge' before action was taken. But he has surely expiated his error of judgment. For years past the *Toronto Globe*, which is the chief organ of Canadian Liberalism, has been discussing the terms on which Canada might take part in Old-World warfare. The day before war was declared, this powerful journal came out with the unequivocal declaration: 'When Britain is at war, Canada is at war.' The moment the emergency emerged all the Dominions were busy with preparations to help in the defence of their Imperial liberties, and by the time these words are in print their troopships will be on the ocean routes. There are hundreds of Australian sailors in the

North Sea ; if there is to be a second Trafalgar Day, they will share in its meteoric glories. Australia and New Zealand have put their battleships at the service of the Admiralty unconditionally ; so also has Canada, who heartily wishes that she had more to give in this way. Still, the Canadian gift of a million bags of flour (to which the Province of Alberta adds half a million bushels of oats) is of incalculable value, since it constitutes a complete assurance against a possible shortage of food supplies in the Mother Country, and that much-feared distress amongst the poorer classes which is one of the contingencies taken into account by the militarist party in Germany—they had forgotten that Canada alone could feed us all for a year in case of necessity. The first contingents from the Dominions will number 48,000 men : 20,000 from Canada, 20,000 from Australia, and 8000 from New Zealand, while South Africa has undertaken to bear the whole burden of local defence, and thus set free for service at the decisive point the entire garrison of Imperial troops. All this is but a first instalment, of course, of the help that will be given.³ Both in Canada and Australia the military authorities are overwhelmed by the number of men who wish to serve in the Expeditionary Forces, and there can be no doubt whatever that Lord Kitchener's word to the Australian Volunteers, 'Roll up ! Roll up !', will be acted on again and again as long as the war proceeds, and it is necessary to bring in reinforcements and make good the wastage of the British field forces. There is, in fact, in the Dominions a reserve of at least half a million men, who can all shoot and ride and make the most and best of the vigour acquired in spacious lands where

In a world of men new-born,
In a fairer, fresher morn,
A nation old on earth
Once again is brought to birth,

and desire nothing so earnestly as to prove the mettle of their pasture. And then, if it is ever a case of *ventum est ad triarios*, there are the hosts of Indian native soldiers, Gourkhas and Sikhs, and the rest, who are among the finest troops in the world. Their help is ours for the asking, and we shall not scruple to make use of it in case of need, for these Indian fighters belong to races which were civilised when Germany was the prowling ground of half-naked savages. When Disraeli brought Gourkhas to Malta he warned the Western Powers that we should not scruple to use our Indian comrades in case of necessity.

If an epic of this great European war were ever written, one of the poet's most picturesque passages would be a catalogue of the volunteers, sons of spaciousness for the most part, who came

³ At the moment of writing 100,000 men have volunteered in Canada alone.

from the utmost parts of the earth to fight under the allied flags. The spectacle of French-Canadians fighting shoulder to shoulder with Frenchmen in defence of the sacred soil of France will be one of the most poetical episodes in the world's history. The people of Quebec held aloof from the South African War; they never really understood that it was fought in defence of the very form of safeguarded freedom which they themselves value so highly. I should doubt if a hundred French-speaking Canadians, all told, took part in the destruction of the two petty oligarchies—counterparts on a minute scale of the Prussian military despotism—which aimed at making liberty the peculiar possession of an armed burgher-caste, and were obstacles to the establishment of a South African confederacy based on any broader conception of political liberty. It is necessary to go back to the second Riel Rebellion to know how capable the *habitant* of Quebec is of military service. In that curious campaign against the North-Western *Métis* or French half-castes, General Strange, hearing a member of a dog-tired contingent from Quebec complain of the interminable marching in many trails, exclaimed 'Ah! mes braves!

Malbroucke s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra.'

In an instant the cheery refrain of the famous French-Canadian folk-song was taken up by the whole battalion, and the wearisome march was continued without a murmur. French-Canadian soldiers will be seen at the front on this occasion, for the high tide of the moral *resurgence* (yet another of the amazing revivals of the French spirit which in the further and nearer past issued in the flaming souls of St. Louis, Joan of Arc, and Gambetta) has already passed in wave on wave of enthusiasm over the Province of Quebec, and thousands are eager to serve. They will be fighting not only for Mother-France but also for the British flag, the symbol of their later liberties, which Fréchette, the French-Canadian laureate, praised in the noblest of his spacious lyrics:

Il brille sur tous les rivages
Il a semé tous les progrès,
Au bout des mers les plus sauvages
Comme aux plus lointaines forêts.
Devant l'esprit humain en marche
Mainte fois son pli rayonna,
Comme la Colombe de l'Arche,
Ou comme l'Eclair du Sina.

They will quit themselves like men and Frenchmen, for they are the descendants of military colonists, and their eighteenth-century French is starred with similitudes from camp-life and garrison-duty. It will not be very easy to distinguish them from

the conscripts from their ancestral Normandy, except by the extraordinary keenness of their vision, the cleverness in taking advantage of every scrap of cover which is acquired in stalking wild-fowl, and their love of songs unknown in Mother-France, such as that heart-piercing national lyric which begins :

Un Canadien errant,
Banni de ses foyers,
Parcourait en pleurant
Les pays étrangers.

They are a disciplined and indefatigable race these twice-transplanted Northmen, and any one of them should be worth a brace of town-bred Germans.

The South African War familiarised us with the other elements in the armies of the Dominions. Nearly all the Canadian and Australasian and South African volunteers (the Afrikaner will not be content with looking after local defences, you may be sure) are the sons of spaciousness, as I have said, and that is the secret of their self-reliance and singular adaptability to all open-air circumstances. Though there are mountainous areas in Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, and even in Australia, yet the territories of the autonomous Dominions are in the main plains and plateaux of vast extent, where sheer space has quickened and intensified the open-air characteristics of the British settler.

We find in the Australian [says Sir Charles Lucas, a competent authority on such racial differentiation] a greater degree, or at any rate more outward signs, of freedom and equality, greater absence of reserve, greater impatience of restraint and discipline, a stronger instinct of race kinship, and a more spontaneous welcome and hospitality. He is an Englishman who has grown at will with ample elbow-room and has not been trimmed and pruned in a confined area and an ordered place. He contributes to the British Empire a citizen of British race, but of somewhat different type from the resident in the United Kingdom. It cannot be doubted that this different type makes for the increased vitality of the Empire.

The same may be said with equal justice of the Canadian, the South African, and the New Zealander. Their chief social virtues are adaptability, hospitality, geniality; latter-day variants of the *simplicitas*, *benignitas*, *hilaritas* of the earlier Benedictine monks who also subdued futile wildernesses with axe and plough, when all Europe outside the narrow trails of Roman civilisation was a land of forest and fen. Even when they live in towns, these men do not degenerate into the narrow-chested, dim-eyed, neurotic creatures so common in the over-crowded Old World cities. In the first place, the Canadian or Australian city is almost always a spacious place open to all the influences of the surrounding countryside; as often as not it is a veritable *rus in urbe* which,



